THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y) 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Vol. LXXIX, No. 1 New York, October 6, 1923 Whole Number 1746

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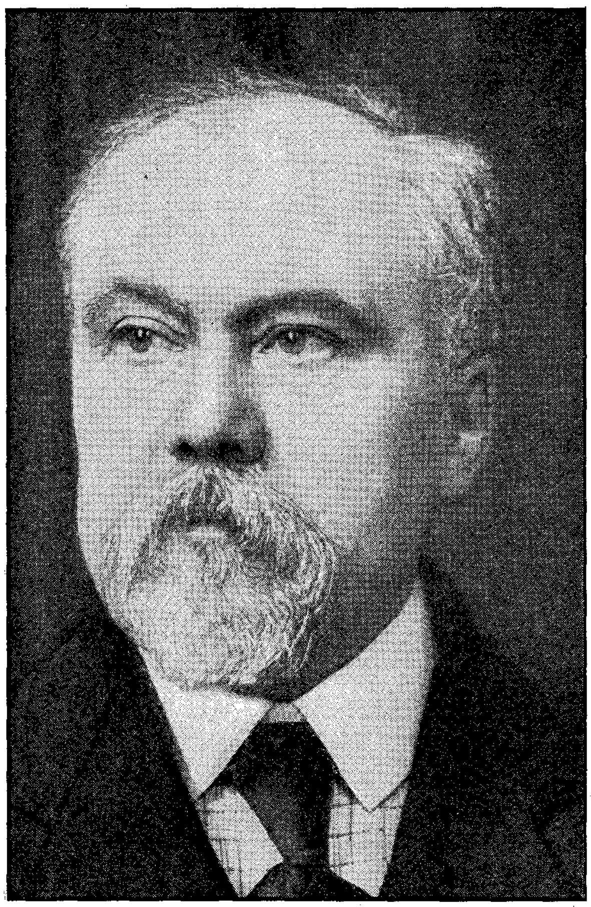
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

(Title registered in U S. Patent Office)

GERMANY'S UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER IN THE RUHR

IS IT A REAL SURRENDER, or merely a German "strategic retreat" to another Hindenburg Line of economic resistance? That is the doubt that colors much of the editorial comment on "the most important news from Europe since the signing of the Armistice." This news reached the world on September 24, when Chancellor Stresemann announced his Government's unconditional abandonment of its policy of "passive resistance" to the French and Belgian occupation of the Ruhr, a resistance which had manifested itself in a paralyzing eight-months strike of all the Ruhr workers—a strike organized and financed by the Berlin Government. The analogy between this surrender and the inconclusive military surrender of 1918 is suggested by the German Chancellor's reference to the Ruhr struggle as "another lost battle," and his explanation, reported by a United News correspondent in Berlin, that he regards his move as "a strategic retreat on a gigantic battle-front of economic war."



THE FOCH OF THE DRIVE FOR REPARATIONS

But Premier Poincaré in his campaign to win the peace has Belgium as his only ally.

The same figure recurs in the editorial columns of our American papers. "The abandonment of passive resistance is similar to a shift of position by an Army which has been caught in a tight place," notes the Washington *Post;* and the Rochester *Herald* reminds us that after Germany signed the Treaty of Versailles "the German Government at Berlin chose to continue the war." For, avers this paper:

> "The action of the republican régime in seeking to evade, by every means in its power, the carrying out of the terms of peace, constituted in fact as much an act of war as if German batteries had fired again on Paris, or German submarines had continued to sink Allied shipping. No blood was spilled, it is true, but the campaign was merely transferred from the battle-field to industry and finance, to politics and propaganda, and continued to be, as it begun in 1914, a gigantic effort to undermine and overthrow and gain the ascendency over the Powers bordering on Germany."

But whatever may be our reasons for distrusting the motives and purposes of German governments, most of our papers agree that France has now scored a dramatic and crucial victory. And, as one editor remarks, while she had allies in winning the war, she was left to win the peace virtually single-handed. Nine months after the invasion of the Ruhr, events are vindicating that action, notes the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which sees Germany "losing the Battle of the Ruhr as certainly as she lost the Battle of the Hindenburg Line." Germany's "war after the war" is also proved a failure, avers the Pittsburgh *Post.* The manner of the announcement of the surrender in the Ruhr reminds the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* of "the swiftness and completeness with which the drive through the Argonne brought the Armistice terms." This latest development in the reparations struggle "can not fail to be regarded as a success of major proportions for Poincaré," remarks this Minnesota paper, which interprets the situation as follows:

> "Germany is on her knees, and apparently in her senses at last. Upon the last remnant of German consciousness has been forced the conviction that in the great four-year struggle which convulsed and impoverished the world in life and treasure Germany was decisively and conclusively defeated. Never until now has Berlin given to the world the complete evidence of acknowledgment that the victory in the test of war was absolute."

Premier Poincaré has won his points, and Germany has confessed actual defeat, declares the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* which predicts that "production will now be resumed in Germany's industrial center, and in return France will maintain 'invisible' control in the disputed district in order to save the face of the Stresemann Government." But at the same time it recognizes the fact that the Stresemann Government faces perilous days, threatened as it is by rumblings of a Monarchist revolution in Bavaria, a Communist revolt in the North, and a Separatist movement in the Rhineland and the Ruhr. But whatever happens in Germany, many papers agree, the Poincaré policy has been vindicated. As the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* puts it, "the logical position of Poincaré has proved unassailable; his method and application have been justified by

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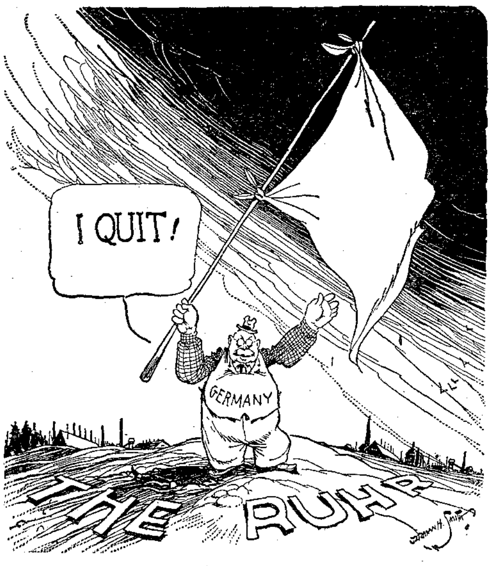
the end attained." The results of Germany's second surrender, this Philadelphia paper warns us, "are not likely to be immediately spectacular." But already, it adds, the ending of passive resistance has answered "the major question confronting Europe." This question was: "Can the Versailles Treaty be executed, and if so, how?" The answer supplied by developments in the Ruhr, declares *The Ledger*, is: "The Treaty can be executed, and by force—the only argument that Germany understands." Germany's surrender "will prove a tonic to a stricken world," predicts the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, which thinks that it may mark "the breaking-point of the deadlock, an about-face in the road to disaster, and the beginning of the march toward harmony and sanity in international relations."



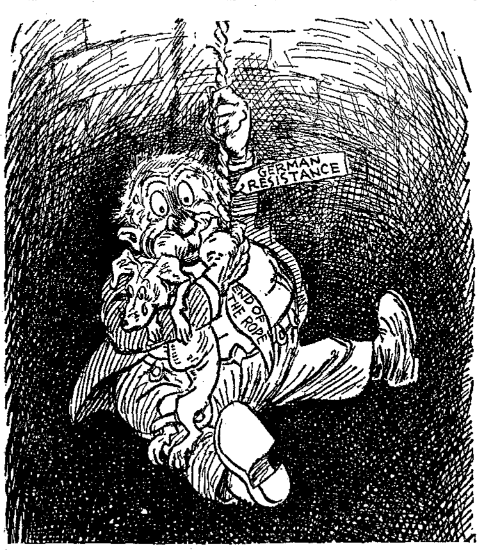
HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF

—Smith for the N. E. A. Service.

France's attitude, as it can be gathered from the dispatches, seems to be: "wait and see." A cablegram to the New York *Tribune* reports Premier Poincaré not entirely pleased with the tone of the German proclamation announcing the end of passive resistance, because, he says, it "indicates a bargaining spirit." Nevertheless, an Associated Press dispatch tells us, his first move will be "to ask the Interallied Reparations Commission to deal with the new situation." And in a special dispatch from Paris to the New York *Times* we are reminded that the abandonment of passive resistance does not mean immediate cash for France. In the same dispatch we read:

> "M. Poincaré has worked out a reparations plan which he will submit first to the other Allies as soon as Germany has officially backed down. He will then consent to a conference with the Germans, not on the basis of equality, but for the purpose of discussing the execution of the terms to be laid down by the Allies through the Reparations Commission.
>
> "The sharp rise in the franc brings satisfaction to the politicians, but already French business is complaining of the effects of the too sudden recovery, which, of course, works disadvantages as well as a too sudden fall in money value."

"It is impossible to make any prophecy as to Germany's willingness to pay her debt," remarks the Paris *Figaro*, which reminds us that her surrender in the Ruhr proves nothing in the matter of her good faith, since it is merely a yielding to necessity. The *Temps* asks what good the victory is if useful negotiations do not follow. The *Journal des Débats*, addressing a leading editorial to the German people, tells them that they have a unique opportunity to finish with the men who deceived them. It mentions specifically General Ludendorff and former Chancellor Cuno.



"HIMMEL! VERE DO VE GO FROM HERE?"

—Morris in the New Haven *Journal-Courier*.

Turning to the Franco-American press, we find the San Francisco *Franco-Californien* hailing the German surrender as a "triumph not only for Mr. Poincaré, but for international ethics." "Once more France reminds the world that solemnly signed treaties are not scraps of paper, and that pledges are sacred," remarks this Californian daily, which adds the hope that "this lesson will be beneficial to Germany and to all who encouraged her to keep on the dishonest path on which she started right after the Armistice." *L'Independant*, a French-language newspaper of Fall River, Massachusetts, points out that, altho Germany was bound to yield some day, in mere fairness, it must be noted that "Chancellor Stresemann is the first German statesman since the war who seems to understand the veritable and ultimate interests of the country he represents," and it adds:

> "Whether the initiative of Mr. Stresemann was dictated by the force of events, or by the great financial interests of his country, or by his personal sense of equity, it marks, nevertheless, the opening of a new epoch in the evolution of the most complex problem that Europe ever had to face. One can only find good omens therein."

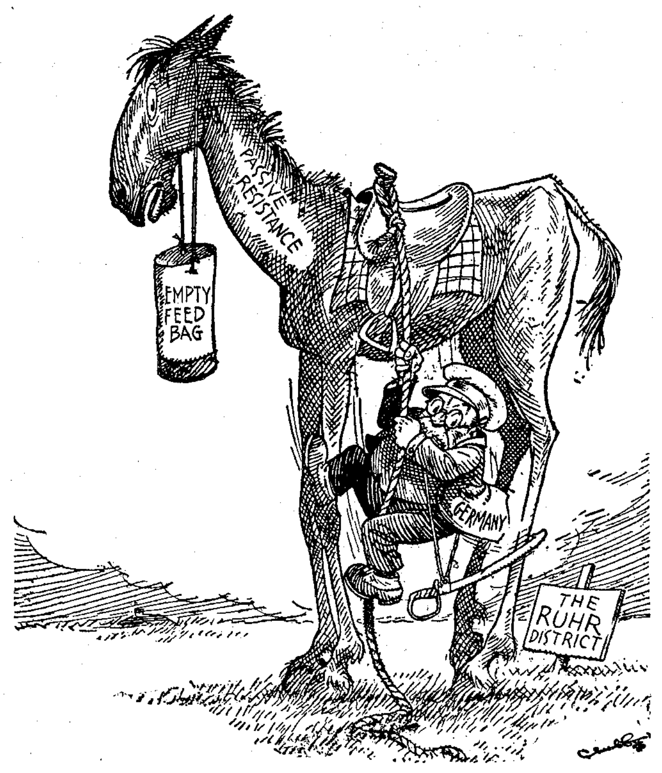
And in the New York *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, the leading French-language daily in the United States, we find the following optimistic appraisal of the situation:

> "The calculations of German magnates and of Mr. Cuno, their henchman, were as follows: 'By rendering the guaranty seized by France absolutely unproductive, and by leaving only expenses in the Ruhr, France soon will become disgusted with her burden and we will then retake possession of our mines and factories.
>
> "Thanks to the energy of M. Poincaré and the cooperation of his military and civilian chiefs; thanks to the science of French engineers and to the willingness of the labor personnel, France has outwitted these German plans and expectations.
>
> "Not only has France been able to work the Ruhr, removing immense stocks of coal and coke which had been amassed there, but she has also been able to go ahead with direct exploitation of the mines.
>
> "History will show that one of M. Poincaré's greatest achievements in taking over the reins of government, was to understand the immediate necessity of refusing to countenance further trifling by Germany—or by England.
>
> "Another great achievement which the future will record, is his establishment of France's position in regard to the Treaty of Peace made with an incomparable mastery and irrefutable logic and his having defined, before the world, the polemics imposed upon France by the intolerable squirming of Germany and her perfidious warlike designs.
>
> "Guided by a firm hand, France can compliment herself in having escaped the storm of a rupture with England, and in time her old allies will likewise congratulate themselves when they have better realized the rocky reefs they have been steered clear of in spite of themselves."

In Germany the people are reported in an angry mood under the shock of disillusionment. Maximilian Harden declares that the bubble has burst, and he bitterly blames the Cuno Government for having deceived the German people into thinking that the French would be defeated by a boycott in the Ruhr, or that the British Government might be brought to take sides with Germany.

When Chancellor Stresemann laid before his Cabinet and the Prime Ministers of the States of the German Reich his reasons for abandoning passive resistance, he won, an official statement tells us, their unanimous consent. His most convincing argument, we are told, was his statement that a continuance of the Cuno policy in the Ruhr would cost "eight quadrillion paper marks weekly." A proclamation issued by President Ebert on September 26, and signed by all the members of the Cabinet, reads, as cabled by The Associated Press:

> "On January 11 French and Belgian troops occupied the German Ruhr territory against right and treaties. Since then the Ruhr and Rhineland have endured most grievous oppression. Over 130,000 Germans, men, women, old men, and children, have been driven from their homes. For millions of Germans the idea of individual liberty no longer exists.
>
> "The occupation was accompanied by numberless acts of violence. Over 100 of our countrymen lost their lives; hundreds of others are still languishing in prison. Sentiments of justice and patriotism were stirred by the illegality of the invasion. The population refused to work under foreign bayonets. The whole German people is grateful for that fidelity to the German Reich and stedfastness that stood the test of the hardest times.



COMING DOWN FROM HIS HIGH HORSE

—Clubb in the Rochester *Herald*.

> "The Government of the Reich undertook to watch over its distrest compatriots so far as it was able. There was thus an ever-increasing drain upon the resources of the Reich. The funds in aid of the Ruhr and Rhineland last week reached the sum of 3,500,000,000,000,000 marks, and an expenditure of at least double that amount was foreseen for the present week.
>
> "The former production of the Ruhr and the Rhineland ceased and the economic life in occupied and unoccupied Germany became disorganized. It is most seriously to be feared that should the same line of action as hitherto be proceeded with the creation of a regular currency, the maintenance of economic life and existence itself would be impossible for our people. In the interest of Germany's future, as in that of the Rhineland and the Ruhr, this danger must be removed. In order to preserve the life of the people and the State we are to-day faced with the dire necessity of relinquishing the struggle.
>
> "We realize that in doing so we are calling upon the inhabitants of the occupied territories to make sacrifices of a moral character still greater than those in which they acquiesced up until now. Their struggle has been heroic, their self-control incomparable. We shall never forget what the occupied territories achieved and what has been given up by those who preferred to leave their native country rather than be disloyal to the Fatherland.
>
> "The Government's first duty is to see that the prisoners are released, and that those who have been expelled may return. The fight for the elementary rights of humanity comes before all economic and material concerns. Germany has declared her readiness to assume most severe material sacrifices for the liberty of German subjects and German soil, but that liberty is for us not an object of negotiation for barter.
>
> "It depends on the Powers which have invaded our territory, and on their Allies, by adhering to this idea to give peace to Germany or to bring about a rejection of this peace all the consequences which would ensue with respect to the relations between peoples.
>
> "We invite the German people to stand closely together in the days of dire moral and material strife which are to come. Only thus shall be frustrated all projects for dismemberment of the Reich, and the nation recover its honor, life and liberty."

The abandonment of passive resistance "means an end and a beginning," remarks the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, which views the Government's action as "an exhibition of courage which has been sadly lacking at previous critical periods for Germany." The *Morgenpost* remarks that the long-delayed overthrow of the Cuno Government obviously presaged the approaching end of the Ruhr battle, and that Chancellor Stresemann is now facing the thankless task of liquidating it. "September 24, 1923, is a day of mourning for the German people, but not a day of which they need to be ashamed," observes the *Boersen Courier*, which predicts that "passive resistance of hearts will go on." The Dusseldorf *Nachrichten*, published in the Ruhr district, says the only hope the Stresemann Cabinet has of maintaining power lies in its ability to maintain "five points of honor" in the coming negotiations, as follows: First, restoration of German sovereignty in the Ruhr and the Rhineland. Second, the release of all prisoners sentenced by court-martial conducted by the occupying military. Third, the return of all expelled persons. Fourth, "invisible occupation" of the Ruhr. Fifth, the return of all public works, such as the railways and telegraph and telephone systems, to the German administration.

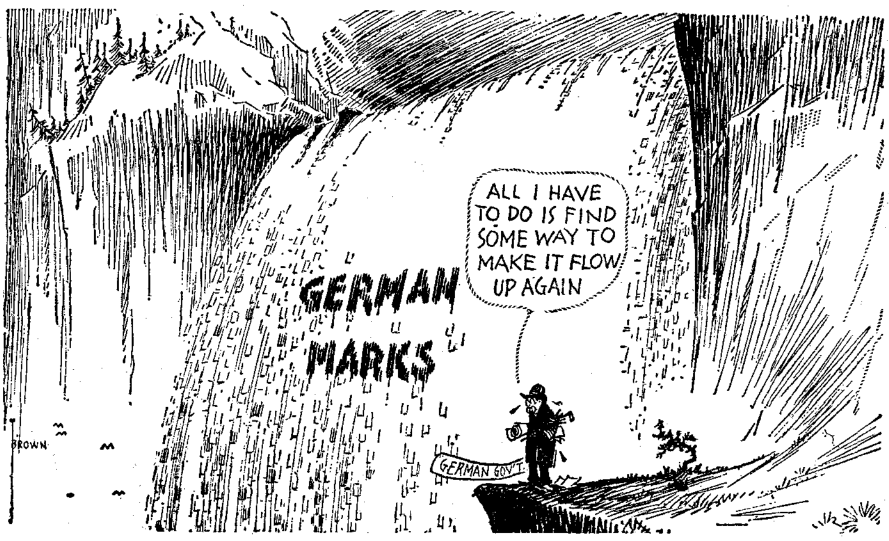
Turning to the German-American press, we find the New York *Staats Zeitung* explaining that to interpret the ending of passive resistance as a German defeat "would be one-sided, since resistance was given up only after France had sidetracked its policy of European power which it had pursued with its Ruhr action." To quote further:

> "This policy was shattered against the passive resistance of the Ruhr inhabitants. Suspicion seems warranted that the cessation of resistance is, in fact, only a gesture. There are many signs that everything had been prearranged through the change in the Chancellorship in Germany. Between the iron and coal industrials to the right and to the left of the Rhine; by Baldwin and Poincaré on the occasion of their recent conference in Paris. The real import of the cessation of passive resistance lies in the fact that it again clears the way for negotiations regarding the reparations problem. The French Ruhr action was only a phase of the problem, the German resistance only an accompanying event. The necessity of solving this problem has again come to the front as the main object."

In another German-language New York daily, the *Volkszeitung*, we read:

> "The German Government, controlled as it is by big capitalist and financial interests, had to submit to France because its ultimate purpose is the protection of the wealth of the nation for the propertied class. From this point of view it was foolish at the outset for the Cuno Government, owned body and soul by the metallurgical interests, to attempt to resist a France armed to the teeth with the indisputable power to force its will upon Germany. The burden of the cost of the passive resistance in the Ruhr was borne, of course, by the producing elements. The deflation of the mark meant colossal profit for the big capitalist and unheard of suffering for the working masses."

Germany yielded to French pressure after holding out for more than eight months, explains the Pittsburgh *Volksblatt und*


ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND SOME WAY TO MAKE IT FLOW UP AGAIN
GERMAN MARKS
GERMAN GOV'T
BROWN

THE ENGINEERING PROBLEM

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

Freiheits Freund, because "it is better to be a live dog than a dead hero. It means that Germans will be the slaves of French masters for a few years, until the decent French people get rid of Shylock Poincaré and his bloody crew."

A few days after Germany abandoned her passive resistance, English dispatches quoted Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin as announcing the dissipation of any distrust that had grown up between Great Britain and France, and the complete restoration of the Entente. In an Associated Press dispatch from London, we read:

> "The British Government will wait and watch, and when a favorable moment arrives will undoubtedly collaborate with France in an effort to find a way out of the reparations muddle."

Turning to the daily press in the United States, we find the abandonment of passive resistance very generally interpreted as evidence of the folly of Germany's earlier attitude, and as a dramatic vindication of France's course. Incidentally, many of our papers pay tribute to the courage and wisdom of Chancellor Stresemann. His action, says the Newark *Evening News,* "places him among the true patriots"; and the Washington *Post* remarks that it was a courageous move on the Chancellor's part, "considering the explosive character of the elements that are struggling for the mastery of Germany."

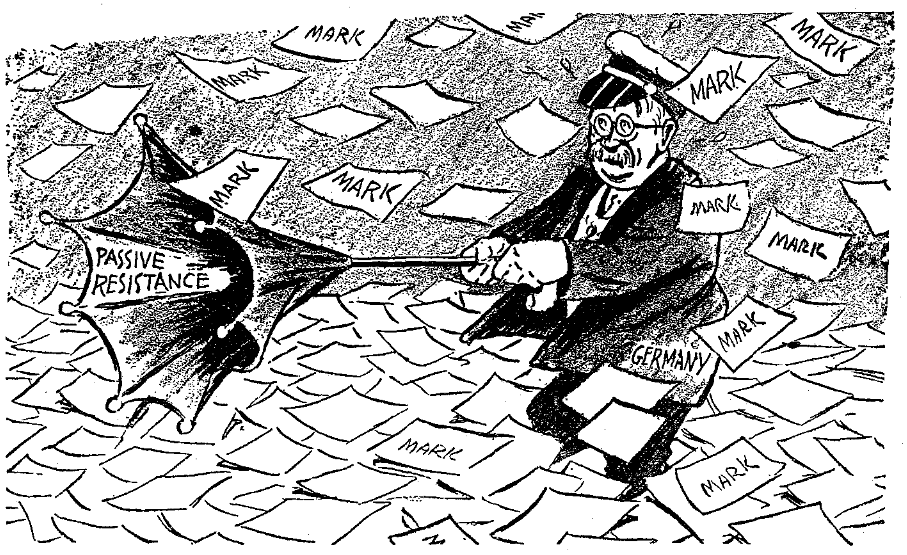
For the French Government the result is "a brilliant vindication of the policy which it has pursued since last January," says the New York *Times;* and it remarks that as "Clemenceau won the war for France," so "Poincaré has won the peace." But as a victor, many editors go on to say, France can afford to be magnanimous. "The supreme test of the German Republic is imminent," remarks the Richmond *Times-Dispatch,* and "for its own sake and for the sake of the rest of the world, it is hoped that France will save its erstwhile enemy from disintegration." "Having won, France can afford to be merciful," avers the Minneapolis *Journal.* "It is not too late for France to say 'the recommendation of the American Reparations Commission in 1919 was right,'" thinks the Raleigh *News and Observer;* and the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* remarks:

> "It is Poincaré's turn now to give the world evidence that he truly described French intentions when he repeated in his August 20 note to Lord Curzon that 'We have no desire to remain longer than is necessary in the Ruhr,' and that 'we have neither political views nor any idea of annexation.'"

Passive resistance, an insuperable obstacle to a settlement of the reparations question, has been removed. "What next?" our papers ask. Glancing first at those editorials which offer an optimistic answer, we find the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* predicting a "rapid adjustment" of Franco-German problems, and the dawning of a true peace for Europe. "It means a quick settlement of the reparations dispute, and the industrial rehabilitation of both France and Germany," says the Atlanta *Constitution:*

> "Provided, first the militaristic policy of a few of the French leaders does not prevail in any serious attempt to restore industrial peace on continental Europe, and provided, second, the United States enters cooperatively with other nations in arranging an international loan for Germany so that she may revise and standardize her currency and open her markets.
>
> "The relieved situation reestablishes the amity of the Entente, and goes a far way in lifting other ruinous clouds that have hung menacingly over the world."

Giving ear now to the pessimists, we are assured by the Omaha *Bee* that the German surrender in the Ruhr "is no more permanent than is any adjustment obtained by force." "Let no American fool himself, crisis will continue to follow crisis in the Old World," declares this Nebraska daily. With the abandonment of passive resistance "a settlement should not be very difficult," remarks the New Orleans *Times-Picayune,* but "the world-wide hopes of a successful adjustment are tempered by the remembrance that other hopes of the same kind have been repeatedly dashed to earth by bad faith, selfish national intrigue and blundering statesmanship." "The world will be well advised not to leap to the conclusion that a Ruhr settlement is now in sight," avers the Charleston *News and Courier.* And the St. Louis *Star* warns us that "not only are the European diplomats playing with each other, but they are playing with strong forces over which they have doubtful control."



A RAIN OF TERROR

—Meb in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

THE TEMPEST IN BULGARIA'S TEAPOT

THE BID OF BULGARIA'S EMBATTLED FARMERS to recover the reins of government wrested from them by the militarists and aristocrats last summer caused many an American editor to wonder in the closing days of September if the farm bloc of this "powder magazine of the Balkans" were about to turn Bolshevist. For, we were told by Associated Press dispatches from Sofia, "large numbers of the Communists who surrendered to government forces carried rifles of a Russian pattern," and before that the Soviet Red Cross unit at the Bulgarian capital had been accused of espionage by the Sofia Government. And while, as the Washington *Post* points out, "there is little chance of the doctrines of Lenin taking hold in a country where 90 per cent. of the population are peasants owning their own land," reports from Belgrade and Sofia persist, nevertheless, in declaring that Bulgaria's recent revolt was carried out by combined forces of peasants and Communists. In other words, the Zankoff Government, which succeeded the Stamboulisky régime last June, was menaced from two quarters, each opposed to the other under ordinary circumstances, but joined for the moment against the military party and conservative elements.

Unlike the recent revolution in Spain, the Bulgarian uprising was not bloodless. Nor was it carried out by the Army and with the sanction of King Boris. Instead, battles between the Army and straggling bands of agrarians and Communists were of frequent occurrence. But the diplomatic correspondent of the London *Telegraph* and the Prague correspondent of the New York *Herald* agree that "the Bulgarian revolution is not communistic, but is backed by the majority of the population," and that "the Bulgarian Government is endeavoring to maintain the fiction that the rising is mainly Communist." At any rate, during the last week in September the revolt became so serious that King Boris signed decrees dissolving Parliament, reconstructing the Cabinet, and proclaiming a state of siege at Sofia. As the New York *Herald* explains:

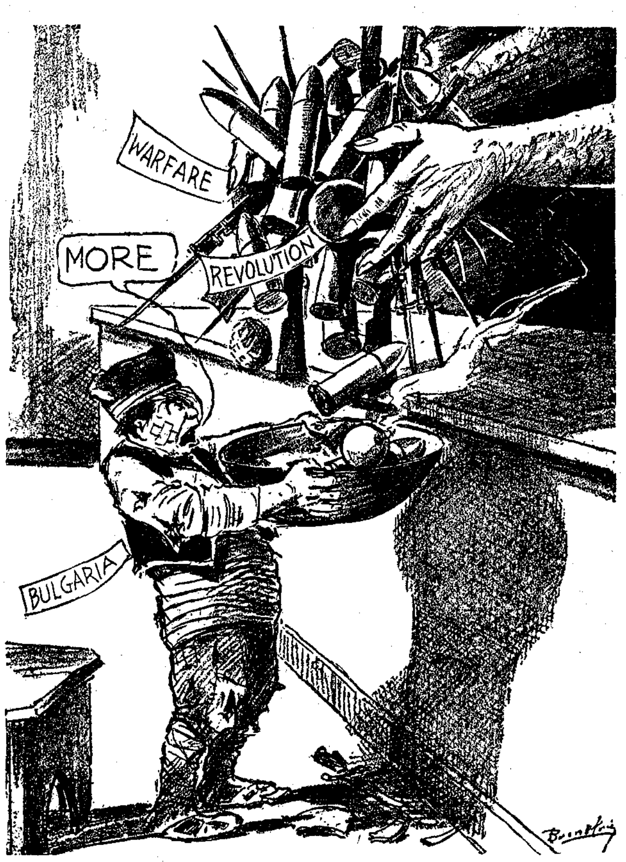
> "The revolution in Bulgaria has two distinct and significant phases. It is an uprising of the agrarians, backed by Bulgarian Communists, to avenge the overthrow of the Bulgarian peasant party last June and the murder of its leader, Premier Stamboulisky. At the time of the political overthrow in June there was every reason to believe that the matter was not ended by the setting up of a new government.
>
> "The agrarians represented the largest political party in Bulgaria, for they numbered, if not in actual support at least in sympathy, all the peasants of the country. The men by whom the movement was engineered represented largely the urban population and the officers and soldiers of the old military party. They were well organized and they moved with surprizing swiftness. They were in control of the Government before half the nation knew that a revolution had begun."

There are many contributing factors to the general state of unrest, notes the Newark *News*, and it continues:

> "Among these are the traditional bitterness toward the Jugo-Slavs, disappointment over the Government's failure to obtain the promised outlet to the Ægean Sea, distrust of the politicians at the Bulgarian capital, the irrepressible discontent of Bulgarian Macedonia, and loss of faith in the monarchical idea."

It is not surprizing to the Cleveland *Plain-Dealer*, therefore, that the majority of the Bulgarian peasants are in revolt, for "the present Government, which represents only a very small element in the population, has endured because of its control of the Army." We are also reminded that—

> "Bulgaria is naturally neither aristocratic nor Bolshevistic. The people are peasant democrats. They are intelligent, but not highly educated. Stamboulisky, combating with equal vigor the reactionaries and the radicals, was typical of the liberty-loving peasants, who are the backbone of the Bulgarian State.
>
> "The dastardly assassination of Stamboulisky left the peasants without a leader, and the control of the military by the conservatives rendered impossible any immediate counterrevolution. Now the uprisings appear to be almost as unrepresentative of *majority sentiment as the Government itself*. Not the peasants, but the Bolshevists, are back of the movement against the Sofia régime. But because the peasants remember the murder of Stamboulisky and are wholly unreconciled to the government of his murderers, they are giving the Reds free hand, or are even lending them active aid.
>
> "If Bolshevism wins, it will not be because a majority of the Bulgarians favor it, but because they believe that anything is preferable to the tyranny of the reactionaries."



EUROPE'S OLIVER TWIST

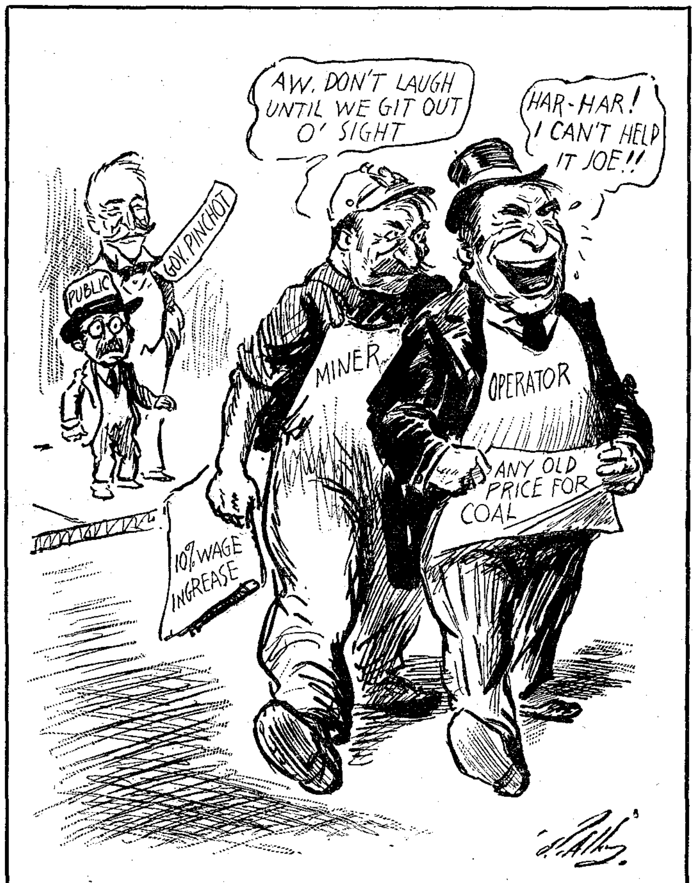
—Bronstrup in the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

The Bulgarian revolt reminds the Richmond *News-Leader* that, with thirteen exceptions—not to mention Finland, Latvia, Esthonia and Albania—"Europe is enjoying most of the blessings of peace." These exceptions, including Bulgaria, according to the Virginia paper, are:

> "Turkey, which has a military dictator, who has warned the followers of the prophet that they can not afford to lay down their arms; Greece, which is nursing wounds inflicted by Italy and by Turkey, and which would be planning immediate revenge, were she not handicapped by 1,200,000 refugees and an empty treasury; Jugo-Slavia, which recently dispatched an ultimatum to Bulgaria, and received one from Italy; Hungary, which has a regent who has adjourned Parliament without explanation, and is attempting to rule without law; Roumania, which is at odds with her nearest neighbors and is menaced by Russia; Poland, which has the active ill-will of Russia and of Germany, and is maintaining an Army four or five times larger than she can afford to support; Russia, which is instructing a well-equipped Red host of 600,000 to hymn its hate of capitalism; Germany, whose tomorrow involves a thousand doubts; Italy, where Mussolini is following a policy destined in the end to breed foreign war or civil strife; France, which is hammering with a spark-raising gauntlet of steel at the door of a powder magazine; The Netherlands, which are being beguiled into dangerous naval expansion; and Spain, which has just passed through a *coup d'état* that placed an autocrat in power."

COLD COMFORT FOR THE COAL CONSUMER

IT IS COLD COMFORT to the consumer in these cool October days to hear a New York State editor frigidly remark, after reading the Federal Coal Commission's report, that the Commission "marched right up the hill and marched right down again"; or to learn, as the Newark Sunday *Call* maintains, that "the Commission has made an illuminating report, but has not helped the coal consumer a dollar's worth"; or, again, in the words of the St. Paul *Dispatch*, that "the report is a confession that there does not appear to be any simple, direct and certain solution of the national coal problem."


AW, DON'T LAUGH UNTIL WE GIT OUT O' SIGHT
HAR-HAR! I CAN'T HELP IT JOE!!
GOV. PINCHOT
PUBLIC
MINER
OPERATOR
ANY OLD PRICE FOR COAL
10% WAGE INCREASE

YES, THEY SIGNED THE PINCHOT AGREEMENT
—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*

In the first two weeks of September, we are reminded by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "the Commission made three reports which described a state of affairs in the coal industry that can only be termed alarming." These, with a previous report, covered both the anthracite and bituminous phases of the coal problem, and in all dozens of recommendations were made with a view to establishing the equitable interest of coal operators, miners and the public. Yet, avers the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "there is mighty little comfort for the consumer in all of these reports put together." The trouble with them, according to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, is that they do not "go to the heart of the problem."

On the day before the fact-finding commission was scheduled to die an official death after a year's investigation, came its final report to the President, the tone of which, remarks the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "is little short of humiliating for the Commission itself and for the country." "Briefly," remarks this Pennsylvania paper, "the Commission would have Mr. Coal Consumer get out his overcoat, line the house with fur, and depend for heat upon the wrath which he may feel against the mine owners and labor leaders."

The outstanding recommendation of the Commission, the Washington correspondents agree, is that which would provide Federal regulation of the coal industry through the Interstate Commerce Commission. To this end the Coal Commission proposes that a new division be created to exercise administrative and quasi-judicial functions over the coal industry, such as the gathering of facts and other activities essential to protect the public. The final report also assails the Pennsylvania tax on anthracite coal, and suggests an excess profits tax to reach the anthracite operators. In the opinion of the Coal Commission, "the regulation of commerce in coal among the several States involves the right to know the cost of its production, whether the investment on which a return is claimed is fairly estimated or inflated, what profits are made by owner, operator and dealer, and what are the earnings and working conditions of the miners." Furthermore—

> "In the anthracite industry we have secured stability—which is desirable—but it has been at high cost to the consumer and has made anthracite a luxury fuel. The public is just now concerned as to whether the increase of 10 per cent. in the wages of anthracite miners is to be 'absorbed' by operators, carriers and dealers, or passed on to consumers, just as it was outraged by the abnormally high prices of last winter. But, as shown in the report on anthracite, underneath these exceptional surface fluctuations there is a rising flood of costs and of prices which does not recede with the fall in the prices of commodities in general.
>
> "Limitation of margins to a reasonable return on legitimate investment and the elimination of monopoly profits, whether in the form of royalties, operators' and dealers' margins, or freight rates, are perfectly reasonable demands of the public.
>
> "One remedy, short of price-fixing or public ownership, remains in the hands of the Government for the protection of the public interest. This is the levy of a graded tax on royalties and differential profits. This would not lower the price of coal, but it would secure a public revenue without increasing the price of coal.
>
> "The present sales tax imposed by the State of Pennsylvania on anthracite gives no such protection, even tho it yields some $7,000,000 to the State. This tax is passed on to the consumer in the form of still higher prices. An excess profits tax, as suggested above, under these monopolistic conditions, would not be added to the price of coal, and thus would not be passed along to the consumer, as it would fall only on those who have differential advantages.
>
> "The main remedy, however, against extortionate prices lies in the consumer himself. There are substitutes for hard coal, and a readiness to resort to them is the ultimate and effective defense against an unreasonable price.
>
> "The mining and marketing of soft coal is the larger and, from the point of view of the national economic life, the more important industry, and here the fundamental evil is over-development, irregularity of operation and consequent enforced idleness of miners and of invested capital. This problem, like that of anthracite, can be solved only by the Federal Government in cooperation with the industry working on a national scale and with a clearly defined national policy.
>
> "It is through the granting and withholding of transportation service through supervision that an equilibrium can be established between demand and output. The Interstate Commerce Commission under the existing law already has the responsibility for authorizing a railroad to put in sidings and to furnish cars and transportation.
>
> "The most convenient and practicable of the various possible methods of exercising the right of control over the interstate commerce in coal would appear to be the licensing of all who desire to ship coal from one State to another, or to buy and sell in interstate commerce, whether as operators, wholesale or jobbers.
>
> "The main purpose of the Federal regulation here recommended would be the stabilization of the industry and the protection of the public interest."

But the proposal that a division of the Interstate Commerce Commission shall regulate the coal industry appears "absurd" to the New York *Call*, now a labor daily. "Every presumption of common sense is against this proposal to apply a broken-down, creaking system of regulation to another industry," avers this paper. Indeed, agrees the Providence *Journal*, "the Coal Commission apparently does not place much confidence in its

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

own suggestion, for it declares that the main remedy against extortionate prices 'lies in the consumer himself.'"

"The Coal Commission, as in the past, dodges the issue," asserts the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and we read in the Baltimore *Sun* that—

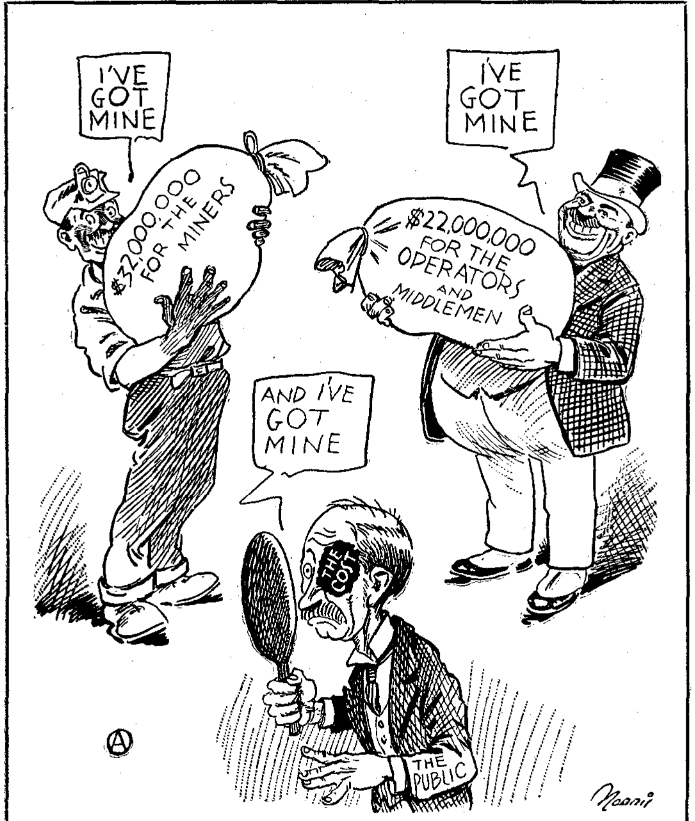
> "There is occasion for disappointment in that the Commission has failed to answer simply the questions the people are asking to-day about the anthracite industry, whose problem presses upon them with peculiar force.
>
> "The people wanted to be told in simple terms whether the miners are underpaid or overpaid; whether the operators make too large profits; whether royalties are too large; whether transportation rates on hard coal are too high, and whether dealers take too large margins. The questions are not answered in simple terms so that the man-on-the-street, who can not study in detail the voluminous reports, can reach a broad, general conclusion. The general purport of the reports is that the hard-coal miners, as a whole, are not overpaid; and that some operators' profits are too high, some royalties too high, and some dealers' profits too high. Little information is given about transportation rates."

The Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* also finds several flaws in the report:

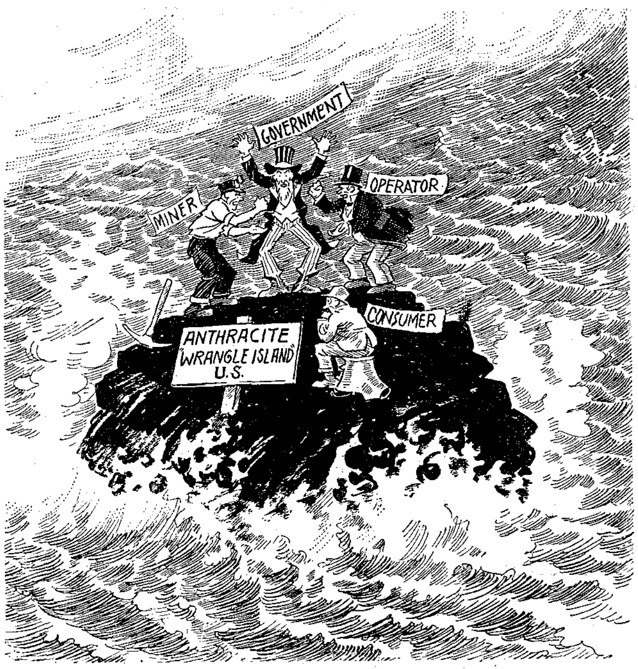
> "Specific recommendations include an excess profits tax on anthracite, which, if experience counts for anything, would not reduce prices to consumers; licensing of coal shipments in interstate commerce, which might be more hampering to distribution than helpful; readjustment of coal freight rates, tho these are of the Interstate Commerce Commission's own making; revision of the wage scale, which no public agency can compel; consolidation, grouping and pooling of bituminous mining operations, which conceivably would be found contrary to the anti-trust laws."

The Commission's suggestion that a graded tax be placed on coal royalties and an excess profits tax on the operators causes the Springfield *Union* to point out that—

> "If royalties and profits can stand a tax, they can stand a cut in the interests of the consumer. And the cut is Pennsylvania's job. The mines, the beneficiaries of the royalties, the operators, the miners are all in Pennsylvania, which passes various laws concerning them. The State not only taxes the mines but enacts laws limiting the eligibility of men to work in them and regulating operations in various ways. If it can do these things—and no one disputes its rights as a State to do them—it can limit royalties or profits and certainly its own taxes that go into the price to the consumer outside."


I'VE GOT MINE
$32,000,000 FOR THE MINERS
I'VE GOT MINE
$22,000,000 FOR THE OPERATORS AND MIDDLEMEN
AND I'VE GOT MINE
THE COT
THE PUBLIC
Morris

THE COAL STRIKE IS OVER
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.



WE HAVE OUR OWN WRANGEL ISLAND TO WRANGLE OVER
—Bushnell for the Central Press Association.

Finally, observes *The Coal Age* (New York):

> "To those who believe in drastic efforts to settle great questions once and for all with one whack, the Commission's report will appeal as having settled none of the fundamental causes of instability. A powerful labor union remains with no suggestion that its legal rights be diminished. No suggestion is made for the apprehension and punishment of profiteers. There is no hint of nationalization. The curtain goes down with the same persons on the stage who were there at the beginning. The presentation was not a tragedy. Not one of the actors has been killed off. Nothing in the Commission's report singles out the villain."

The members of the Commission, who presumably have returned to private life, may rejoice that there is an end to all things—even a barrage of criticism. "The Commission has made no startling discoveries, it has no panacea for the ills of the coal industry," notes the Chicago *Daily News*, "but considerable good should result from its labors if its reports are well studied by the coal industry and by Congress." President Coolidge, Washington dispatches say, will recommend to Congress in December the enactment of coal legislation, sponsored by the Commission, and this in itself should take some of the sting out of the criticism leveled at the members. Fortunately, remarks the Manchester *Union*, the members of the Commission "were not of the type who could find some patent medicine for economic ills which have been years developing, and this fact ought to give their recommendations greater weight with the thinking public." Besides, declares the Wichita *Eagle*, "the country is sick of panaceas." Creating a special coal division of the Interstate Commerce Commission is a "progressive step along conservative lines," thinks the Utica *Press*, for, believes the New York *Evening Post*, "we shall have to come to government regulation of coal-mining just as we have come to government regulation of railroads." "The Commission has done the work for which it was created, and its conclusions should be felt by Congress," the Boston *Globe* holds. And these conclusions, favorable to the Commission, it should be noted, are shared by such widely read papers as the Philadelphia *Record*, Minneapolis *Journal*, Columbus *Dispatch*, Kansas City *Journal* and New York *Herald*.

THE GHOST OF HERRIN

THE STILL UNPUNISHED MASSACRE of strike-breakers at Herrin, Illinois, is no longer defended by the miners. It is now called "a revolting, inexcusable, terrible crime"; a report issued by the United Mine Workers of America so describes it. We are then told who was responsible—namely, Red Communists from Lithuania. But the United States Coal Commission have also investigated conditions at Herrin. In a report just issued they remind us that the owners of the mine where the massacre occurred brought suit for damages against the miners. One way to get the suit dropt, the miners saw, was to become owners of the mine, themselves. As the report tells us, "the miners have since bought the mine and have paid therefor $729,000." This, think the Commission, is additional evidence that "they were espousing the cause and defending the law-breakers," and the Minneapolis *Tribune* observes that it "may or may not be a mere coincidence that the two reports were made public virtually at the same time." As *The Tribune* adds,

> "Anyhow, the attention that is devoted to the subject is proof enough that the Herrin affair, besides being one of the most revolting crimes in the industrial history of the country, was an unprofitable thing for the miners' organization in respect of its general psychological effect."

A "whitewash bath" is the New York *Commercial's* epithet for the miners' report, but—

> "There are certain big facts that can not easily be explained away. The Herrin massacre was not participated in by foreigners, but by Americans. It is a late day for the United Mine Workers to discover this enemy of Americanism among them, and their endeavoring to shift responsibility as a repudiation of all that has gone before. It is a matter of official record that the men who participated in the Herrin murders were members of the United Mine Workers, and the United Mine Workers financed their defense."

Skeptical regarding the theory that Lithuanians were responsible for the killings at Herrin, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* asks,

> "If the sole responsibility for the Herrin massacre rested with Lithuanian Bolshevists, how did it happen that juries at Herrin were so reluctant about convicting those identified as having a part in the slaughter?"

According to the miners' version, remarks the Spokane *Press*, "only the miners' press agents stand between these United States and the Bolshevists." And the St. Paul *Dispatch* takes the alleged Lithuanians more seriously. Furthermore, Victor Berger's paper, the Milwaukee *Leader*, seems to believe in them, more or less, for we are told:

> "As for the charge by the United Mine Workers that the Herrin affair was a Communist scheme, further light on that subject is required. The Communists were even crazier then than they are now, and they very likely would not have had any more sense than to do such a stunt, but it would not be fair to blame them without more proof."

NEWS-HUNGRY NEW YORK

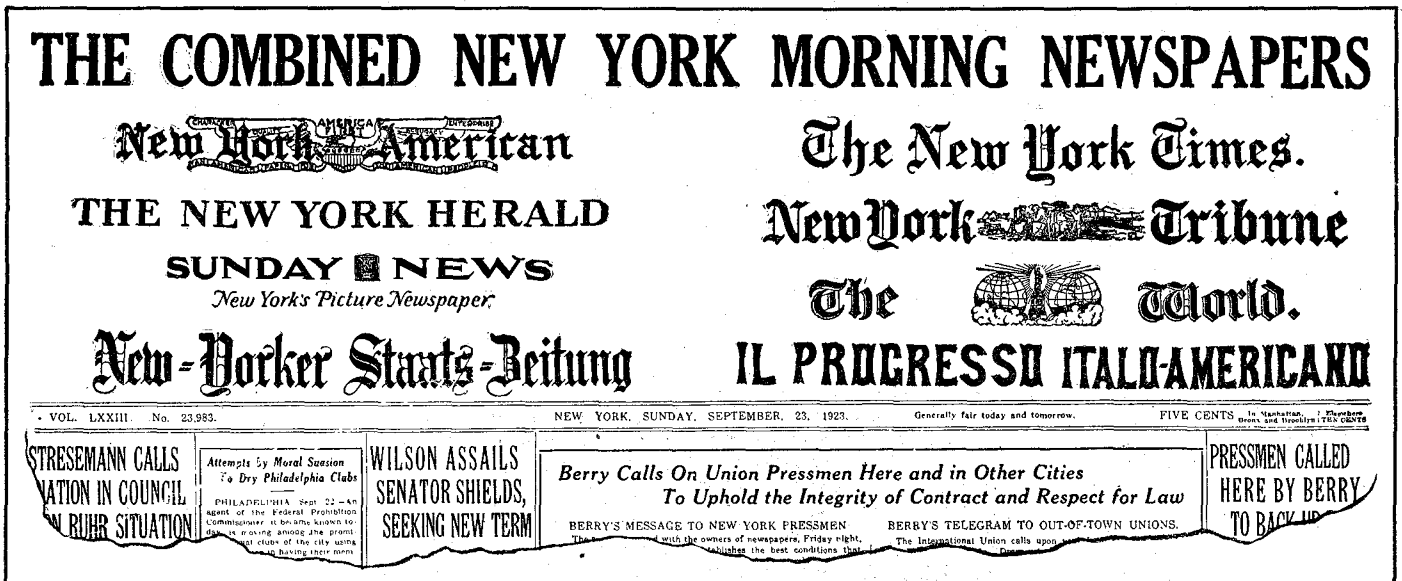
NEW YORKERS have been consuming strange journalistic provender during the strike of 2,500 web pressmen, which reduced the familiar metropolitan sheets to a mere fraction of their former size and circulation. It was almost a newspaper-famine. One day an airplane arrived with 5,000 extra copies of a Boston paper. The near-by Philadelphia *Inquirer* got out a "special New York City edition" and rushed it to the New York newsstands. Foreign-language papers "gained several pages in size within twenty-four hours," and "flaring headlines appeared where they had seldom appeared before." Several foreign-language papers "appeared for the first time printed in English, from captions and editorials to advertisements." A sober business journal blossomed out with a sporting department on the front page. Meanwhile New Yorkers beheld a journalistic phenomenon—"The Combined New York Morning Newspapers" and "The Combined New York Evening Newspapers," appearing "in the regular type and make-up of their different shops, but carrying the names of all the papers belonging to the association instead of their individual names alone." Purchasers "distinguished the paper of their choice by the type and make-up instead of by the name." However, the main interest of the situation, as viewed by the press in general, inhered less in its oddities than in its broad significance. For example, the Springfield (Mass.) *Union* remarks:

"THERE WILL BE NO TEMPORIZING OR COMPROMISING WITH THIS CROWD HENCEFORTH"

Says George L. Berry, President of the International Pressmen's Union; "this crowd" being the strikers, whom he accuses of seeking to "run the newspapers of America in accordance with Soviet ideas."

> "As is made plain by the president of the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union, as well as by the publishers, this strike was voted by a minority of a local union and was ordered by its local officer without any authority from the higher officials, in violation of its agreement with both publishers and the international union and, moreover, was ordered while the higher union officials and publishers were engaged in negotiating an agreement with every prospect of a successful conclusion within a week. The president of the international union denounced the strike as illegal or 'outlaw,' and called upon the strikers to return to their posts immediately, or the international union will be compelled to revoke their union charter. Meantime he is cooperating with the publishers to help them through the emergency while working to bring the strikers back to their places.
>
> "These New York newspaper pressmen are organized in a local union, deriving its charter from the international union and under obligations to recognize its authority. When a new contract as to wages and working conditions is to be made, the local officers negotiate with the publishers. If they can not agree upon terms, the matter passes to the higher union officials, and in case of their failure the standing agreement calls for arbitration, and this agreement has been the unviolated rule in such cases for years. The present negotiations, as we have said, were in the hands of the international officers with the admitted prospect of early settlement without the necessity of arbitration. What the local union and their officials did, therefore, was not merely to break a contract with the publishers, but to violate the very charter under which they were organized."

It was a similar "outlaw" strike of typesetters a few years ago



THE COMBINED NEW YORK MORNING NEWSPAPERS

New York American

THE NEW YORK HERALD

SUNDAY NEWS
New York's Picture Newspaper

New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung

The New York Times.

New York Tribune

The World.

IL PROGRESSO ITALO-AMERICANO

VOL. LXXIII. No. 23,983. NEW YORK, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1923. Generally fair today and tomorrow. FIVE CENTS In Manhattan, Bronx and Brooklyn | Elsewhere TEN CENTS

STRESEMANN CALLS
NATION IN COUNCIL
ON RUHR SITUATION

Attempts by Moral Suasion
To Dry Philadelphia Clubs

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 22.—An agent of the Federal Prohibition Commissioner, it became known today, is moving among the prominent clubs of the city using ... in having their mem...

WILSON ASSAILS
SENATOR SHIELDS,
SEEKING NEW TERM

Berry Calls On Union Pressmen Here and in Other Cities
To Uphold the Integrity of Contract and Respect for Law

BERRY'S MESSAGE TO NEW YORK PRESSMEN
The ... with the owners of newspapers, Friday night, ... establishes the best conditions that ...

BERRY'S TELEGRAM TO OUT-OF-TOWN UNIONS.
The International Union calls upon ...

PRESSMEN CALLED
HERE BY BERRY
TO BACK UP

YES, WE HAVE NEWSPAPERS IN SPITE OF THE STRIKE!

But we have no editorials, and *The Wall Street Journal* remarks, mischievously, that "most of the papers are much stronger without them."

that led THE LITERARY DIGEST to appear in typewritten form, as our readers will remember. The combined action of the union officials and loyal union workers defeated the effort to disrupt and overthrow the authority of their own labor organization then as now, and, as the Springfield paper goes on to say, "in such a case as this it is obvious that nothing is so seriously at stake as the principle of collective bargaining, insisted upon by leading labor officials," for—

"If the principle has any value for either employer or employed, it lies in the process of mutual negotiation, mutual agreement and contract, and mutual adherence thereto. If the employers had broken their contract, the union officials would have good cause to act against them in defense of the principle of collective bargaining. But they had not. The principle was violated by its most ardent defenders, in defiance of superior officers and thus in defiance of the principles on which labor unionism is based. Capital is not unwilling to accept the principle of collective bargaining when contracts are faithfully observed, but the principle becomes of no use to either side when either breaks its pledges."

The strike "will do far greater injury to the union than it will inflict upon the newspapers affected," says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and the St. Joseph (Mo.) *News-Press* observes: "If labor can repudiate its responsibilities without penalty, the chance for justice and consequent peace is slight"; while the Providence *Journal* declares, "It is necessary, for employees as for employers, to have a regard for the sanctity of contracts." Meanwhile, the Baltimore *News* tells us:

"Tho practically all of the large newspapers of the country are union shops, there is little trouble with employees. Agreements are reached by conference, and where differences arise, they are left to arbitration. Good faith is kept. In New York faith has been broken by the pressmen, an act that is bound to cast doubt on the value of these agreements, breeding suspicion and distrust in a business that has been singularly free of strikes and lockouts."

This particular strike was inspired by "a few 'reds,'" thinks George L. Berry, president of the International Pressmen's Union, to which the strikers belong. In an address at the Town Hall he said:

"We do not want, and incidentally we will not have, as a part of our organization men who are so weak; men who are so silly, so irresponsible, as to be stampeded by a few 'reds,' by a few impossibilists, who think that they ought to run the newspapers of America in accordance with Soviet ideas.

"There will be no temporizing or compromising with this crowd henceforth; and if in accordance with this published statement in which the contract appears these men do not immediately, and by that I mean now, return to their positions, they will have lost their continuous good standing in the international union, which involves their $600 death benefit, their pension, their right to enter the sanitarium and home, and their right to work in union newspaper offices, either in the United States or Canada."

In his denunciation of such strikes as this, Mr. Berry frequently uses the epithet "illegal," meaning "not sanctioned by the International Union," but the Louisville *Times* appears to wish that the epithet might be given a broader definition:

"In New Zealand, which, seemingly, has had satisfactory experience with anti-strike legislation—experience satisfactory to employers and to employees—it is illegal, in the sense that it is a violation of statute law—to strike and interfere with industries. In America it not only is not illegal to strike, but also is not a violation of statute law to conduct a strike that is 'illegal' in the sense in which the head of the International Pressmen's and Assistants' Union uses the term. 'Outlaw strikes' have been fairly numerous, and immensely costly, in various industries."

Various interests besides the newspaper business suffer by a pressmen's strike. As the Rochester *Herald* remarks,

"Within a day after the stoppage of publication of the New York papers, the decrease in shopping was noticed. In two days the slump had become so pronounced that the stores appeared empty in comparison with the crowds that normally throng them at this bargain season. Clerks were standing idle behind counters from which goods refused to move, and aisles were almost deserted. Advertising men were white-faced and baffled, trying to contrive some expedient to remedy the situation."

Perhaps in other days this condition might not have arisen, observes the Rochester paper, but—

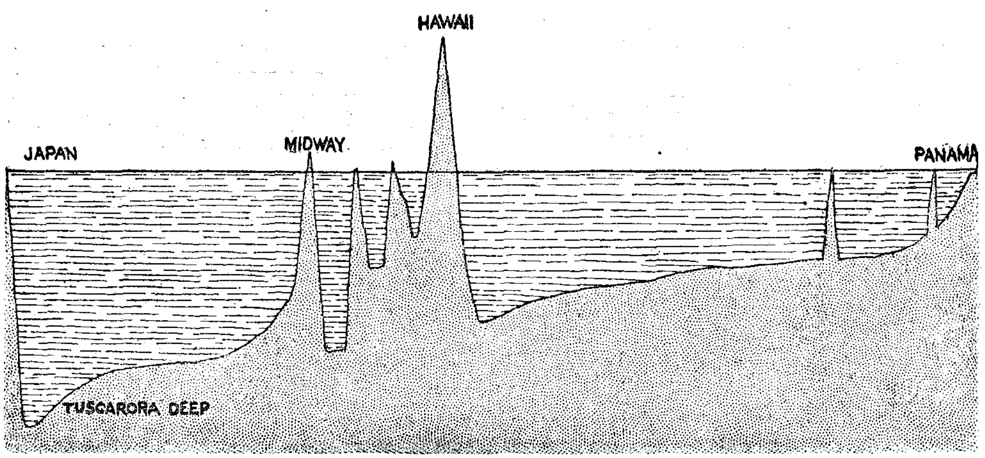
"Those were the days before newspaper advertising had been brought to its present high state of efficiency, and the volume of merchandising in comparison with that of to-day was insignificant. The American buyer has come to regard his or her newspaper advertising as so much news, of importance almost equal with the reports of world affairs in other columns. Deprived of her store news, telling her of qualities and prices, the housewife is as much at sea as the financier without his stock and bond reports, or the farmer without his market quotations.

"We are told in news reports that New York merchants have vainly endeavored to substitute other forms of advertising in an effort to recoup the business that is being lost. Window placards are being tried, but they reach only such as pass them by; mailed advertisements are costly and subject to delays, and other forms of advertising are equally ineffective. The newspaper, by its absence, has proven itself an indispensable adjunct to commerce.

"New York is learning a great lesson: that its newspapers are inseparable from commercial prosperity and social life."

THE ABYSS WHICH BREEDS EARTHQUAKES

A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA some 200 miles east of Japan in the Pacific Ocean is held in much of the recent press comment to be mainly responsible for the stupendous Japanese catastrophe. This, together with the statement that our supposedly "solid earth" is still going through its "growing-pains," some part of it being shaken on an average every half hour, forms part of the information that a renewed and acute interest on the subject of earthquakes has brought out. Scientists, pseudo-scientists and sensationalists have laid before the public theories ranging from the inevitable ultimate destruction of Japan, to a coming reconstruction of the whole European continent. The facts, however, which seem to be most generally agreed upon by authorities on the subject of earthquakes, have been clearly put several times in recent newspaper articles on the Japanese earthquake. Says Dr. Henry S. Washington of the Carnegie Institution, writing in the New York *Times:*



From the New York "Times"

PROFILE OF THE OCEAN-BED FROM PANAMA TO JAPAN

"The Japanese islands form one of a series of island 'festoons' that fringe the Asiatic continent. Outside of these festoons and not far from them are long, narrow troughs in the sea-floor, like deep, narrow valleys on the land, which run parallel to the trend of the island groups. The deepest portion of these troughs, in which the bottom is more than 3,000 fathoms (about three miles and a half) below the surface, are known as 'deeps.' That which is nearest to Japan, from 100 to 250 miles away, is known as the Tuscarora deep, and was discovered by the United States warship *Tuscarora* in 1874.

"This structure of fringing island festoons and apparently related 'deeps' is supposed by most geologists to be caused by wrinkling of the crust during the slow cooling and contraction of the globe, the 'deeps' being the downward and the island festoons the upward parts of the combined fold. That this wrinkling movement is still in progress in the Japanese area is evident by many observations in Japan. These show that the eastern coast of Japan, and especially of the main island Hondo, is gradually rising, while parts of the western coast are sinking.

"Thus the Japanese islands are slowly tilting toward the west. This tilting movement is caused apparently by a thrust or pressure from the ocean side. As the Tuscarora deep forms an integral part of the Japanese wrinkle, this 'deep' must be continuously getting deeper and probably narrower. Also, it is practically certain, again to judge from such analagous occurrences, that the bottom of the narrow trench is cracked.

"In accordance with what is known elsewhere of such crustal movements, this continuous pressure which produces the wrinkling also will 'accumulate stress,' as the phrase is, until something has to give way somewhere. The accumulated pressure is thus relieved by slipping along the fault-crack or system of cracks. As one consequence of this the sides, which are, of course, very rough and irregular, rub together and set up vibrations in the solid rocks of the crust, which are propagated in all directions and form the earthquake."

That the margin of the Pacific Ocean forms the "most active earthquake zone of the earth," is agreed to by Professor Omori, chairman of the Japanese Earthquake Investigation Committee, and one of the world's leading seismologists. As might be supposed, the Japanese have done perhaps more research of late years than any other nation, in the comparatively new scientific study of earthquakes. That they have had ample opportunity for investigation may be seen from the fact pointed out by Professor Omori in an article quoted in the New York *Evening Post* that in eight years they have "recorded 8,831 separate shocks." This average of three a day, of course, includes thousands which were so slight as to be recorded only on the delicate seismograph, which records all earth shocks. Professor Omori's definition of an earthquake agrees with the principles already quoted, and he is said to have realized that circumstances were ripening for a violent and destructive quake in Japan.

Chester A. Reeds, assistant curator of geology at the American Museum of Natural History, further points out in the paper quoted above, that the mountains in Japan are comparatively young, and according to geological standards are still growing. In fact, there are hardly any rocks in the country which are of later than Tertiary origin. The tendency to slip along fault planes, he notes, is further intensified in Japan by the fact (as may be seen in the diagram) that the angle of the sea-floor at the coast, as well as the angle of the mountains, is very sharp. He ends with the comforting assurance that Japan will probably be free from earthquakes of great magnitude for twenty or thirty years to come. The rock layers have now been relieved of strain, and it will probably be that length of time before a further pushing up of the earth and mountains subjects them to a new strain.

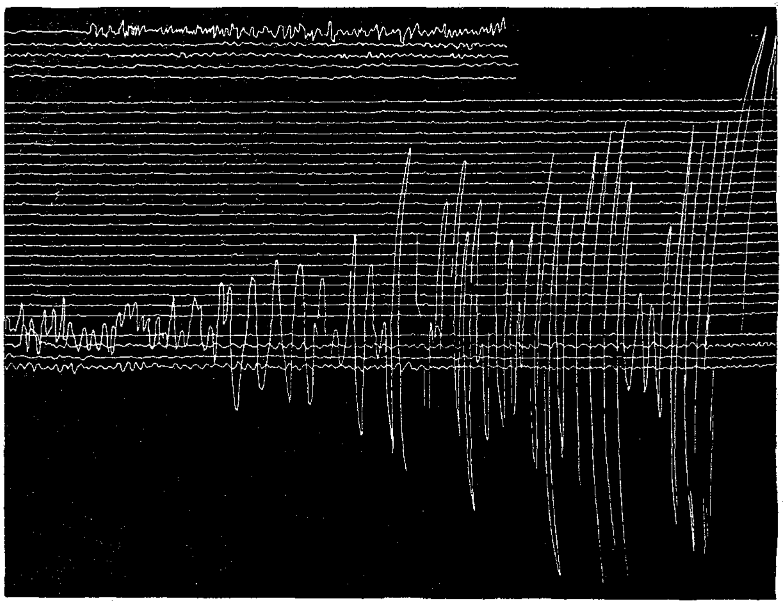
This statement, according to the New York *Evening Post*, agrees more or less substantially with that of Professor Frederick W. Sohon, the geologist of Fordham University. Admitting that not a great deal is known with certainty about the interior structure of the earth, he puts one scientific theory as to the underlying cause of earthquakes thus:

"The tendency of the earth is to bring into equilibrium the surface pressures, due to mountains or inequalities in the surface. Erosion carries away great masses of rock and produces changes in pressure. When these reach a point where they are stronger than the rock strata can stand, the strata "fault" or crack, and slide against each other along the length of the fault. This dislocation or displacement may be many feet in some instances. This sudden readjustment of balance produces terrific tremblings in the earth."

The same general idea as to the interior structure of the earth appeared in a statement in the New York *Tribune*, by Jacques W. Redway, F. R. G. S., director of the meteorological laboratory at Mount Vernon, New York. The authorities quoted so far may be said to represent one general school of thought on the theory of earthquakes. A somewhat different explanation is given, according to the New York *Times*, by Professor T. J. J. See, of the Mare Island Observatory at San Francisco. According to this version, the assumption apparently is made that a molten bed of lava underlies the Pacific Ocean as well as Japan, and that the sea-water filtering down into this forms steam—with explosive results. The account continues:

"Professor See has definitely ascribed the earthquakes in Japan to the leakage of the sea at the bottom of the Tuscarora Deep into the lava underneath, thereby causing a commotion which reacted on the surface of the sea and the near-by Japanese islands. According to Professor See it would not be necessary for a crack to exist at the bottom of the deep, because the pressure of the water at that great depth would force moisture through whatever thickness of rock and earth might lie between the crust of the earth and the lava."

Other writers connect earthquakes with volcanic disturbances, altho this is supposed to be an outworn theory, according to most of the authorities so far quoted. On the other hand it is pointed out that earthquakes, volcanic disturbances, and gigantic waves have been spreading havoc around the world in a sort of cycle since the Chilean earthquake last November. In February there were earthquakes all through the South Sea Islands, and tidal waves in Hawaii. In April, with shocks in Mexico, the volcanoes in Ecuador and the Andes generally, as well as Hawaii, became threatening. Then came the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in June, followed by a much larger one of Mt. Etna. If there is, as Dr. Washington says, no ground for the popular belief connecting earthquakes and volcanoes, what, ask these writers, is the matter this year with the poor old earth?


From "L'Illustration" (Paris)

THE EARTHQUAKE'S AUTOGRAPH

Tracing made by the Japanese quake of September 1 on the seismograph of the observatory of the Parc Saint-Maur, in Paris. Before the earthquake, the lines traced by the stylus on the revolving cylinder are straight. Imperceptible waves mark the frequent trepidation of the earth produced by the passage of trains, the sound of bells, etc. A special stylus nicks the seconds. At the first quake, the straight line breaks suddenly (as one sees in the small fraction of the diagram reproduced above). The oscillations become progressively intense from one part to another of the straight line. On the lower diagram they assume their full extent and fall over on the earlier lines above or on the later lines below and then gradually die away.

Is America, ask others, due for one of these manifestations? Here is the comparative total of recorded earthquakes, according to the New York *World*:

Italy	27,672
Japan	27,562
Greece	10,306
South America	8,018
Mexico	5,586
Pacific Coast of United States	4,467
Atlantic Coast of United States	937
Asia Minor	4,451
Sicily	4,331

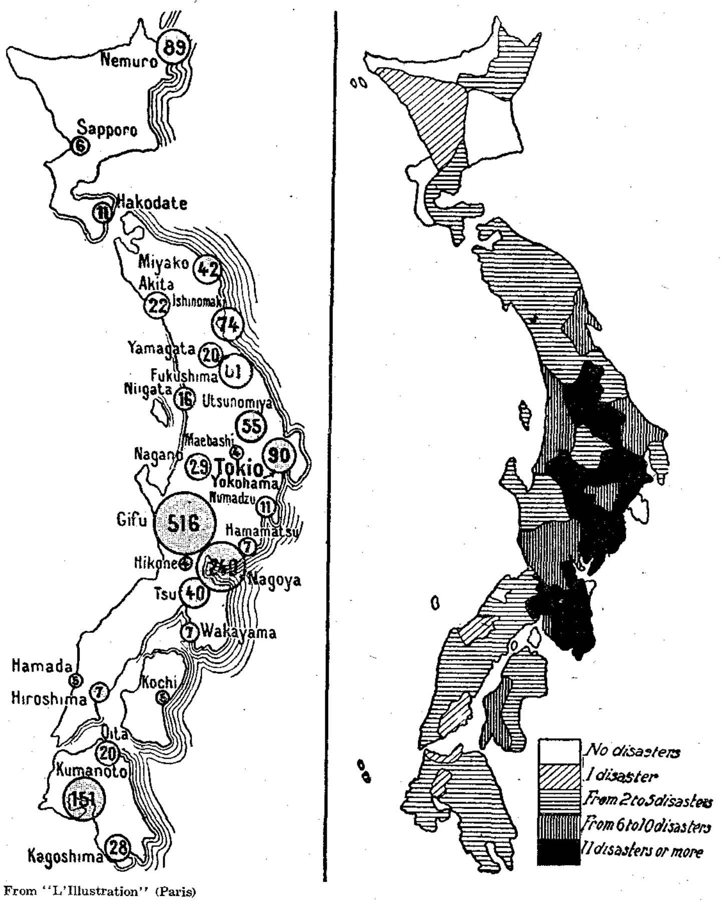
As to what extent the United States is in danger, the Rev. Father Francis A. Tondorf, Director of the Georgetown University Seismic Observatory, is authority for a statement in the New York *Times* that much of our country, at any rate, is almost immune. A city like New York, he points out, is on a faultless earthbed, and he adds:

"The rest of the American Atlantic mainland is practically safe, and this despite the Laurentian fault which begins in Massachusetts, runs north into Canada and then switches back, passing through northern New York, New Jersey, Virginia and Maryland to the Carolinas.

"Along the Laurentian fault earthquake activity has been appreciable. In the latter part of the eighteenth century this activity was manifested principally in New England, but was not of serious consequence. In more recent years the activity has been largely confined to that part of the fault which lies in Virginia and the Carolinas, the two most notable instances of this activity being the Charleston quakes of August, 1886, and January, 1903.

"The Charleston earthquake of 1886, an insignificant affair when compared with the great Japanese disaster of last week, was the most severe earth shock which ever took place in the Eastern section of the United States."

Meanwhile, according to Dr. Bailey Wills of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, and N. H. Heck, Chief of the Division of Terrestrial Magnetism of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, instruments for predicting earthquakes are being worked on and perfected. They do not hope for a prediction of the day and intensity of expected quakes, but simply a general means of indicating where within the next five or ten years quakes are likely to occur. For the present, it appears, we need not worry.



From "L'Illustration" (Paris)

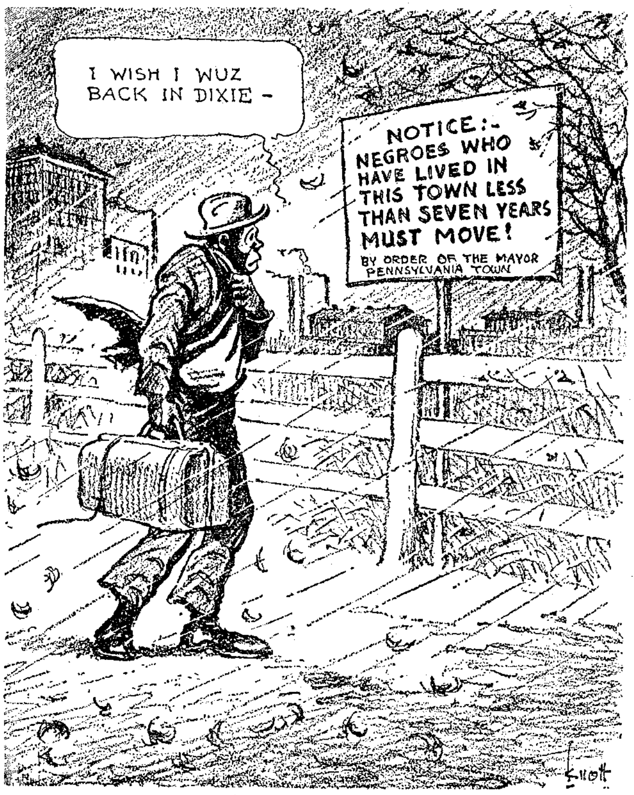
AVERAGE ANNUAL SHOCKS GREAT DISASTERS SINCE FIFTH CENTURY

JAPAN'S EARTHQUAKE RECORD

The left-hand map shows the average annual number of earthquake shocks in Japan in different districts, and on the east coast, the relative frequency of tidal waves (indicated by wavy lines of shading). The right-hand map shows (by shading of graduated intensity, according to the table at the foot) the comparative incidence of seismic disasters in various parts since the fifth century, based on "Seismological Geography," by Montessus de Ballore.

JOHNSTOWN'S FLOOD OF NEGRO LABOR

NOT SINCE THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD has that Pennsylvania city been so much in the public eye as it has been since its Mayor warned most of the negro residents, "for their own safety and the safety of the public," to leave the city at once, following a riot in a negro colony in which the instigator and three white policemen were killed, and two others seriously wounded. The Mayor's warning was not an official proclamation, but, remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "the Mayor has never repudiated his statement, which was given wide publicity." The edict applied only to negroes who have not resided for at least seven years in Johnstown, but it also included Mexican laborers in the steel mills, for, as the Mayor explains, in the event of a race riot they might, with their dark complexions, be mistaken for negroes.


I WISH I WUZ BACK IN DIXIE –
NOTICE:- NEGROES WHO HAVE LIVED IN THIS TOWN LESS THAN SEVEN YEARS MUST MOVE!
BY ORDER OF THE MAYOR PENNSYLVANIA TOWN
Knott

THE COLD NORTH WIND

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

Mayor Joseph Cauffiel, who is charged by the Boston *Post* with this "wholesale violation of constitutional rights," came into the limelight a year ago, Johnstown dispatches remind us, "when he told saloonkeepers of the city that they might sell real beer 'if they complied with the law.'" "The Mayor's latest and most extraordinary ban, which hasn't a legal leg to stand on," declares the Johnstown *Ledger*, "is on a par with the beer edict, and with his promise to a Bible class that unless beer stopt flowing, he would call out the United States cavalry and chase the rum-runners out of the country." Furthermore, says this paper, "only a comparatively few negroes who were unfamiliar with the Mayor's little eccentricities have been frightened into leaving the city." His Honor, on the other hand, maintains in a statement that—

> "As Mayor of this city I'm not going to stand idle and allow the South to dump its criminals and riff-raff into Johnstown. The negroes can stay where they belong. That's in the South. The old-time negroes in this city never gave us any trouble, but the scum that has been brought here is not going to remain while I'm Mayor. Their colonies are lined with houses of prostitution, and dives for the sale of moonshine and dope. That has to stop, and the negroes responsible for it must leave the city.
>
> "If these negroes remain here, we could never stop the wave of crime this winter. The Cambria plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company is running slack. Men are being laid off and the thousands of negroes and Mexicans imported here are not needed. What are thousands of the idle negroes and Mexicans, stimulated by poison liquor and dope, going to do in Johnstown this winter?"

The Mayor also felt it necessary, because of intense feeling against the negroes of Johnstown, it is said, to ban future importation of negro and Mexican laborers, and to prohibit negroes from holding meetings or social functions. Church services, however, are permitted. Visitors, under the new régime, are required to register with the chief of police, and to report in person at the end of each week of their stay in Johnstown.

Almost immediately after the edict was published the Mexican Embassy at Washington asked the Department of State for an explanation of the Mayor's actions, and Governor Pinchot, replying to a telegram from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, declared that "the whole power of this Commonwealth will be used if necessary to maintain Constitutional rights." Closely following these events came the primary election, and the subsequent elimination of the Mayor as a candidate to succeed himself. "In fact," says a Johnstown dispatch to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "it is believed here that Mayor Cauffiel put on this grandstand play for the purpose of winning the nomination."

Northern and Southern papers unite in condemning the action of Mayor Cauffiel, and a few blame the steel company for importing "cheap labor." Says the Utica *Press*, for instance:

> "In the first place, one would like to know the authority under which a Mayor is given power to decree who shall or shall not live in any community. Next, what fairness is there in an expulsion of members of any race because of troubles that may be blamed on one of its individuals? Third, how does the question of residence, even in the peculiarly salubrious air of Johnstown, determine the guilt or innocence of those responsible for any crime?"

In the opinion of the New York *Evening Post*, "the Mayor's action amounted to a plain shirking of his sworn duty." "It was a dangerous experiment, sure to arouse a worse feeling between the races than would otherwise exist," thinks the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and in the Johnstown *Democrat* we read:

> "The negroes who have come to Johnstown in search of employment may not all of them be of the most desirable class. But until they have committed some overt act they are entitled to the same freedom of movement and the same protection as whites who come hither to work in our various industries."

This, in effect, is also the view of the Philadelphia *Record*, Manchester *Union*, Boston *Post*, Louisville *Times*, Mobile *Register*, Savannah *News*, Columbia (S. C.) *State*, Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, and Harrisburg *Telegraph*. Says the last-named:

> "If Mayor Joseph Cauffiel can't keep order in Johnstown he, and not thousands of innocent and unoffending residents, should be ordered out. His demand that all negroes of less than seven years' residence in Johnstown leave that place is as illegal as it is unjust. If he paid more attention to the enforcement of law and devoted less time to giving the city a bad name among its neighbors, probably there would be less disorder in Johnstown."

In the Johnstown episode several Southern papers apparently see an opportunity to return a compliment to Northern papers, and at the same time whisper a word of warning in the ear of the negro who still remains in Dixie. "Whatever criticism may be made of the South in its treatment of the negro, the masses are never punished for the misdeeds of a few individuals," we are told by the Mobile *Register*, and the Louisville *Times* reminds us that "no Mayor of Atlanta or Mobile, for example, has warned the negro population to leave."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

THE best way to end war is not to begin it.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

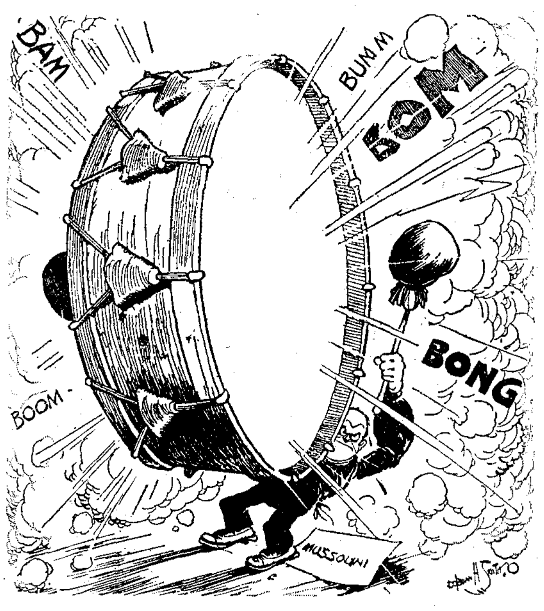
HOMEOPATHIC treatment of mob violence will never cure it.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

OUR country's greatest undeveloped resources are its people.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

MUSSOLINI's idea of diplomacy is using a section of lead pipe.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

THE statesman makes the commonwealth an end; the politician, a means.—*Boston Herald.*

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE likes the way Prohibition is being enforced. One by one, his virtues come to light; it now appears that he is easily pleased.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*



ITALY'S PART IN THE CONCERT OF NATIONS

—Smith in the Providence *News.*

IT begins to appear the coal operators and miners buried the hatchet in the same old place.—*Detroit News.*

ONE thing Minnesota statesmen are doing for the district—advertising her climate as a cure for lung weaknesses.—*Detroit News.*

ONE of the reasons why King Solomon got a reputation for wisdom was that he never had to settle a coal shortage situation.—*New York Tribune.*

WE wish European premiers were as sensitive about the paying of their national debts as they are about resenting national insults.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

OUR national policy of aloofness from Europe is the harder to understand on account of our national policy of butting in on everything else.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE's way of confirming the suspicion that the White House contains Presidential timber is to say nothing and saw wood.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

AN optimist is one who believes that politics will pass the age of bunk in about twenty years.—*Houston Post.*

HENRY FORD says he doesn't want to be President, and he generally gets his way.—*Indianapolis News.*

THE lamb and the lion will lie down together when the lamb hasn't anything the lion wants.—*Bridgeport Star.*

WE are thinking of trying to get a checking concession for hats for the political ring.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

IT is getting so that the church is about the only safe place to go to on Sunday.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

IT is clear now that the League can weather all storms if the storms are not permitted to reach it.—*West Palm Beach Post.*

THE man who said our wild life has disappeared probably overlooked the "young intellectuals."—*Pacific Coast Service.*

IT's remarkable how few of the persons killed at grade-crossings on Sundays are on their way to church.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

"BANANAS have suddenly gone up 3 per cent.," says the New York *Herald.* So they did have some, after all.—*Punch* (*London*).

MEN are of two classes—those who do their best work to-day and forget about it, and those who promise to do their best work to-morrow and forget about it.—*Moniteau County* (*Mo.*) *Herald.*

FRANCE now has the mailed fist and Germany the tight one.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

DEMPSEY has nothing on us: we have to fight for our money, too.—*Asheville Times.*

WITH Europe it is a case of working in peace or of resting in peace.—*Asheville Times.*

THE most common impediment in the speech of Americans is gum.—*Birmingham News.*

IF the Germans would toe the mark, they might be able to lift it to higher levels.—*Asheville Times.*

AN evangelist denounces betting as a "means of getting money for nothing." Worse than that, it frequently is a means of getting nothing for your money.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

KEEP alien influx down—but not out.—*Wall Street Journal.*

WHAT keeps this old world together, after all, is that it never needs as much as it wants.—*Detroit News.*

THE Italian Navy having defeated an orphan asylum, we can again recall the glory of Rome.—*Cleveland Times.*

A RECENT Vera Cruz strike ended in a victory for the public, which proves that Mexico is still too uncivilized to deserve recognition by these enlightened United States.—*Life* (*New York*).

A SPECIAL amplifier for political spellbinders relieves the strain on the speaker's voice. What is really needed, however, is a device that will relieve the strain on the listener's intelligence.—*Life* (*New York*).

WELL, we see Judge Gary has decided in his kindly way to have the consumers of steel products pay some of the workers about 10 per cent. more per hour.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

FRANCE says Germany must give until it hurts or it will hurt until she gives.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AGE is coming on when ideals contract into ideas and finally slump into deals.—*El Paso Herald.*

IT would appear that Italy is a better collector than liquidator of debts.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

ONE of these days public opinion will go on a strike against strikes.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

THE forces of nature are tragically destructive, but they don't do it in the name of patriotism.—*Hartford Times.*

"IN hopes of doing better next time with Dempsey, Firpo will study English." Might begin with *Punch.*—*Wall Street Journal.*

ANGEL FLORES has entered politics in Mexico. Many a Mexican has emerged from Mexican politics an angel.—*Dallas News.*

IT's a sad commentary on politicians that a President can earn a reputation for sagacity by disregarding their advice.—*Detroit News.*

IN spite of Cabinet resignations it is stated that the Spanish offensive in Morocco will be pursued. By the Moors?—*Punch* (*London*).

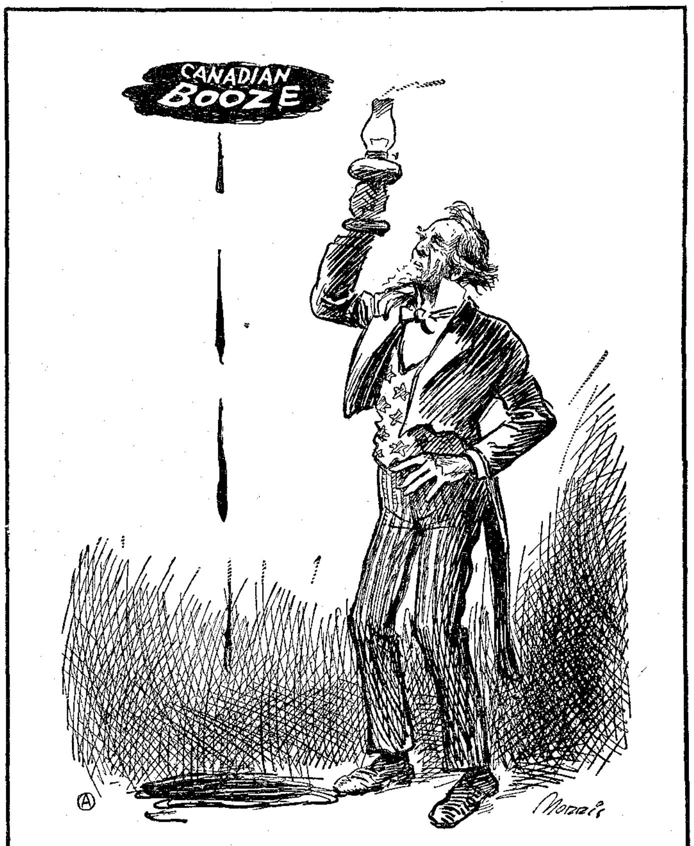
STILL, the Southern professor who has made flour, rubber, molasses, tapioca, dyes and flavoring extracts out of sweet potatoes, hasn't succeeded in making anything better of them than sweet potatoes.—*Detroit News.*

FOREIGN COMMENT

CANADIAN PRESS ON HALTING RUM-RUNNING FROM CANADA

THE BARBED-WIRE OF FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS frightens Uncle Sam in the form of the League of Nations or of European reconstruction, according to some pleasantly sarcastic Canadian editors, who add that this same rich uncle of the world hasn't the slightest hesitancy in inviting outside nations to get tangled up in his own barbed-wire of Prohibition legislation. Thus England was asked to expand the three-mile limit convention of the seven seas, they say, in order to protect the United States from the busy bootleggers of the main. Now they note that the Canadian Government, upon our request to cooperate with the United States in prohibiting illegal shipments of liquor from Canada, has agreed to a parley which is scheduled for November. To sound Canadian opinion on this plan THE LITERARY DIGEST has gathered by telegraph the views of Canadian editors from coast to coast of the Dominion.

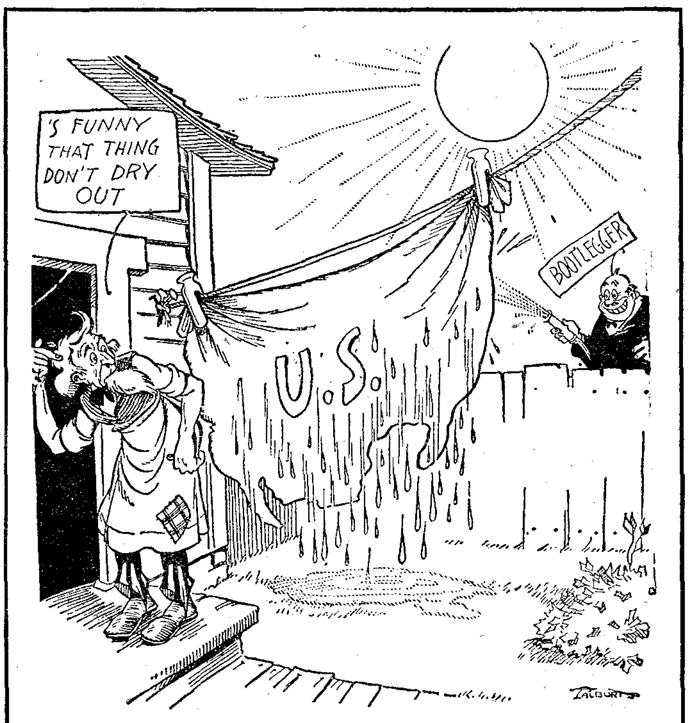
If some of them indicate that no very efficient result can proceed from the conference, there are others who believe that as good neighbors it is wholly natural Canada and the United States should combine their efforts to stop the flow of Canadian liquor into the States. But among the surprizing revelations of the following editorials is the statement that much liquor manufactured in the United States is sent into Canada and shipped back again for consumption by thirsty Americans as being a Canadian product. In connection with the drive against bootlegging on the border, between Canada and this country, London dispatches relate that the articles by *The Daily News* of that city on whisky-running off American coasts has stirred up Washington, and the proof of it is said to lie in "the announcement by Ambassador Harvey that he expects to take up the whole question of smuggling from the Bahamas and Canada into the United States with the chiefs of the British Government." These dispatches inform us further that "Colonel Harvey believes that Britain will cooperate effectively to stamp out the traffic, as the overwhelming sentiment in England is against British vessels dishonoring the Union Jack by using it to cover violations of the laws of a friendly nation."



THAT LEAKY APARTMENT ABOVE
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

The sharp differences of opinion on the subject of rum-running, which appear in the subsequent remarks, are traceable chiefly to the varying regulations affecting drink in the several provinces. As the St. John *Telegraph-Journal* reminds us, there is a national law in the United States regulating the consumption of spirits and other alcoholic beverages, but in Canada the provinces "are not a unit on the question," and it adds:

> "Our Federal Government has placed severe restrictions on the important export of liquor conforming with public opinion as exprest in each province. These regulations are for the protection of Canadians. The United States has passed national legislation with the same end in view for the protection of its citizens. Each country is endeavoring to enforce its own legislation.


'S FUNNY THAT THING DON'T DRY OUT
U.S.
BOOTLEGGER
TALBURT

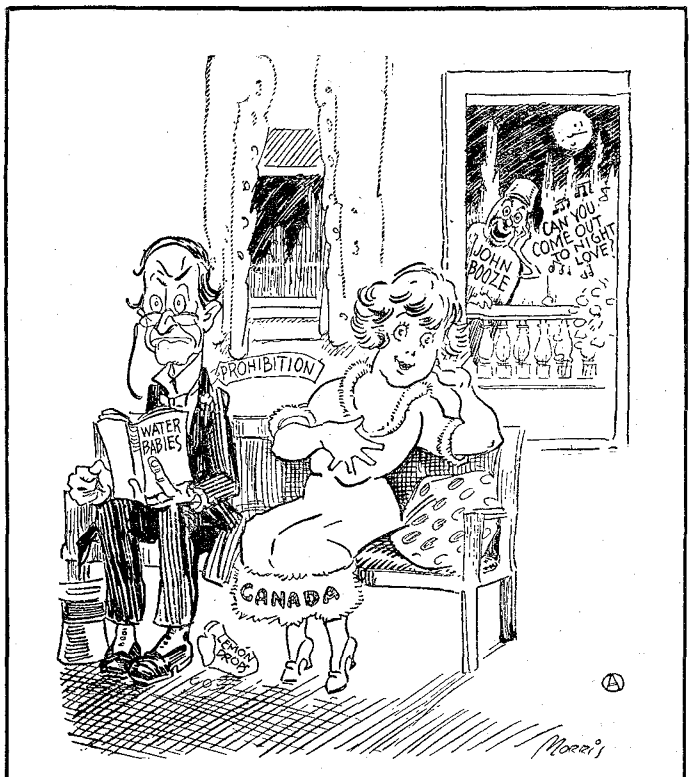
NO WONDER IT DOESN'T GET DRY
—Talburt in the Pittsburgh *Sun*.

> "In our opinion that is all Canada can be expected to do. Any attempt to patrol the international line, if that is what cooperation means, to protect the United States, would be absurd as well as impossible. Our restrictions against the export of liquor by vessels from customs ports are at present drastic and effective. The suggestion that the United States needs the cooperation of Canada to protect itself against rum-runners implies a condition of inefficiency that is not flattering to a great nation."

Passing from New Brunswick, which is dry, to the Province of Quebec, which is wet, we find the Montreal *Herald* saying that the proposal for joint action between Canada and the United

States is sure to "have sympathetic consideration of the Canadian authorities." This daily rather resents "the idea prevailing in some quarters that the Canadian authorities more or less countenance this illegal traffic" and it points out that—

> "As a matter of fact, the question of Prohibition is one entirely in the hands of the Provincial authorities to determine. The Province of Quebec allows the public sale of liquor through the liquor commission. A somewhat similar policy is in force in British Columbia, while in Manitoba a new law has just been passed which will allow citizens to purchase a limited quantity of liquor on obtaining a permit. The situation is further complicated by the fact that Ontario, which is a Prohibition Province, has huge whisky distilleries and large breweries which are allowed to manufacture for export. Furthermore, there are large districts in Ontario where for many years the growing of grapes for wine-making has been one of the principal industries. Ontario still allows the manufacture of wine from grapes on a large scale and allows the manufacturers to sell that wine in the Province of Ontario, but not to advertise it. Indeed, the representatives of Ontario in the Federal Parliament are so jealous of this industry that they have protested against the reduction of the tariff on French wines imported into the Province of Quebec on the ground that this would hurt the Ontario wine-making industry."

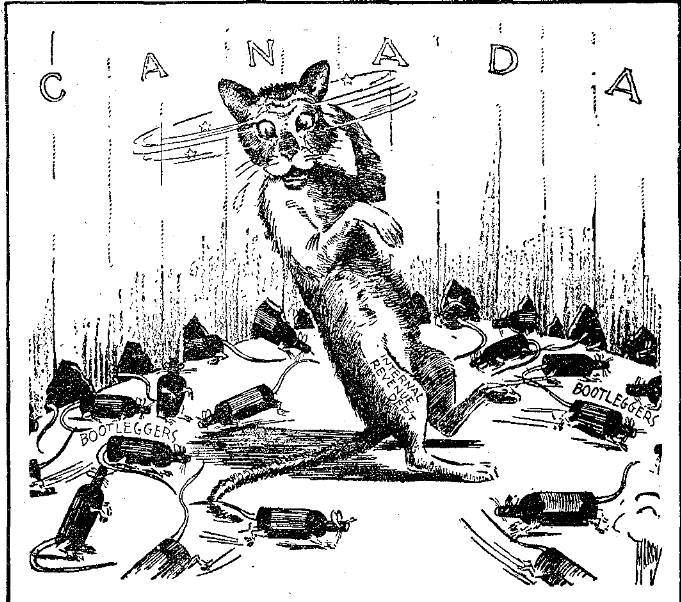


CANADA—"I HEAR YOU CALLING ME!"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

As far as the Province of Quebec is concerned, the Montreal *Herald* adds, there has been a marked tightening up of law enforcement "for the express purpose of preventing illegal exportation of liquor into the United States." We are told further that "it is a well-known fact that much of the liquor which is sold in bottles bearing the label of the Quebec Liquor Commission is obtained from other sources and has not been purchased in the Province of Quebec, the labels being fraudulent ones printed in the United States." A French-language Montreal newspaper, *La Presse*, remarks:

> "Prohibition, which is a law in the United States, is no legal obligation outside the American frontier. It does not devolve on us to see that an American law is respected on our territory—a law enacted for the Americans, which we have refused to copy.
>
> "To accept the suggested cooperation so as to protect the frontier against the smuggling of alcohol, would be necessarily equivalent to considering as a crime of common law and of international compass, the contravention to the American Prohibition law. This is going too far. We do not believe that the world is ready to concede so much to the adherents of Prohibition, and Canada would be ill-advised to admit such a pretension."



TOO MANY HOLES TO WATCH

—Marcus in the New York *Times*.

La Presse goes on to say that the Canadian Federal Government, which is competent in this matter, "can not but recognize the views and sentiments of the Provinces that have not adhered to the policy of Prohibition" and it adds:

> "Moreover, we would give proof of very little tact if we gave way to the instances of the American Prohibitionists, for, what happens in the United States, and what we know, shows evidently that the public opinion of our neighbors is far from being unanimous.
>
> "We have not to take any stand whatever in this conflict, by going out of our road and our frontier, to give a helping hand to the adherents of that measure."

We arrive now in the Province of Ontario, where the Toronto *Daily Star* remarks with some acerbity that responsibility for the failure or success of Prohibition in the United States "can not be shifted by the Washington authorities from their own people to the governments of foreign nations." It believes that if the Volstead Act is not efficiently enforced the main explanation must be "the ingenuity of American law-breakers and the slackness of American officials charged with the administration of the law." The people of Canada wish to be neighborly and to encourage respect for the laws of other nations, and have backed the Ontario authorities in vigorous measures to check the legal export of liquor to the United States "partly because they knew that a proportion of it was side-tracked for illegal sale in this Province, and partly because they did not wish to be in alliance with the smugglers on the other side of the boundary." We read then:

> "Persons who know conditions on the Detroit-Windsor border realize that while the Canadian authorities have been straining their jurisdiction to check the rum-running, the liquor was often carried openly without fear of molestation when it reached United States territory. To the Canadian layman it seems unreasonable that the United States should appeal to foreign nations to assist her in giving effect to her Prohibition legislation while she is too proud to use her Navy, and while her own officials in many border districts wink at violations of the law. The best-thinking people on this side of the border recognize that the comity of nations would be served by the enactment of laws forbidding the export of intoxicating liquors to countries in which the local sale and importation is forbidden."

The Toronto *Globe*, writing of "Nova Scotia's rum-ships," says:

> "Canadian fishermen have been shut out of the United States

(*Continued on page 81*)

LABOR ON TOP IN QUEENSLAND

"DOWN WITH THE LORDS!" was a cry that eventually reduced the Upper House of Parliament to a condition of relative harmlessness in England, but it remained for the Queenslanders of Australia to put an Upper House out of business completely. This they accomplished two years ago, and, as we are told in an article by the Labor Prime Minister of Queensland, "the present session is the second one in which Parliament has sat under a unicameral system." Edward Granville Theodore is Prime Minister, Chief Secretary, Treasurer, and Vice-President of the Executive Council, and he assures us in the *Labor Magazine* (London) that "the Upper House has not been missed, and is never likely to be revived." Quite evidently it is not missed by the Labor party. The Labor point of view is Mr. Theodore's in his article—a point which the reader will bear in mind as the Prime Minister relates the party's achievements. Says Mr. Theodore:

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A LABOR PREMIER

Edward Granville Theodore, who as spokesman for labor in Queensland, Australia, declares that "Labor's ultimate policy is the replacement of the capitalist institutions . . . by cooperative or socialized organizations."

"The Parliamentary Labor party came into existence in Queensland in 1893. The wide-spread feeling of indignation aroused against the capitalists on account of their coercion of the shearers and maritime workers was largely responsible for the seventeen Labor Members returned in that year. For a long time the party fulfilled the function of a Parliamentary Opposition.

"In 1904, however, Labor coalesced with a few advanced Liberals and formed a Government under a Liberal Premier. The coalition lasted for three years. During that period the franchise was broadened, votes were given to women, old-age pensions were established, and many social and political reforms were accomplished.

"The coalition eventually came to grief on a question of principle, which involved the sale of Crown lands. In the dissolution of the coalition the Labor party was badly disrupted, and the recalcitrant element eventually merged into the Conservative party. After 1907 the Labor party remained in opposition with varying fortunes until 1915.

"At the General Election in 1915 the reactionaries were swept from power, the Labor party being returned with an overwhelming majority. Since then it has weathered all storms, and in May of this year, after eight years of strenuous rule, it was again returned to power with the people's emphatic endorsement."

This, thinks Mr. Theodore, was only natural, for, as he declares—

"Labor's ultimate policy is the replacement of the capitalist institutions which are used for exploitation of human labor by cooperative or socialized organizations. This can be accomplished by an extension of the economic functions of the State and municipality, and by the creation of semi-governmental cooperative bodies. The celerity with which this objective will be attained depends, not so much on the boldness of the legislative program of the parliamentarians, as on the mental attitude and political progress of the people.

"It will be understood, therefore, that since coming into power the Queensland Labor party has been compelled to concern itself in the main with reforms and curative measures while doing its best to prepare the way for a more rapid, but nevertheless gradual, progress toward reconstruction for the future."

The Labor party has not lacked enemies, it appears. For instance, we read:

"Early in its career as a Government the Queensland Labor Government encountered the bitter opposition of financial interests. As each reform measure was introduced—*e. g.*, State monopoly of workers' accident insurance, taxation of absentee capitalists, municipalization of the private tramways, unemployed workers' insurance with its concomitant levy on employers, increase of rentals on the large pastoral holdings—the cry of repudiation and confiscation was raised.

"During 1920 this cry was taken up afresh in London, when the Queensland Government in that year attempted to launch a loan in the city for development purposes. The Government was pointedly informed by the city magnates that there would be no money in London for Queensland unless it repealed what they regarded as 'obnoxious' legislation. The Government declined to yield to London coercion, and since 1920 has raised its external loans in New York."

As summarily—indeed, more so—the Labor party dealt with Queensland's Upper House of Parliament, the Legislative Council:

"When the party first came into office in 1915 it was much hampered in its legislation policy by a reactionary Legislative Council. This was a nominee chamber, the members being appointed for life. By a gradual process of 'swamping' the Labor party eventually gained the control of the Council, and in 1921 passed through Parliament a bill which abolished that branch of the Legislature."

PROPOSED FRENCH TAX ON FOREIGNERS

THE "SCANDALOUS" PLIGHT of France, where foreigners are said to be eating Frenchmen out of house and home and at the same time crowding them out, has led a member of the Chamber of Deputies, Taittinger by name, to revive the fairly ancient suggestion of taxing foreigners. His bill to that effect has been published in outline, greatly to the delight of certain Frenchmen, among them General Cordonnier, former Commandant of the French Army of the East. Foreigners are a burden, argues the General, and should be made to pay for their fun. They have debauched French finance, he says. They consume in hotels the milk that should feed babies. In restaurants they eat, for next to nothing, a meal that bankrupts a Frenchman. The rate of exchange partly explains that. But there are other factors. Writing in *La Democratie Nouvelle* (Paris), General Cordonnier proceeds:

"The American who strays into a modest restaurant and sits down opposite one of our great scientists may order the same snack as his vis-à-vis, but he pays for it with a half-dollar, whereas the Frenchman surrenders nine francs. The foreigner has spent a mere nothing. The great scientist will skip the next meal, for his salary forbids two such indulgences a day. When the American puts down his fifty cents, he is through with the affair. The Frenchman has still to pay tax after tax on this, that and the other. And besides, the rate of exchange is against him.

"If foreigners came to France to honor our dead, who have saved them from the Germans, we might respect their intentions and cancel the cost they inflict upon us, but it does not appear that they come for that purpose. The tourists bureaus no sooner transport people to Verdun or the Chemin des Dames, than they buy out a shop, dine magnificently in a fashionable restaurant, and then go to the theater. As for the expense, the rate of exchange makes it next to nothing."

Over against this plea of General Cordonnier's, *La Democratie Nouvelle* sets the contentions put forth by Biard d' Aunet, a former minister plenipotentiary. D'Aunet sees no reason for taxing foreigners. He heartily disapproves of the plan. In Taittinger's bill, he finds only absurdities, and he tells us:

"According to Mr. Taittinger, ''every foreigner' spending more than eight days in France should pay a tax of at least 1,000 francs, plus 200 francs for each person in his charge. Probably he means by this a yearly tax.

"The principal argument of M. Taittinger's has at least the merit of novelty. 'Foreigners,' says he, 'make a country's fortune if it has a normal rate of exchange, but they ruin a country if it has a depreciated rate of exchange. Their presence sends up prices and the rate of exchange drops lower and lower.' Whereas, the economists are convinced that the presence of foreigners tends to improve the rate of exchange. Thus far, such has been its effect, they tell us."

Taittinger argues that the proposed tax would help to solve the housing problem. "It is scandalous," he says, "that, in consequence of the stoppage of building, apartments should be so scarce, while foreigners occupy a great share of the apartments left available." These foreigners invade "even the hotels," which otherwise "might serve as temporary shelters for French people." To this, d'Aunet replies:

"As we have not forbidden the coming of foreigners, their right to 'invade' hotels built for their accommodation and the apartments placed at their disposal would seem incontestable. Moreover, this invasion is not so complete as to prevent French people's finding 'temporary shelter' there if they can pay for it. If not, why should they care if foreigners instead of French people occupy the rooms?

"A more careful study of the housing crisis would show M. Taittinger what the principal cause is and why such a state of things continues. If France has five or six thousand more foreigners than before the war, *there are fifteen hundred thousand fewer Frenchmen.* The number of houses is about the same as it was, and in consequence there is room enough for everybody.

"The crisis results from two causes. The first is the cityward migration of country folks. But it is a voluntary migration: and the scarcity of houses in the big cities tends to discourage it. From this point of view, the scarcity of houses is anything but an unmixed evil. In the next place, we have never accepted—that is to say, realized—the diminished purchasing power of our money in the matter of rents. *It buys only two-thirds as much as it bought before the war.*

"The crisis is not less real on that account. There is only one way to combat it, and that is by promoting the construction of new buildings. Then the law of supply and demand would solve the problem in so far as is possible. That would be much better for all concerned than the plan to give anti-French propaganda a new weapon by taxing foreigners."

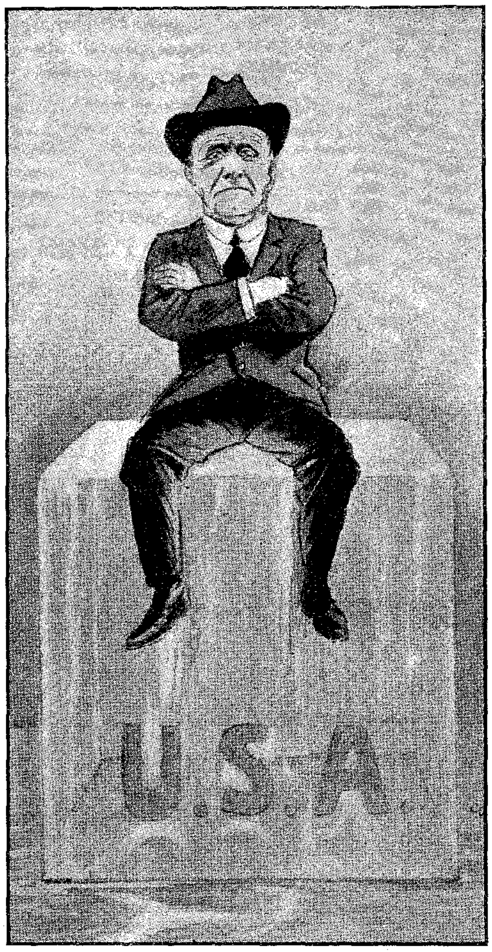
Nevertheless the friends of the tax on foreigners rail at the outlanders who are overcrowding the city of Paris to the exclusion of natives, and they argue that:

"If Germany would pay, and if the dollar, the florin, the peseta and the Swiss franc should become less arrogant, we might be able to build those cheap houses that are now built only on paper. As it is, the poilu sleeps outdoors, and a young couple in their rookery have *room for only one child.* Victory has not given us the means of repairing the damage done by the vanquished. The rate of exchange prevents building and lodges neutrals in the houses that are left.

"Let us charge admission to the Paris we maintain at such expense, and let us use the sums thus accruing to build houses and improve the rate of exchange."

LATIN-AMERICAN DISTRUST OF UNCLE SAM

UNCLE SAM'S WEIGHT in the political councils and trade marts of the world is becoming heavier day by day, remark some South American editors, who accuse him of using his overwhelming economic influence for "ultimate designs of greed and profit," in the guise of Pan-American moves of cordiality. His diplomatic agents are constantly endeavoring to eliminate obstacles to American trade, and, by securing lower import duties on American manufactures, to put them in an advantageous position toward European competitors, declares *La Informacion* of Bolivia, which charges at the same time that the United States "offers no trade reciprocity," but is always busy "erecting tariff walls against imports from Latin-American countries." The statement of Dr. Zeballos, ex-Minister to the United States from the Argentine, which was made in an address before the Williamstown Institute of Foreign Politics, that the prevailing mind throughout Latin America is one of "distrust" toward the United States, is considered by *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires, the *Mercurio* of Santiago, Chile, and *El Diario* of Ecuador as a fair interpretation of the Latin-American attitude. Says *El Diario:*



BRITISH CHAFF

"Cool" idge in splendid "Ice"-olation.

—*The Bystander* (London).

"Dr. Zeballos's declaration came at a most opportune time, inasmuch as the United States are daily realizing that only through mutual knowledge and intercourse can they live at peace with the twenty republics forming what is commonly called Latin America. We know that the American people are sometimes at a loss to understand our grievances, attributing them to envy or ingratitude; but we intend to dispel such an erroneous belief by bringing before them some events of recent years which will convince them that justice has not always been on the side of might, especially in some of their Caribbean adventures."

This Ecuador daily goes on to say that the Republican Administration has practically followed in the footsteps of the Democrats, and it can see "no improvement in spite of the promises made during the Republican campaign of 1920." We read then:

"We remember quite distinctly Messrs. Harding and Coolidge preaching the abandonment of the policy followed by President Wilson toward some of the weaker nations of this hemisphere. Immediate withdrawal of American forces from Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua and other temporarily restrained nations was to follow the Republican victory; but the three years elapsed have brought no change and to the bitterness of violated rights has been added a profound distrust of the promises made by statesmen of such high standing."

El Expectador of Colombia believes that the Coolidge Administration "faces one problem whose settlement will be carefully watched by Latin America, namely, the Tacna-Arica arbitration treaty between Chile and Peru," according to which the President of the United States is to arbitrate the differences that have separated the two countries during the past forty years. This daily recalls that when victorious Chile wrested the provinces

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of Tacna and Arica from Peru after the War of 1884, the peace treaty stipulated that a plebiscite was to be held within ten years, to decide to which country the provinces would definitely belong. The plebiscite provided for a cash indemnity to the country losing its claim to the territory from the country in whose favor the vote should decide. Owing to long-pending differences the plebiscite was never held, and the present treaty empowers the President of the United States to decide the conditions under which it is to be conducted and grants him ample powers to lay down new rules if the former provisions are found inadequate. This journal adds:

> "The case will evidently turn against Peru, whose claim to the territories is nevertheless based on historical and legitimate rights. But the work done by Chile since 1884 and the thorough *chileanization* of the region in dispute, which is reluctantly admitted by Peru herself, will undoubtedly be powerful factors in the arbitration award. A cash indemnity would seem to be the only thing that Peru can reasonably expect, but against this, which would be the logical outcome of a troublous situation, there must be considered the strong popular feeling in Peru against a mercenary bargain which is considered a national humiliation."

Of the Central American Disarmament Treaty, this Colombian journal says:

> "When the United States indorsed so warmly the agreement entered into by the Central American republics not to recognize revolutionary governments they apparently repudiated their previous attitude in this respect. Only a few months ago the State Department approved and recognized the revolutionary movement of the Liberal Party in Guatemala, which brought about the dissolution of the Central American Federation, tho by previous treaties and agreements special pledges had been given to consider all such moves as unconstitutional."

The divergent policies of the United States in many Latin-American cases is attributed to opposite tendencies between the late President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes, by *La Prensa* of El Salvador, which remarks:

> "Harding was the pacifist, Hughes is the imperialist. A citizen of the United States to-day is the equivalent of a citizen of Rome eighteen centuries ago. Any complaint of a United States citizen abroad brings forthwith from the State Department an imperative demand for redress, regardless of the justice involved. Hughes thus represents the increasing strength of the capitalistic world, characteristic of all empires since the beginning of modern society."

Uncle Sam is subjected to further strictures by the Buenos Aires *Prensa*, which criticizes the report made to Secretary Hughes by Henry P. Fletcher, chairman of the United States delegation to the recent Pan-American Conference at Santiago, Chile. According to the New York *Evening Post* these Buenos Aires criticisms have been widely circulated in the Latin-American capitals and in Europe, and among them we find the following:

> "But as far as fundamental questions which the conference was to deal with, arbitration, disarmament, the standardization of the right of trade-marks, patents of invention, the standards of customs, the adoption of a uniform coin (the dollar), the Monroe Doctrine, and other important matters which the United States have been bringing up since 1890, altho some of them appear on the records, they have failed definitely. . . .
>
> "With respect to the Monroe Doctrine, the chairman of the delegation recognizes the fact that all the republics agreed that that is a question of national politics in the United States which can not be transformed into a document adopted by all the other American countries, which will not adopt it. It is certainly worthy of the greatest attention of the Government of the United States and of the other republics of Pan-American policy from a cultural and even a commercial point of view, and is without doubt convenient and even useful for all the States. The United States have a great function to suffer as promoters of that policy; but it is necessary to reorganize it on a different basis, taking into consideration the discontent which exists in the greater part of the republics in order to eliminate this discontent by large deeds of prudence and loyalty."

SOVIET RUSSIA'S NEW MONEY

THE CHRONIC AGONY of Russian finances and the progressive depreciation of the paper ruble, we are told, preoccupies and perplexes the Soviet Government. In order to cope with the situation and to create a better means of exchange than the ruble, the Soviet Government promulgated a decree on October 11, 1922, granting the State Bank permission to issue special bank-notes, called *tchervontzy* (gold coins), whose value it was decided to maintain at a fixt level. Thus, since the end of the last year, Russia has had two currencies—the rubles printed in ever-increasing numbers by the Commissariat for Finances and the *tchervontzy* issued by the State Bank. The Berlin *Rul* summarizes the October decree as follows:

> "The *tchervonietz* is a bank-note representing a certain gold value, tho the State Bank does not undertake the obligation of exchanging it for gold on the demand of the bearer. But it can be exchanged, as a certain stable unit, for Soviet rubles, according to the rate of exchange of the day. Thus, while the latter's value is continuously falling, the *tchervonietz* retains its original value (representing every day an increasing number of rubles), and an unchanged buying capacity with regard to dollars, pounds sterling, and other stable currencies."

According to the decree, the State Bank can issue these bank-notes only against a permanent gold basis equal to at least one-quarter of the nominal value of the total sum issued. Each *tchervonietz* is equal to ten gold rubles.

Commenting upon the circulation of the new bank-notes, *Vitstnik Finansov* (*The Financial Herald*), the official weekly of the People's Commissariat for Finances, says:

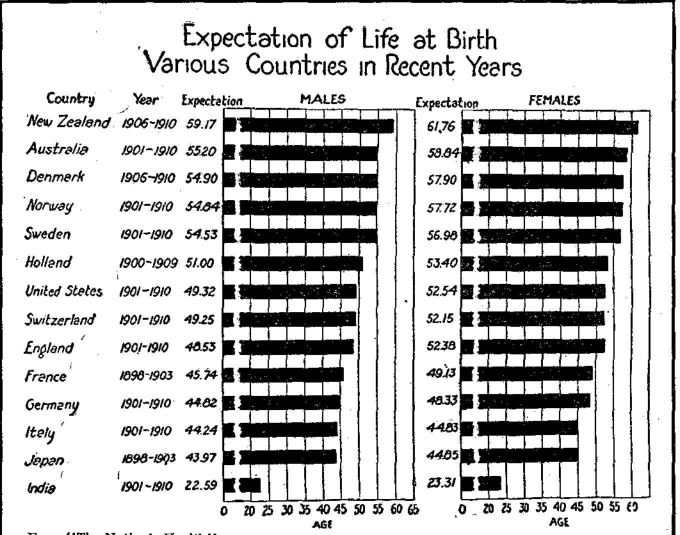
> "They have already won the sympathy and the confidence of the population; this is proved by the fact that their value really remains unchanged and that they are accepted very willingly by everybody, tho, unfortunately, they do not spread out all over the country, but remain confined to Moscow, Petrograd, and a few other big centers. The latter circumstance must be ascribed to the fact that people prefer to keep their savings in the *tchervontzy* rather than in the ever-depreciating rubles and, consequently, prefer not to release them. Also, the ten gold rubles value of a *tchervonietz* represents an enormous sum, absolutely beyond small transactions of the peasants."

Nevertheless, as time goes on, the Soviet press perceive not only advantages gained, but also the losses entailed by the emission of the *tchervontzy*. Thus, in the Moscow *Pravda* we find an interesting article by Mr. Preobrazhensky, an authoritative financial Soviet expert, in which he analyzes the whole financial situation of Russia in connection with the appearance of the new currency. He begins by stating that since April, 1923, the paper ruble has been losing its value much quicker than was the case in the previous months. This assertion is supported by the *Economicheskaia Zhizn*, which points out that the total number of paper rubles issued in the first five years of the revolution, until January 1, 1923, was equal to 1.9 quadrillions, while toward the beginning of July this figure rose to 9 quadrillions. Thus, in six months there were issued three-and-one-half times as many rubles as in the preceding five years. At the same time, continues Mr. Preobrazhensky, the total gold value of this sea of paper money is at the present moment lower than it was a few months ago: 116 million gold rubles in April as against 76.5 millions in July, and he adds:

> "Such a rapid depreciation can not be explained by the rapidity of the emission alone. It must be ascribed to the fact that rubles are being replaced in circulation by the *tchervontzy*. . . . The end of this will be that either the ruble will be reduced to the rôle of an insignificant fellow traveler accompanying the bank-note in the rôle of small bills used for change, or else it will disappear altogether as soon as the *half-tchervontzy* needed for change purposes are issued. . . . But if bank-notes are issued for budget purposes, they will inevitably transform themselves into depreciating paper rubles."

HOW TO SAVE HALF A MILLION LIVES A YEAR

IF EVERY PERSON in the United States took as good care of his health and that of his children as is done in our most sanitary regions, there would be nearly half a million fewer deaths annually in the country than at present. This is demonstrable from actual records, we are told by Dr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in an address at the New York Academy of Medicine, printed in *The Nation's Health* (Chicago). Dr. Dublin has worked out a "hypothetical life table" on this basis, according to which the average expectation of life in the United States is increased by ten years. This subject of the extension of human life, Dr. Dublin reminds us, has been a favorite from the earliest antiquity. Poets, prophets and philosophers have all been concerned with it. But, unfortunately, they have permitted their personal desire for extended life to determine their thought. We are more fortunate than our predecessors. He continues:



From "The Nation's Health"

WHERE PEOPLE LIVE LONGEST

Six countries outclass America.

"We have a body of knowledge which they lacked and, what is more important, a scientific method of analysis. We shall not say arbitrarily with the Psalmist, 'The days of our years are three-score and ten.' We shall rather ask and attempt to answer a series of questions such as: 'What are the conditions of health and mortality which determine the life-span?' 'What is the present duration of human life?' 'How does that vary from place to place and from group to group?' 'How much has it increased in various periods of time and what elements have led to the increase?' Finally, 'How much more is there still ahead of us?'

"Obviously, the first step in our discussion is to discover a measure of the human life-span. The first we have is one with which you are familiar, namely, the death-rate. You know, for example, that the death-rate of New York City last year was 11.17 per 1,000. This is obviously a rough measure and tells us little or nothing with regard to longevity. We get into difficulties when we begin to compare the mortality of New York City with that, say, of Seattle, Washington, where the rate is lower. The fact is, that the populations are not exactly alike as to the proportion of young and old people, and in other respects. If, for example, there are more babies and more old folks proportionately in New York City than there are in Seattle, that alone will materially increase the total death-rate of New York City, because it is among the babies and old people that mortality is heavy. This is universally recognized and, instead of the crude death-rate for the whole population, we proceed to prepare death-rates for specific age divisions of the population. These give us a measure for each age division of life, and may be compared for various places.

"Let us become familiar with some of the very obvious facts of longevity at the present time. The expectation of life at birth for the entire population was nearly 51.5 years in 1910.

"The maximum expectation occurs in the third year when it is 57.72 years; that is because the child of three has already overcome the heavy initial mortality in the first two years of life. Even at age 10, the expectation is greater than at birth and for the same reason. But, from this age onward, the expectation declines regularly with every advancing year of life. At 25, the expectation in 1910 was 39.6 years; at 40, 28.2 years; at 50, nearly 21 years. Even at 70, there are still more than nine years of expectation, and so on in a diminishing degree to the end.

"Sex is a very important element in mortality. The females have an expectation at birth three and one-third years greater than for males; at 30, it is more than two years greater.

"The chart shows how the duration of life varies from place to place in the civilized world, reflecting the varieties of health standards and of well-being prevailing in the various countries.

COMPLETE EXPECTATION OF LIFE AT SPECIFIED AGES—MALE AND FEMALES AND BOTH SEXES IN UNITED STATES ORIGINAL REGISTRATION STATES, 1910

Age	*Both Sexes*	*Males*	*Females*
0	51.49	49.86	53.24
1	57.11	55.94	58.37
2	57.72	56.59	58.94
3	57.44	56.33	58.63
4	56.89	55.79	58.08
5	56.21	55.11	57.39
10	52.15	51.07	53.31
20	43.53	42.48	44.66
30	35.70	34.70	36.79
40	28.20	27.32	29.15
50	20.98	20.32	21.67
60	14.42	13.95	14.90
70	9.11	8.83	9.38
80	5.25	5.10	5.37
90	3.03	3.01	3.05
100	1.85	1.81	1.91

COMPLETE EXPECTATION OF LIFE AT SPECIFIED AGES—VARIOUS COUNTRIES IN RECENT YEARS

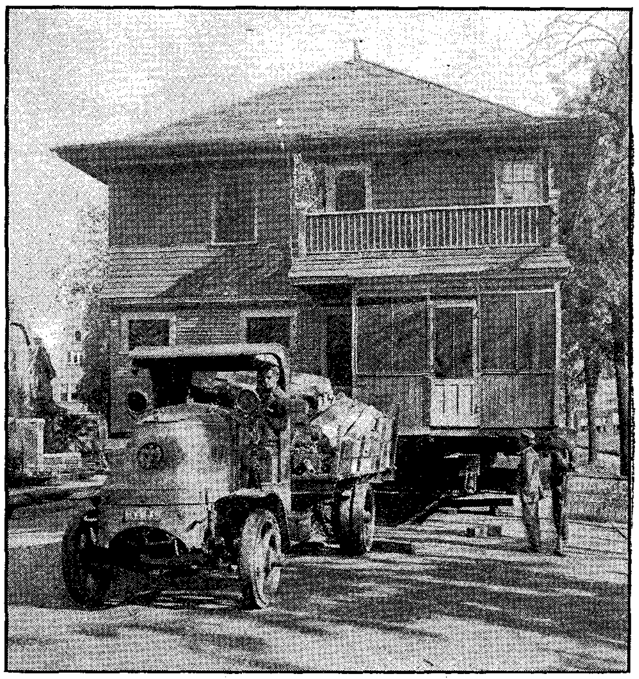
		Males				*Females*			
Country	*Year*	*0*	*30*	*50*	*70*	*0*	*30*	*50*	*70*
Australia...	1901-1910	55.20	36.52	21.16	8.67	58.84	39.33	23.69	9.96
Denmark...	1906-1910	54.90	38.00	22.10	9.30	57.90	40.10	24.10	10.00
England....	1901-1910	48.53	34.76	19.76	8.39	52.38	37.36	21.81	9.25
France.....	1898-1903	45.74	34.35	20.26	8.42	49.13	36.93	22.14	9.21
Germany...	1901-1910	44.82	34.55	19.43	7.99	48.33	36.94	21.35	8.45
Holland....	1900-1909	51.00	37.80	21.80	8.90	53.40	38.80	22.90	9.40
India......	1901-1910	22.59	22.44	13.97	6.17	23.31	22.99	14.28	6.22
Italy.......	1901-1910	44.24	35.94	20.73	8.02	44.83	36.58	21.47	8.02
Japan......	1898-1903	43.97	33.44	18.97	7.89	44.85	34.84	21.11	8.77
New Zealand	1906-1910	59.17	38.78	22.67	9.38	61.76	40.48	24.30	10.31
Norway....	1901-1910	54.84	38.86	23.96	10.57	57.72	40.24	25.31	11.23
Sweden.....	1901-1910	54.53	38.57	23.17	9.85	56.98	40.20	24.74	10.53
Switzerland.	1901-1910	49.25	33.80	18.90	7.78	52.15	36 10	20.71	8.15
United States	1901-1910	49.32	34.80	20.59	8.96	52.54	36.75	21.86	9.52

"You will realize why these differences occur in the light of the sanitary, social and economic conditions that prevail in the various parts of the world. You will understand also why the people of some countries enjoy great prosperity and a larger measure of well-being, while those in others are always near or under the line of distress and general misery.

"A substantial increase in the life expectation has occurred in the last century. This fact is the best indication we have of the greatly improved material progress of the great mass of people in the civilized countries of the world. In our own country, the first table of any value is for Massachusetts (1855), being about forty years. In 1910, the figure had increased to fifty-one years. In 1920, the figure was over fifty-five years or a gain of more than fifteen years in sixty-five calendar years."

Possibly, the most encouraging results, Dr. Dublin tells us, have been obtained among insured lives, where a definite effort has been made to extend the life-span. In 1909, he says, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company began an active campaign of health education among its industrial policy-holders, supplemented with nursing care for those who were acutely ill. The death-rate during this period showed continuous improvement, dropping about one-third in the decade. He goes on:

"The significant thing about this insurance experience is the light that it throws on the possiblities of further life extension. The mortality rate and the corresponding average after-lifetime respond very quickly and favorably to intelligent effort. The same thing has happened in the general population of the United States, but the response has been less pronounced, probably because conservation work was applied less exactly and less intensively. The lesson is forcibly brought home that we are still far from having attained the maximum possibilities.



Courtesy of "The Engineering News-Record" (New York)

FIVE-TON TRUCK TOWING A 75-TON HOUSE

"What, then, are the possibilities of extending human life? We are virtually compelled, in seeking an answer to our question, to piece together a picture out of the best experience that now exists.

"The most important single item of mortality is the record for the first year of life. Fortunately, there is compensation for high infant mortality, namely, its relative ease of prevention and control. In the Birth Registration Area of the United States, the infant mortality rate dropt in 1921 to 76 per 1,000 births. In New Zealand, in 1920, it was below 50 per 1,000 births for the entire country, and there are a large number of cities in the United States, some of good size, where the infant mortality at the present time is below 40 per 1,000 births. An infant mortality rate of 38.2 expresses an entirely realizable figure under present conditions. In like manner, the mortality in the succeeding four years of childhood is materially reducible. In the third year of life virtually two-thirds of the entire mortality is due to such infections as typhoid fever, diarrhea and enteritis, the four communicable diseases of childhood—measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough and diphtheria—tuberculosis and the respiratory diseases. Who will deny that these conditions are now within control?

"Between the ages of ten and sixty, mortality can be reduced to one-half of the figure which prevailed in 1910. In the latter part in this broad age period, there is already a heavy death-rate from the diseases of the heart; kidney and blood-vessels, much of which is preventable and has actually been prevented or postponed in limited groups of the population.

"We are especially optimistic as to the future because of the amazing reduction in the death-rate from tuberculosis which is occurring throughout the world. Since 1911, the disease has declined 50 per cent. among those insured in the Metropolitan, and almost as much in the general population of a number of progressive cities. On the other hand, we are not doing so well with reference to the diseases and conditions which reflect personal hygiene and the general care and use of the human body. The development of a well-conceived campaign against these losses, organized along lines which have proved successful against tuberculosis, will, according to the best medical opinion, produce excellent results. It is reasonable to expect that an appreciable part of a 50 per cent. mortality reduction will be accomplished through these means.

"The further extension and the more intensive application of the life-saving campaign to industry likewise holds out much promise. The prevention of occupational mortality has scarcely been begun as a nation-wide effort. There can be no question that certain industrial processes widely developed throughout the country seriously shorten the life-span. The effects of excessive heat, of poisonous fumes, of deleterious dusts and actual contact with poisonous substances, unduly long hours of labor, all result in raising the mortality rate of industrial workers far above those for the general population. The excellent physical endowment of industrial workers assures a greater life expectation under conditions of improved industrial hygiene than is actually attained at the present time. Occupational accidents alone are still responsible in the United States each year for as much as fifteen thousand deaths, for the most part of men in their prime. Employers of labor can give material aid in the campaign to reduce adult mortality in America one-half. The ever-growing interest of employers in safety measures and in shop sanitation gives much encouragement for the future.

"We have limited ourselves to those possibilities of life-saving which are reasonably likely to occur on the basis of past experience. We have made no allowance for any possible saving from cancer, for example, because it would evidently involve more knowledge than we now have of the causative factors of this disease.

"This hypothetical life table expresses the best mortality we may hope for with our present knowledge and in the light of our actual achievements. The total expectation of life at birth is 65 years. This means an addition of ten years to the life-span now prevailing in the United States, which is only 55 years. On the new basis, there would be in the United States a saving of 463,000 lives a year.

"It is entirely conceivable that a medical discovery of the first order which would do for, let us say, chronic nephritis, what the newer therapy has accomplished for syphilis, or what promises to be accomplished for diabetes would add somewhat to our maximum figure. The additional gain would not be very much, because the saving would be at the advanced ages when the expectation is low by comparison. All of this, however, is for the future and it would be idle for us to dwell at this time on such possibilities."

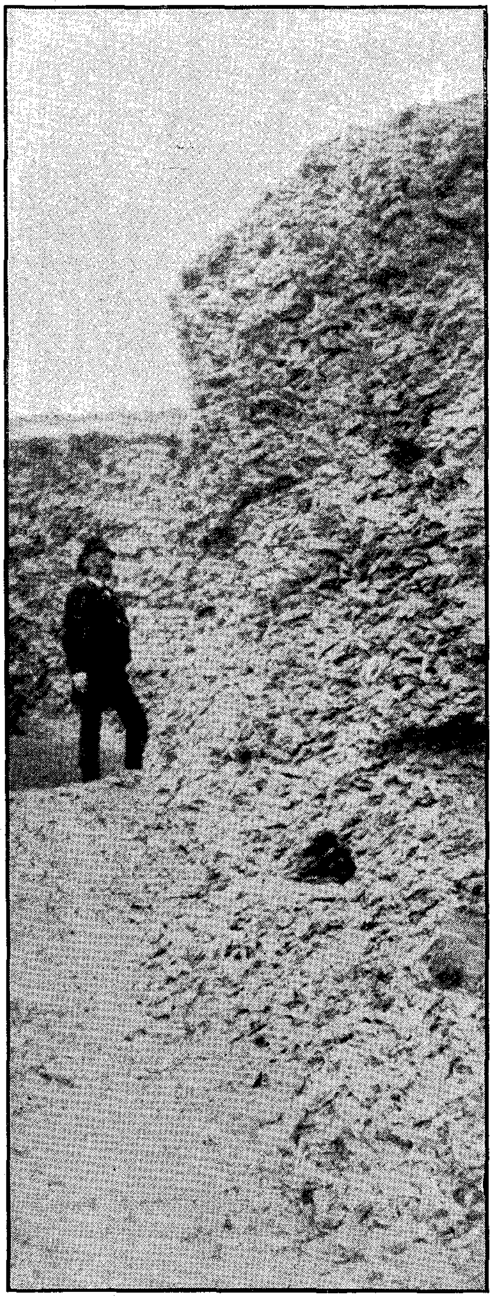
MOVING A HOUSE BY MOTOR-TRUCK—A nine-room house, estimated to weigh 75 tons, was recently towed four city blocks along the streets of Los Angeles by a 5-ton truck carrying eight tons of pig-iron ballast to give traction, says the writer of an account in *The Engineering News-Record* (New York):

"Occasional stops were necessary to raise wires or to cut the limbs of trees, but where there were no obstructions progress was rapid. One continuous pull of four hundred feet was made at a speed of about two miles per hour. This rapid rate of travel was made possible by the fact that no block and tackle was used, the truck pulling directly on the timbers carrying the weight of the house. The house was first jacked up from its original location with 10-ton jacks and supported on 12 by 12-inch beams extending for its full length and width. The two lowest beams were transverse, that is at right angles to the direction in which the house was to be moved. A single four-wheel dolley was put under the center of the forward transverse beam, and two dolleys were placed under the rear beam, one near either end. This arrangement gave sufficient stability and afforded the necessary flexibility in 'steering.' The dolley wheels were about 14 inches in diameter and had 14-inch tires. The direct pull from the truck was transmitted to the house by a 1¼-inch steel drilling cable. The midpoint of the cable was passed through a pintle hook on the truck and at either end the cable terminated in chains that were passed under the lowest or transverse timber and thence around the forward ends of the longitudinal timbers. The moving job was completed without any serious damage to plastering or plumbing, the actual moving time being about two hours. One hour of this time, during the afternoon, brought the house to the point beyond which the permit did not allow it to move in the day-time."

MOUNTAINOUS RELICS OF OLD FEASTS

FEASTERS WHO LEFT A PILE OF SHELLS and bones 400 feet long and thirty feet high must have done ample justice to the edibles served to them. These are the dimensions of a single shell-mound on the banks of the Damariscotta River in Maine, where is situated the largest group of such mounds in the world. These mounds, wherever found, are believed to be composed of the shells of bivalves thrown away after eating the fish itself; and where they form great masses, as in the present instances, they probably mark prehistoric feasting-grounds. John D. Anderson, who writes on this subject in *The Dearborn Independent* (Dearborn, Mich.), opens appropriately with a story told by Abraham Lincoln to Ward Lamon—the last that ever passed his lips, we are assured. It runs as follows:

> "Lamon, have you ever heard how the Patagonians eat oysters? They open them and throw the shells out of the window until the pile gets higher than the house, and then they move."



Courtesy of "The Dearborn Independent"

WHO ATE ALL THESE OYSTERS?

Evidence that somebody had an ample "shore dinner."

Possibly these great oyster-shell mounds originated in some such way as this, Mr. Anderson says. Certain it is that there are giant piles of them and some of the heaps are higher than houses. They were there centuries before the British adventurers were exploring these shores. George Popham, who founded England's first New England colony at Phipsburg in 1607, was very likely the first white man to learn from the Indians of their existence. Mr. Anderson goes on:

> "They lie close to the shores of the Damariscotta River, a short, broad tidal stream midway between the Kennebec and the Penobscot. Inland fifteen miles or so from its mouth are the towns of Newcastle and Damariscotta.
>
> "About a mile beyond Newcastle the river takes a bend to the westward, and a little up-stream from this point a bay is formed. Along this section we find the oyster-shell mounds—one much larger than any other in the world.
>
> "How did they get here? What is their history?
>
> "Of course these are not the only known shell-mounds, but as a group they comprise the largest number of beds and the largest group of any yet found. Denmark has a great number. There are others in British Columbia and in Japan, and likewise in Florida. There are many other shell-beds in this part of Maine. The largest shell-heap in Maine outside of the Damariscotta region is on Boynton Point in the town of La Moine. It has been estimated that there are at least 7,000,000 clam-shells in that pile. But the mounds along the Damariscotta are composed almost entirely of oyster-shells.
>
> "Investigation has proved that none of these mounds are natural mounds. Every shell was brought there, and from a distance. The largest mound forms a bluff along the river no less than four hundred feet in length, and in places it is approximately thirty feet in height. An impression from a casual observing in sailing along the river would be that one had come upon a large river-bank sand dune.
>
> "That these mounds had their inception centuries upon centuries ago is not to be questioned. While here and there the surface shells retain even to this day their original form as they remain in the piles, a little air—the blowing of the breath upon a shell taken in hand—and lo! it becomes but white dust scattered to the four winds. Shells underneath are quite well preserved but brittle.
>
> "Many scientists have made examination of these mounds. All such are agreed that they are the remains of savage feasts and began perhaps a thousand or more years ago.
>
> "Despite the present great extent of these mounds, it is believed that they are much reduced, and that those close to the banks are very likely not more than one-half their original size. This has been due to the river's erosion.
>
> "The most logical theory as to the origin of these mounds is that they were the Indian feasting grounds. This idea is given color by the fact that arrowheads, pieces of Indian pottery, and the like, are found imbedded. No object of European manufacture has ever been discovered here.
>
> "Thus far the most thorough research given them was at the hands of the late Professor F. W. Putnam, of Peabody Museum, Cambridge. He had the assistance of Edward S. Morse and Jefferies Wyman, and their examinations were exhaustive.
>
> "As one result it was found that there had been no fewer than three distinct periods consumed in their construction. This means, in other words, that there had likewise been long periods of abandonment.
>
> "Scattered through the mounds were found many evidences of their Indian origin. From a complete examination it was discovered that the bones of nearly every animal native to this Maine region had been placed here. The list included wildcat, bear, seal, mink, skunk, rabbit, deer, caribou, wolf, lynx, raccoon, otter, and panther. Six more or less complete skeletons of human beings were likewise found. Some were buried with relics beside them, beads of copper and broken pottery. The skulls were broader than those of the ordinary Indian. There is some evidence, too, that those who formed these shell-heaps here were cannibals."

COMBINING THE WORLD FOR LEPER CURES—The uttermost parts of the world are being searched by American plant hunters to help cure leprosy, we are told by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). Says *The Bulletin:*

> "Seeds yielding large amounts of chaulmoogric acid, which has proved so efficacious in the treatment of that disease, have recently been received by the U. S. Department of Agriculture from the forests of Sierra Leone, West Africa, and from Upper Chindwin, Northwest Burma. The African seeds are from the wild Gorli shrub. It is thought that owing to the nature of this plant it will produce the valuable seed in a shorter time than is required by the forest trees from which the present supply of chaulmoogra oil is obtained. Experiments with the shrub seed may be undertaken by those who are establishing plantations for the production of the acid. The seeds received from Burma are those of the true chaulmoogra tree, which is native to that region. According to Wilson Popenoe, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, which is making these importations, 'The world-wide demand for chaulmoogra oil has rendered essential the thorough study of the various trees from which it can be obtained.' To these ends the

Department of Agriculture has twice sent J. F. Rock, one of its agricultural explorers, to the native home of the chaulmoogra tree, and has secured through him considerable quantities of seed. Several thousand seedlings are now being grown in the government greenhouses at Bell, Maryland. These will be distributed as soon as they are large enough to withstand shipment."

THE LATEST FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

OPERATIONS FOR RESTORING YOUTH to the aged, widely exploited in the daily press, are not regarded by *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago) as particularly effective. Of the two methods so far recommended, namely, the introduction of new glands and the "speeding up" of old ones, it asserts that "there is not as yet any actual proof that rejuvenation has been accomplished in a single individual." The writer of a leading editorial in the medical paper named above devotes his space largely to the second of these methods, or to what he terms "the facts and fancies underlying" it; the former, that of transplantation, having, as he says, "languished as a newspaper thriller," while the so-called Steinach method is still in evidence in the lay press. He writes:

"Here are specimen miracles: A grandfather, aged 64, was so senile that he could scarcely stand; after submitting to this life-giving operation he not only walked briskly, but carried with ease a weight of 100 pounds. Another, aged 54, was 'as weak as a fly'; after the operation he became as strong as an ox and felt as young as a boy. A third grandfather, bald as an egg for many years, grew football hair after the operation.

"The far-reaching possibilities of this biologic revolution now thrust on us bewilder the imagination; but the newspaper writer, whose imagination is brisk, enumerates a few. Obviously there need be no more senility, no more death from old age. All middle-aged and elderly men are to be restored to their youthful vigor, peaceably if they will, forcibly, by law, if they must. The depleted man-power of Europe will be rapidly recruited, not only through the zealous activities of young men, but also through the equally potent efforts of their rejuvenated grandfathers. In short, everybody will be happy except young men; they will be handicapped in the struggle for this world's goods, because they will have no more physical and less mental equipment than their rejuvenated fathers and grandfathers. And, horrible thought, the old men might be mean enough, through repeated rejuvenations, to maintain this lead indefinitely.

"This revolutionary discovery and the rejuvenating operation based on it emanate from the Vienna professor Steinach. The discovery is based on the speculation, never verified, advanced nearly twenty years ago, that a man's virility is due solely to the secretion of certain cells. These have been rechristened by Steinach the 'puberty gland.' It is difficult to reconcile the theory that maleness emanates solely from Leydig's cells with the facts. Yet Steinach asks us to believe that these cells are the sole source of masculinity and of youth; that a man becomes senile merely because the activity of these cells subsides; that when, as and if they are stimulated, the man regains his youth. To complete the picture, he has announced a means for speeding up these all-powerful interstitial cells—an operation which is essentially vasectomy.

"It so happened that, during the closing years of the nineteenth century, vasectomy was performed on elderly men the world over as a means of mitigating the ills consequent on senile hypertrophy of the prostate. Hundreds of cases were reported in the medical journals of those years by noted surgeons in Europe and in America; in no instance was a restoration of youthful vigor mentioned. Recently Haber and others have practised vasectomy extensively for the same purpose, stating expressly in reporting their cases that no rejuvenation has been detected. Yet in none of Steinach's many publications is there a reference to these vasectomies, old or new. Fortunately, there are already available records of failure which permit due warning against enthusiastic acceptance of the Steinach procedure.

"There is, then, in support of this so-called rejuvenation method, only a mass of poorly supported, uncontrolled clinical evidence and some laboratory evidence not bearing directly on the point concerned. Certainly there is not as yet any actual proof that rejuvenation has been accomplished in a single individual, or any basis for the belief that it ever will be accomplished."

GREAT DISCOVERIES ABOUT THE STARS

THREE GREAT DISCOVERIES in stellar astronomy, made since 1900, are recorded by Dr. Hector Macpherson in a paper on "Astronomy in the Twentieth Century," read before the British Astronomical Association, and printed as a leading article in *Popular Astronomy* (Northfield, Minn.). So far as the science of astronomy is concerned, Dr. Macpherson says, the present is rapidly earning for itself the title of "the wonderful century." In no other period of equal length has the rate of progress been so rapid as in the past three-and-twenty years. Discovery has followed discovery with amazing rapidity. Investigations which a few years ago would have been deemed impossible have been successfully carried through, in spite of the fact that for nearly one decade the world has been racked by war. We shall quote below only what Dr. Macpherson says about the astronomy of the fixt stars, in which, we are told, the rate of advance has been most phenomenal. We read:

"The first outstanding discovery of the century in this field was announced almost casually in 1904 at the St. Louis Congress. Before that year, it was generally held that the proper motions of the stars were at random. But the late Professor Kapteyn of Groningen was able to announce his discovery that the nearer and brighter stars are to be divided into two streams moving in opposite directions. The discovery was soon brought to the test by two distinguished English astronomers, Professor Eddington and Sir F. W. Dyson, who independently carried out similar investigations, and the results were wholly confirmatory.

"Scarcely less significant was the second great discovery, announced in 1910. Kapteyn and Campbell pointed out independently that the stars of late spectral type moved with higher radial velocities on the average than the stars of the early types. The first interpretation, that the stellar velocities increased with age, has proved to be inaccurate. The generalization of increasing velocity with advancing type has been swallowed up in a still wider generalization—that velocity increases with diminishing absolute magnitude and probably therefore with mass.

"The third great achievement of the century has been the recognition of the fact that the stars fall into two classes—the 'giants' and the 'dwarfs'—and the resulting discovery of what appears to be the true path of stellar evolution. It was not till 1905 that Hertzsprung of Potsdam pointed out that the stars apparently fell into two classes, large diffuse stars and comparatively small stars of greater density. These classes Hertzsprung designated as 'giants' and 'dwarfs.' Later on, Professor H. N. Russell of Princeton made the same discovery, and in December, 1913, he wrote: 'There are two great classes of stars—the one of great brightness averaging perhaps a hundred times as bright as the Sun, and varying little in brightness from one class of spectrum to another; the other of smaller brightness, which falls off rapidly with increasing redness.' This generalization led Professor Russell to put forward his well-known theory according to which 'the order of increasing density is the order of advancing evolution.' The sequence of evolution is thus seen to begin and end with the red stars; and the stars which occupy the middle place may be described as suns in their meridian glory.

"This far-reaching theory has been confirmed by many independent lines of investigation, theoretical and observational alike. The mathematical work of Eddington on stellar radiation has shown that during the giant stage a star, tho increasing in temperature and decreasing in volume, is constant in radiation; while, after the meridian of stellar life is passed, radiation diminishes as well as temperature and volume. The measurement within the past two years of the diameters of Betelgeux, Antares and Arcturus by the interferometer method at Mount Wilson has removed the last lingering doubt as to the existence of giant stars, and has placed beyond question the fact that the sun belongs to an inferior order of stellar bodies—that even as the earth is but a dwarf planet, so the sun is but a dwarf star. As if to round off and complete the new theory of evolution, new facts concerning the nebulæ have come to light. To Professor Max Wolf belongs the honor of first discovering the dark nebulæ; to Professor Barnard of first cataloging these obscure spots in the sky and of drawing attention to their significance; and to Professor Russell of showing that these dark nebulæ are the nebulæ pure and simple, from which the giant stars have sprung, and that the bright diffuse nebulæ are perhaps, generally speaking, particular cases of the dark."

FOODS THAT POISON SOME PEOPLE

FAMILIAR FOODS are occasionally injurious, either when taken in excess or taken by particularly sensitive stomachs. Many foods contain traces of poisonous substances that have no evil effect under normal circumstances. Large quantities taken at once may contain enough of the poison to be noticeable, and there are persons who react unfavorably to any amount of some particular food of this type, however small. The commonest example of these "idiosyncratic foods," as they are technically called, is the familiar bean, we are told by a writer in *The Northwestern Health Journal* (St. Paul, Minn.). Our national Army food, according to song and story, he reminds us, is baked beans. It probably never appears more than two or three times a week—but its appearances, tho infrequent, are always greeted with yowls of some sort. He goes on:

"Beans are called the 'poor man's beefsteak' as they have five times as much nourishment as is in beef, and eight times as much as in eggs.

"However, man is just obstinate enough to consider his stomach first. He knows that beans taken to excess more than once or twice a week, will cause a loss of appetite due to the 'burning' feeling in the stomach and formation of excess gas that creates the stuffed, belching sensation.

"This discomfort, this irritant action on the stomach we find is due to the presence of an aromatic oil and a bitter alkaloid. To those susceptible to its effect, a small amount causes trouble; to others, a large amount brings discomfort.

"As an occasional part of the diet, beans have their place, but never as a steady part of it, nor as a substitute for meat.

"Nuts are also recommended as substitutes for meat—and again chemical analysis proves that they contain a large amount of protein and fat. Walnuts, pecans, peanuts, hickory nuts, all have been urged for favor—but so far no race, civilized or barbarous, has ever adopted them as their sole diet.

"We have found, as in beans, that there is an irritant chemical product—in the kernel itself as well as the skin covering it. These cause colic and headaches caused by disturbance of the digestion when nuts are taken in excess. This is particularly true of children who should not 'stuff' themselves with peanuts because of their tendency to cause colic and diarrhea.

"Nuts have their place at the end of a meal. In small quantities after a full meal there is no tendency to harm.

"Bananas 'don't agree' with some folks, for several reasons. Bananas are rich in sugar and starch, but the starch is swallowed raw, and so it is hard to digest.

"We don't get the perfectly ripe banana here in our northern clime. When it is under-ripe, it is indigestible; when over-ripe, it is very apt to set up a fermenting process in the stomach.

"The strawberry is a well-known member of this group. Its bad effect doesn't seem to depend on the state of health of the individual, or the ripeness or soundness of the berries themselves. It may come to those eating strawberry jam, strawberry ice-cream, or any food that contains its flavor element. The 'strawberry-marked' person will have his digestion affected, rashes and eruptions break out, and several other symptoms.

"Milk, eggs, cucumbers, fish, and other sea-foods—many types of foods will also affect certain idiosyncratic people. They find them 'very indigestible,' and so being their own wise doctor, they sensibly leave these foods off their diet.

"So in attempting to substitute for meat the cheap nutritious products such as beans, peas, cornmeal, nuts, fruits, etc., we find that all these economical foods contain substances that irritate the average stomach, when taken in excess. So we place them in their proper rôle of accessory foods to be used at occasional times, to give a change and zest to the diet—which is their proper function."

A NEW ANESTHETIC

WITHIN THE MEMORY of many still living there was no escape from the pains of disease and surgery. Nitrous oxid and ether were used for amusement long before they were used for relief. Medical students in New England used to take laughing gas or indulged in "ether frolics" for the fun of the thing, without thinking of the possibilities of applying it in their profession. So we are told by Dr. Edwin E. Slosson writing in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). In 1844, he goes on to say, a Connecticut chemist named Colton had a back tooth pulled, after inhaling nitrous oxid, and two years later, Dr. Morton, a Boston dentist, put himself to sleep with ether and then tried it on a patient who came into his office as he awoke. We read further:

PROFESSOR LUCKHARDT,

Who discovered the anesthetic qualities of ethylene.

"Nitrous oxid and ether have been the chief means of producing complete unconsciousness, but now a new agent of anesthesia has entered the field that promises to rival or supplant both. This is ethylene, a gas composed of hydrogen and carbon, long in use for illuminating, but recently found by Professor A. B. Luckhardt of the University of Chicago to have the power of putting a person to sleep without the danger and unpleasant after-effects that sometimes attend the use of the older anesthetics. On inhaling the gas the patient passes quickly into insensibility and then into complete unconsciousness. The respiration and blood-pressure remain regular and the muscles are relaxed. The recovery is remarkably rapid. Within three or five minutes the patient comes to his senses and usually without nausea. In the case of a severe operation on the leg the patient had to be kept under the influence for three hours and ten minutes continuously. Yet five minutes afterwards he had become conscious, got off the operating table himself and two hours later ate a meal.

"In the four months that the new anesthetic has been in use at the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago some 350 operations of all sorts have been successfully performed under its influence. A Chicago dentist has extracted teeth from about a hundred patients using ethylene in place of nitrous oxid. It has also been found useful in normal childbirth.

"The discovery of the soporific effect of ethylene came through a curious chain of circumstances. In 1908 the carnation growers complained that they were losing money because the flowers they shipped to Chicago went to sleep when put in the greenhouses and the buds failed to open. A couple of botanists from the University of Chicago were assigned to the job of running down the reason of this floral 'sleeping sickness' and found that it was due to the leakage of illuminating gas which contained four per cent. of ethylene. This is commonly added to city gas to increase its candle-power. Plants are extremely susceptible to ethylene. Sweet peas will droop their leaves if the room contains one part of ethylene in a million of the air, a much more delicate test for its presence than any chemical reaction.

"Since the investigation now led out of the vegetable kingdom and into the animal it passed over into the hands of the physiologists who carried the experiments on up the scale of life, using frogs, mice, rats, guinea-pigs, rabbits, kittens and dogs successively as subjects. It was found that ethylene brought the animals into unconsciousness in half or a quarter of the time necessary for nitrous oxid, and that they recovered more quickly.

"Finally Dr. Luckhardt and his colleague, Mr. Carter, having thus assured themselves of its safety, tried it on themselves. They have both been anesthetized a dozen times since without noticing any untoward symptoms.

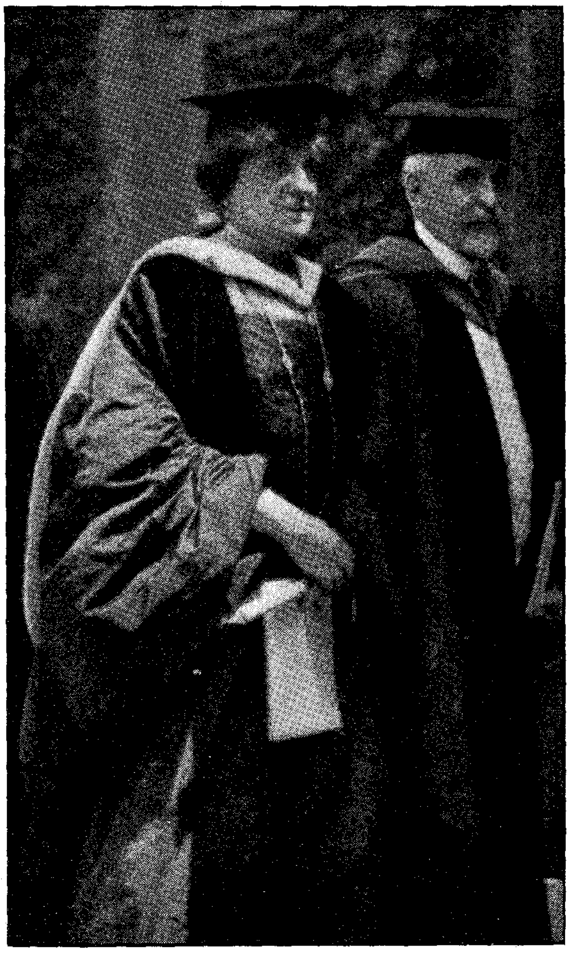
"The gas is inhaled with oxygen, as is the custom with nitrous oxid. Between 80 and 90 per cent. of ethylene is sufficient in most cases to bring the patient to the point where a surgical operation may be carried on. Care must be taken, of course, to see that the gas is pure, and also to keep it away from flames, since ethylene, like ether vapor, is inflammable."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

TWO SIDES OF THE WAR NOVEL

THE FIRST WAR NOVELS were naturally written by the younger generation. They were on the field of battle and saw things first hand. But the war was not wholly won by the armies; those back of the line, even those so far back as to know it only in their nerves, their emotions and affections, may feel that they also played a part. Mrs. Wharton's novel, "A Son at the Front," seems to make this assumption, and it has waited a discreet time before putting forward any claim. The mere fact that there is another word to say causes something like astonishment in younger minds. "One wonders . . . where in the world Mrs. Wharton has been all this time," writes Mr. Burton Rascoe in the New York *Tribune*. Doesn't she know, he says in effect, that the war novels have been written by Wells, Bennett, George, Cannan, Hankey, Hay, Mackenzie, McKenna, Barbusse, Latzko, Dehamel, Geraldy, Dos Passos, Cummings, and Boyd; to say nothing of the ladies, Misses Sinclair, West, Stern, Macaulay, and Cather? And she dares to write something different! "This is rather a pity," observes this young man, "for, as we reviewers are in the habit of saying, 'this novel is hardly likely to add anything to her reputation.'" Fortunately for the book the task of reviewing it was not altogether left in young hands. Maurice Francis Egan does it for the New York *Times;* Dorothea Lawrence Mann for the Boston *Transcript*, and they do not miss the importance of the subject; the latter writer, indeed, speaks of "this important and penetrating study of what many have called the deepest tragedy of the war." Mrs. Wharton, she says, "makes startlingly real the tragedy of the helplessness of parents before the fact of war, when their arms have no longer strength to protect." In choosing her time and her atmosphere, says Mr. Egan, Mrs. Wharton was "rather audacious." But for a different reason from that with which Mr. Rascoe reproaches her. Thus Mr. Egan:



MRS. WHARTON AS DOCTOR OF LETTERS

Yale honored with a degree the brilliant novelist who is taken to task by the younger generation for writing a war novel.

"There are many reasons why most of us should dislike a novel dealing with the war; many reasons why the suggestions of such a book should prejudice us against it; and these reasons are obvious. Only the production of a masterpiece could reconcile us to the treatment of that terrible epoch by a writer of fiction. And even a masterpiece which was coldly correct and artistically done could only have gained from us a conventional approval. Mrs. Wharton, then, was greatly daring in choosing her theme; but even more daring in presenting four very modern people, brought up under conditions which did not make for the highest morality, and in making them at once interesting and appealing without exaggerating the facts of life and without extenuation or apology."

Not to give too much of the story to discourage prospective readers, we let Mr. Egan present the theme:

"The center of the action is the artist, *John Campton*, divorced from his wife, who had been *Julia Ambrose*, and had become the wife of *Mr. Anderson Brant*, an American millionaire living in Paris because she preferred it. *George*, the son of the first marriage, is deeply loved by all three, each according to his capacity of loving, and the delicacy of Mrs. Wharton's method in differentiating the capacities of these three for loving is as exquisite as it is poignant.

"The war breaks, and the efforts of these three people are all turned to save *George* from going to the front; he has just returned from Harvard, handsome, charming, generous, unmoral and full of the joyousness of life. *John Campton*, when he was a poor and struggling artist, permitted his son to be brought up by his wife and her second husband. Now that he has become a fashionable painter, he wishes, above all things, to have his son, who had hitherto given an apparently impartial affection to his father and mother and *Mr. Anderson Brant*. *Campton* had staked all his hopes and happiness on this charming son. He had planned a tour in the South of Europe, and perhaps in Africa, for the sake of the vivid color and sunlight, with this darling boy; but he found that all his security had been dashed away in a few hours; *George*, by accident, was a French citizen, and his danger was suddenly revealed to his father when the young man carelessly emptied his pockets on the dressing table in the room adjoining:

"'*Campton*, welling with a new tenderness on everything that belonged to his son, noticed a smart antelope cardcase (*George* had his mother's weakness for Bond Street novelties), a wrist-watch, his studs, a bundle of bank notes; and besides these a thumbed and dirty red book, the size of a large pocket diary.

"'The father wondered what it was; then of a sudden he knew. He had once seen Madame Lebel's grandson pull just such a red book from his pocket as he was leaving for his "twenty-eight days" of military service; it was the *livret militaire* that every French citizen under forty-eight carries about with him.

"'And in that book *George's* father read that when France should mobilize, his son would be forced to go to the front. *George* had been cured of tuberculosis. This cure had made the three who loved him very happy; but, as he read, *Campton* found in it a source of new unhappiness. The plea of ill-health would not save the boy; it could only be done through "influence."

"'He still refused to admit that France had any claim on *George*, any right to his time, to his suffering, or to his life. He had argued it out a hundred times with *Adele Anthony*. "You say

> Julia and I were to blame for not going home before the boy was born—and God knows I agree with you! But suppose we'd meant to go? Suppose we'd made every arrangement, taken every precaution, as my parents did in my own case, got to Havre or Cherbourg, say, and been told the steamer had broken her screw, or been prevented ourselves, at the last moment, by illness or accident, or any sudden grab of the hand of God? You'll admit we shouldn't have been to blame for that; yet the law would have recognized no difference. George would still have found himself a French soldier on the 2d of last August, because, by the same kind of unlucky accident, he and I were born on the wrong side of the Atlantic. And I say that's enough to prove it's an iniquitous law, a travesty of justice. Nobody's going to convince me that, because a steamer may happen to break a flange of her screw at the wrong time, or a poor woman be frightened by a thunderstorm, France has the right to force an American boy to go and rot in the trenches."'
>
> "The three intrigue with all their power. A clerical job was secured for George, and then followed feverish anxiety, the fear that 'influence' might not keep him from the trenches. 'Influence' does its worst from *George's* point of view. He will not stand aside, for he sees what the struggle really means. He cuts through all sophistries and timidities with his brave honesty; this the anguished three do not at first realize.
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> "The treatment of this situation alone would put Mrs. Wharton in the first rank of modern novelists."

It is easy to understand, says Mrs. Mann, "that these people are typical of a great many parents when war was declared." And again, "we can not help feeling that Mrs. Wharton has chosen just such a complicated situation as would delight her for the working out of this epic of the war." But Mr. Rascoe will have it that Mrs. Wharton "has not touched upon a single point which Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett did not go over thoroughly in novels which they have long since outgrown." He can even be satirical:

> "Here is the same anxiety of parents over the possibility of their sons being killed and the same certainty that the war ought to be fought so long as the sons of other parents do the fighting; here is the same depiction of human greed and chicanery among profiteers and organizers of war charities; here is the same observation that many women, married and unmarried, looked upon the war as a sort of protracted Mardi Gras wherein they might indulge in certain liberties which discretion in other times would forbid; and here is the same conclusion that whatever the extent of the death toll it is more than recompensed by the affecting democratic spectacle of a cobbler exchanging condolences with an aristocrat of the Faubourg Saint-Germain and that of a Deauville duchess's abandonment of bridge long enough to share the sisterhood of tears with a Paris midinette who has also lost a lover at the front.
>
> "Indeed, one would almost fancy that Mrs. Wharton is under the impression that the war is still going on and that she wrote her little book to the end that America might help France and Britain see it through."

Then, finally, Mr. Rascoe shows the hurt petulence over the discovery that some outsider has tried to play on our side:

> "If this were the year 1915 or even 1917 instead of the year 1923, Mrs. Wharton's novel might not seem so profitless an endeavor; and to any one who has not yet read a war novel it may be recommended whole-heartedly, for Mrs. Wharton has not lost her gift for anatomizing people she dislikes, which is to say the majority of those who compose the human race. But this very gift makes one suspect that, with her chill temperament, she ought to be the last person in the world to write a war novel—and possibly she is."

A POET AMONG THE HILLS

ROBERT FROST HAS BECOME a kind of missionary in poetry. It is not a deliberate vocation, but something aside from his chosen labor of breaking stone. Up in New Hampshire, where he is native, he has read poetry and talked about it to the people of Franconia, and rather displaced the erstwhile poet of the country people—Will Carleton. The New York *Evening Post* has a communication from Stanley Johnson giving a gracious picture of Frost in his unpretentious effort to win the people to a love of good poetry. They took to him, without wholly abandoning their love for Carleton, feeling that both men belonged to them—"one of half a century ago, the other very much of the modern time, the leading spirit of the American poetry (the best yet) of to-day." Mr. Johnson writes from Bath:

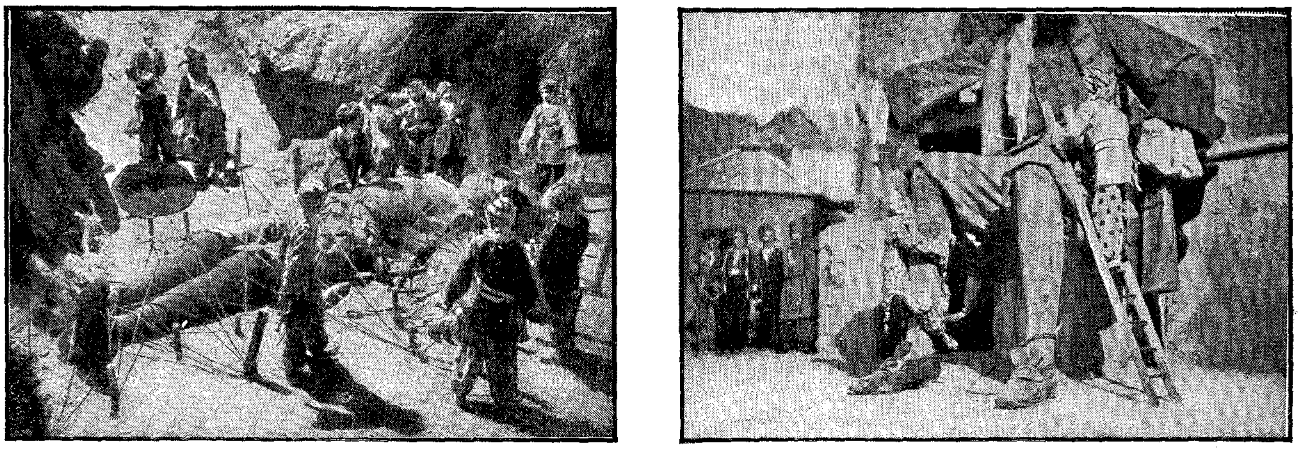
ROBERT FROST

who has taken Will Carleton's place in the affections of northern New Englanders.

> "We are from 150 to 200 miles 'North of Boston,' and not only our mountain region but our very county of Grafton is (we may justly feel) Robert Frost's laboratory of poetry. He lived for several years in the village of Franconia, sixteen miles further north, through which sweeps the rushing mountain stream known as Gale River.
>
> "He has never been unwilling to know us in our own towns and villages. He has read his poems to us in our little churches, and from the talks afterward around our own firesides we have come to believe that he likes us very much. We think he is one of us for other reasons: he has taught in our normal schools, and he was for a time a student at Dartmouth, at Hanover, one of the county towns below us.
>
> "It quite thrills us that our region has given him the inspiration for 'The Birches,' 'The Hired Man,' 'The Slide.' We have as boys swung from those trees, we know the 'hired man,' and we have seen many hillsides where that long sweep over the hills was possible when the snow was six feet deep, with a crust made hard and icy by a winter rain. He has delved into our past for stories of *genre* presentation; we loaned him our town history, and in it he found the theme for a poem. He asked us to guess where it was published, and when we had named most of the periodicals where he is generally found he laughed and told us it was in *Farm and Home!*"

Brought up on Will Carleton, the country people at first found Frost a harder nut to crack. "We were doubtless not so appreciative, at first, as we should have been." It was hard to make him square with the old established ideal:

> "In most of our farmsteads, in that seldom opened, sacrosanct room called 'the parlor' (occupied only on such infrequent occasions as funerals and weddings and other important social events), this book of fifty years ago is likely to be the only poetry found. And at 'socials' in the church vestry we had listened (some of us had wept) when the brightest girl in school recited 'Over the Hill to the Poor House' or 'Betsy and I Are Out.'
>
> "But this poetry of Robert Frost was different. It was a realism quite too real to seem like poetry. Then he began to talk to us, just as if we were sitting around an open fire at home. Besides, we had been reading the magazines, and had begun to think we were missing something.
>
> "One summer evening some of us went up to Lisbon (the town above us), where in another church we shared our privileges with a liberal sprinkling of summer visitors. There was a bishop there and there was a professor from Johns Hopkins University. On this special evening Robert Frost talked much more than he read; he gave some account of the source and inspiration of what he read. Then, occasionally, he would wander away into



The *Lilliputians* bind the sleeping *Gulliver*.

Ransacking the pockets of the *Man-Mountain*.

SCENES FROM THE FILM "GULLIVER," WITH PUPPETS AS THE *LILLIPUTIANS*.

most interesting generalizations. The previous year he had been a professor in Amherst, where his work was to meet (in a course in higher English) such men as exhibited a certain qualification for writing poetry. They were very few, and they met evenings in Mr. Frost's home instead of in a classroom. Even fewer were the lyric bits of verse that gave a hint of hopefulness in literature.

"His occupation this summer had been decidedly a strenuous one. 'I have been breaking stone all summer,' he said. 'There are sometimes interesting things in the cleft rock; now and then a bit of ruby red, where garnet has been deposited. I think, if I were a magazine editor—which God forbid—I would find the selection of a poem from the mass of contributions as hard as breaking rock, and the actual finding of one as rare as the bit of red stone discovered at intervals in the cleft stone.'

"In the course of this talk he referred to the large group of writers in New York City, who have been devoted to the 'new spirit' of poetry. He had seen a good deal of it, he averred. 'I was willing to admit,' he said, 'that it was "new," but it certainly was not poetry.'

"Our people on this summer evening liked the charm of Robert Frost's personality and his informal manner of taking us into his confidence. He was going a long distance toward educating us into a genuine appreciation for the real literature he is giving to the world, and which he takes great care shall please and satisfy himself before it goes away. Infrequently, indeed, does he allow a poem to escape to his publishers.

"Once his reading and talking ended, there was the usual human flutter about him. Most of us natives waited until the summer folks had retired. Then a few of us, having found him a part of our country and rather like ourselves, completely enjoyed the moments he gave to us. He spoke chiefly of his term in the University of Michigan.

"'You know I am not allowed to teach,' he remarked, in smiling relief."

ART AND WHISKERS—The denizen of the French Latin Quarter formerly went bearded; but not to-day. Not, at least, the real Frenchman. Beards are disappearing from Europe, says the observant London weekly, *John o' London's*, except in Czecho-Slovakia, where wearing them is regarded as a patriotic duty. We read:

"In England nowadays beards are rare enough to be conspicuous, and even the mustache is disappearing. The King has followed the fashion of his father, and Mr. Augustus John carries on the tradition of 'whiskers and art.' Mr. Frank Swinnerton is distinguished among the younger literary men by a Shakespearean-Conrad beard, and Mr. Silas Hocking is bearded like the pard. Mr. Bernard Shaw's flaming beard—gray now, alas—was for two decades a banner of revolt.

"Even in France, owing to the new love of sport and the influence of Mr. Gillett, the beard and the whisker are the signs of yesterday. Anatole France, M. Poincaré, and the Paris correspondent of *The Times* are bearded. M. Tristan Bernard, the dramatist, has (or had) a luxuriant crop. But the young Frenchman is clean-shaven. No French actor copies the famous Mounet Sully and plays Hamlet with a beard, and the beards of the *Quartier Latin* are all American."

GULLIVER ON THE SCREEN

IT TOOK FRENCH INGENUITY to reproduce Gulliver in the movies. The only solution of the problem of the Lilliputians was, of course, a recourse to puppets; and to make them behave synchronously is perhaps something just a little more difficult than ever confronted a "director" before. But the feat was accomplished and is described by Henry Cossira in *L'Illustration* (Paris), a showing of the film having been held in behalf of the widows and orphans of the Association of Parisian Journalists and Novelists. In this film, as the writer tells us, "the inhabitants of Lilliput walk, run, gesticulate and act as if they were living beings." The painter, Albert Mourlan, and his collaborator, Raymond Villette, worked for thirteen months to visualize "Gulliver's Travels," and to do so made themselves familiar with the principle underlying animated drawings. We read:

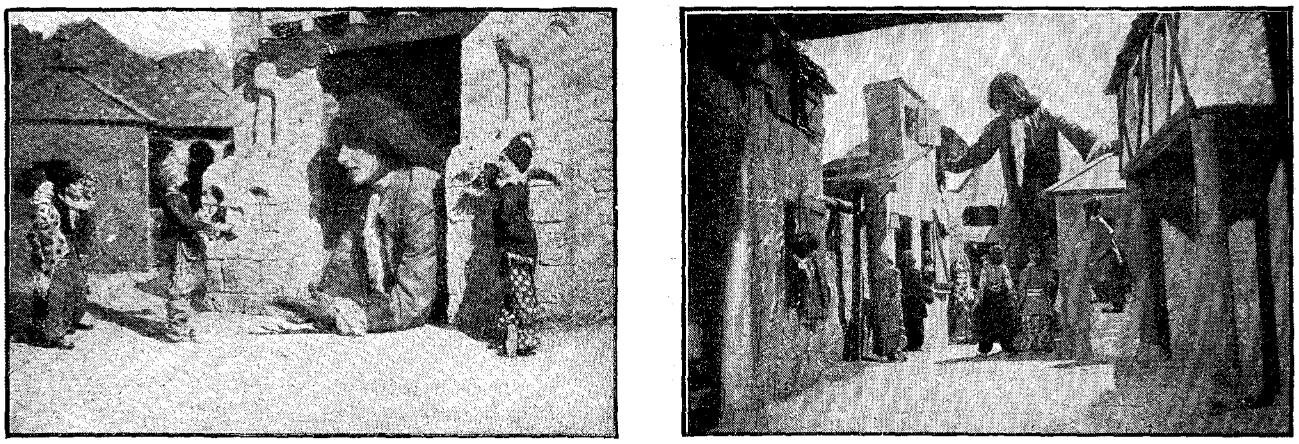
"The painter Mourlan, who is also a specialist in this line of work, had to devote himself to a series of studies concerning the analysis of movements before beginning the work of filming the picture, for animated drawings, always very humorous on the screen, are by the very nature of things schematic (in outline). The movements of the actors of an animated drawing are more jerky than those of a living person, because an animated drawing is obtained by the juxtaposition of a series of sketches where the movements are less numerous than if they had been executed by a living person. As far as the movements are concerned, the joinings are complete in the case of the puppets of 'Gulliver in Lilliput,' constituting a genuine innovation in the moving-picture field.

"These little models are about 20 inches tall. They were made and drest under the direction of the painter Mourlan. They have movable joints, and their movements are completely independent, the ones of the others.

"In order to make their picture possible, Messrs. Mourlan and Villette went about matters 'to the turn of the handle,' to use the trade expression, or with a 'stop-motion' camera as the Americans say. That is, each scene was filmed by them picture by picture. While in the case of the animated drawing it is sufficient to draw the various phases of a movement and to photograph such drawings one after another, it is necessary to proceed altogether differently in the case of puppets. They are made to execute their movements by 'decomposition.' Each phase is photographed separately by a stop-motion camera; that is to say, only one photograph for each complete turn of the special photographing apparatus, while in the normal apparatus each turn of the handle corresponds to the taking of eight views.

"When the film, taken view by view, is projected at the rate of sixteen views a second, the movement finds itself reconstituted more or less normally, since it is necessary to have as many times sixteen views as the movements require seconds to execute. For example, it requires about twelve photographs to represent the gesture of a hand touching the hat of one of these puppets.

"Thus, to make them gesticulate and to make them give the illusion of being alive is a very troublesome job.



The prisoner, *Gulliver*, meets the *Emperor of the Lilliputians*.

Gulliver walking through the streets of Mildendo.

A FLESH-AND-BLOOD *GULLIVER* AMONG PUPPET *LILLIPUTIANS.*

"To make a score of them act simultaneously, all executing different movements, is also very complicated. Thus it was that the visit of the *Emperor of Lilliput* to *Gulliver*, which lasted but nine seconds on the screen, took three days to be filmed, despite the fact that there are only ten feet of film. In effect, it was necessary to make about fifteen puppets move in accordance with the strict rules of the 'decomposition' of movements. As it took ten minutes to arrange and to film each phase of movement, nine hours of work were necessary to photograph a yard of film having 52 views.

"'Gulliver in Lilliput' has 3,000 feet of film. It covers forty scenes besides the introduction, which was filmed in the ordinary way at Lorient. The directors, as a matter of fact, did not think that the shipwrecking of Gulliver could be played by puppets, seeing that the Lilliputians do not appear until the hero of the romance has been thrown upon the shore of the island."

Turning from the mechanical aspects of the production to the story by Dean Swift:

"Following the text closely, the authors have simply embellished the picture with isolated incidents which are intended to amuse the public. It is thus that the *Hurgo* (a great Lilliputian nobleman), while going about the first questioning of *Gulliver*, finds himself seized from his perch on the breast of the giant and thrown far away by the *Man-Mountain*. He then seeks safety by boring himself into and going through the sand after the manner of the mole, permitting his subterranean itinerary to be guessed at by the swaying of the sand under which he is creeping. This swaying of the soil is obtained thanks to the same principle of the animated drawing or of the puppets, that is, by lengthening or by contracting a strip of sand.

"The scene where *Gulliver* is peppered with arrows which can be seen driven into the soil and which the authors of the picture, probably because they ran short of accessories, had to imitate by means of pieces of macaroni; the interview of *Gulliver* with the emperor, *Golbesto Momen; Gulliver* walking through the streets of Mildendo, the capital; and the fire which *Gulliver* puts out with the aid of . . . his hat filled with water, are among the most entertaining scenes.

"The departure of the *Man-Mountain* to return to England was filmed at Fécamp. This scene and that of the shipwreck are the only ones to be filmed out in the open. All the others were filmed in a studio at Montfermeil.

"With regard to the rôle of *Gulliver* himself. It was taken by an actor every time that this rôle required an important display of the features. Otherwise, a full-sized dummy took the part of the *Man-Mountain*.

"Thus, as animators and filmers, Messrs. Mourlan and Villette have made their puppets carry out all the phases of the movements required by the 50,000 photographs of the 3,000 feet of films taken by the 'stop-motion' camera. Admitting that on the average the film necessitated the presence of eight persons acting simultaneously, it is easy to calculate that to permit the taking of the 50,000 photographs which compose the film, the painter Mourlan, who was more chiefly in charge of making the Lilliputians act, had to make each one of these execute 50,000 movements, or, using the average of eight players in action at the same time, 400,000 movements!"

PAYING FOR THE OPERA IN PARIS

A FRENCH MUSICIAN VISITING AMERICA recently accused us of running after novelties and neglecting the classics. This can not be said of Paris. The record of the past season, extending from October 1, to July 1 shows twenty-eight performances of "Faust," and the management of the Grand Opera House claim that they produce according to popular demand. Some other interesting facts about the repertory and also the salaries paid to performers are given by Gretchen Dick in the *Musical Leader* (Chicago). The salary range can be compared with the fabulous prices paid to some artists in America, bearing in mind that the exchange has in recent weeks dropt as low as seventeen francs to the dollar. "Faust" is without doubt the opera dearest to the heart of the French people, explaining the large number of performances, but other operas came in for frequent repetition. Here is the Paris record:

"'Boris Goudonov' and 'Maitres Chanteurs' were each given fourteen times from the 5th of March to the 1st of July. The 'Walkyrie' was presented ten times, 'Lohengrin' nine times, and 'Cydalise' was danced eleven times from the middle of January to the first of July; 'Griselidis' was given eight times, the "Fille de Roland' six times, and from the 13th of April to the 1st of June six performances each were given of 'Padmavati' and 'Khovanchtchina.' As to the 'Magic Flute' it was given on the 14th of July as a gratuitous matinee, and was also presented fifteen times from the end of December to the end of June.

"Among the financial record breakers we find that 'Rigoletto' when given with the 'Two Pigeons' on the 16th of May brought a box-office receipt of 51,291 francs; and at a performance a week, later it brought 50,523 francs. Both the 'Magic Flute' and 'Boris Goudonov' at various times brought to the box-office sums varying from 36,500 francs to 45,500. Other popular operas, with parallel box-office receipts were 'Thaïs,' 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Samson and Delila.'

"While we are on the subject of prices, it is astounding as well as interesting to learn something about the pay-roll of this great institution. The salary of the chorus is 833 francs a month, or $50 in American money. The individual orchestra men get from 750 to 1,300 francs, or $45 to $78 per month. The director of the orchestra is paid 1,400, or $84 a month; while the soloists' salaries range from 1,000 to 6,000 francs, or $60 to $360 per month. The soloist dancer receives 1,500 francs, or $90 a month. All of the artists are paid by the month and not by the performance or by the week as in America. They are, however, guaranteed, according to contract, a definite number of performances, and if they play over this amount, they are paid accordingly. The present rate of exchange makes these salaries appear ridiculously low, but even so we need not be surprized any more as to why the European artist comes to America.

"I am told that many years ago Sybil Sanderson received 80,000 francs per annum, which is said to be the highest salary ever paid at the great French institution."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

AMERICA'S WASTE OF HER "SEED CORN"

IT MAY STARTLE PEOPLE who think child labor is a thing of the past in America, or is confined to a few dark districts, to learn that it has spread to all parts of our land and is growing rapidly under the present demand for labor. The beet-fields, the cotton-fields, the factory, the mine, and piece-work in the home are claiming, we are told, a large number of distorted little bodies, vacant minds and starved souls, despite the fact that for twenty-five years organized effort has been directed against the extravagant grinding of America's "seed corn." Twice has Congress passed remedial legislation for the silent army of child workers, now numbering more than a million, and as many times has it been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. Now a baker's dozen of religious and social welfare organizations, including the American Federation of Labor, and backed by powerful press support, will seek in the next Congress the passage of a resolution to amend the Constitution so as to give "at least a minimum standard of protection for the child worker."

Illustrations by courtesy of the National Child Labor Committee, New York

LIFE FOR SOME IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Little toilers in the cotton-fields of the South, to whom the guaranties of education and play are denied before they reach their 'teens. They are typical of child laborers all over the country.

As the situation now is, only eight States have improved their child-labor laws since the Federal child-labor tax law was declared unconstitutional. In thirty-seven States, we are told again, a child may be legally employed before he has completed a common-school education. In some States the law makes no educational requirements whatever, beyond demanding that before going to work a child must be able to read and write. According to a report of Miss Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, a new cycle in child labor is beginning. "Its growth in the last six months of 1922, as compared with the last six months of 1921, was serious. For the twenty-one cities from whose work-permit offices the Children's Bureau has received reports as to the number going to work each month, the increase in child labor between these two periods, indicated by the number of work certificates issued, was 43 per cent. The increase in the first six months of 1922 over the first six months of 1921 amounted to only 18 per cent." During the first quarter of the current year the increase continued markedly. In New York, Newark, Jersey City, Paterson, New Haven, New Britain, Waterbury, Hartford, Manchester (New Hampshire), Baltimore, Detroit, Indianapolis and St. Louis, it is reported, the average percentage of increase was twenty-four. In Waterbury eight times as many children are now wage-earners as were employed at this period last year. Their numbers are larger also in Jersey City, Newark and Paterson. But these helpless child toilers are not confined to any one geographical section of the country. They are to be found in the tenements of New York and other Eastern cities, in the textile establishments of New England, in the cotton-fields of the South, in coal-mining regions, in the oyster and shrimp canneries of the Gulf Coast States, and in the sugar-beet-growing areas from Ohio to California. Another fact noticed is that the census of child workers taken in 1920, when a million were recorded, included only child laborers from ten to fifteen years of age. Many children start in factory work at home at considerably less than ten years of age.

But what of it? Why all this continual stir about child labor? What harm is done to the children? The Boston *Herald* gives us a picture of child labor in the beet-fields of Michigan, which it takes from an elaborate report of the National Child Labor Committee. The children are in the open, and that is the excuse oftenest offered for their employment.

> "But much of the time they are crawling on all-fours, 'jes' like a dog,' their knees sore, their wrists swollen, their faces scorched, their eyesight damaged, and this posture they maintain almost steadily for three to six weeks, six or seven days a week, and twelve to fifteen hours a day.
>
> "As to the attitude of the grower to his contract laborers—'I've made money on the hunkies. Wish we had a lot more of them. If they can not keep their kids out of school, my beets will have to stay in the ground. It won't hurt anybody for them to miss a month.' And as for the future: Said the representative of one of the largest sugar companies in the State, with about 1,000 contract laborer families under his supervision: 'We need more immigrants of this kind from Europe. We have to have more of this kind of labor. We have to bring it in. Americans will not do the dirty work, as we call it.'"

Nearly a thousand children were found recently by the New Jersey State Department of Labor to be doing contract labor at home "under sweat-shop environment of a revolting type." These tenement children, many of them tubercular and otherwise diseased, says a writer in the New York *Times*, were making so-called "sanitary powder-puffs," beading dresses, assisting with doll clothes, and working on tin toys which were to bear the proud label "Made in America." Again,

> "In one flat of three small rooms and a kitchen in Jersey City

lived a family of mother, father, and seven children. There were also four boarders, two cats and twelve chickens in the flat. The sanitary conditions of the place were unspeakable. During the months of the present summer, when the children of this family have not been compelled to attend school, they have been made to sit all day fastening pieces of tin in cheap toys destined for the play of happier boys and girls. The children who were thus employed were undernourished and predisposed to tuberculosis, four in the family having died before the age of four years. The combined earnings of the children augmented their parents' income by about six dollars a week."

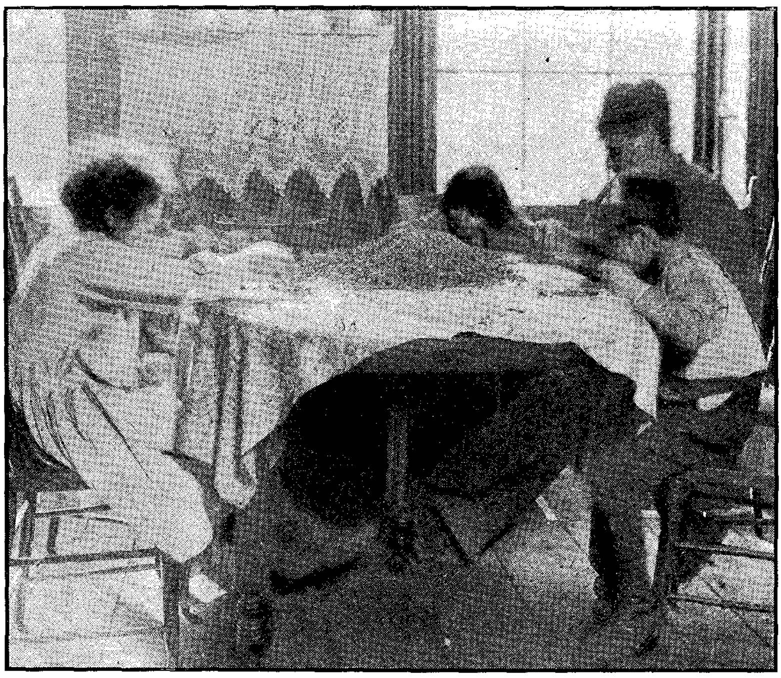
In a survey by the Children's Bureau of 1,350 children working in oyster and shrimp canneries on the Gulf Coast, illiteracy was found to be as high as 25 per cent., while for children of the United States as a whole it is only 4 per cent. The work is done in wet, cold and drafty sheds, and the children suffer numerous accidents. "Cuts from the oyster shells, sores resulting from running shrimp thorns in the hands, rawness of the flesh from the shrimp acid, burns and infections are frequent among the small workers." In the cotton-fields of Texas, children, we are told, often work ten or eleven hours a day. On the truck farms of New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia many of them begin work before the age of ten. But these pictures drawn from the Children's Bureau are cheerful, it is said, when compared with those of children in the coal-mining regions of Pennsylvania. "There the hideousness and dreary remoteness of the mining camp form a sordid background for the boy who begins work on the breakers and in the mines, sometimes before he is fourteen, often before he is sixteen." Industry invades even the domestic sanctuary. In many States home work comes under the child-labor laws, and permits are required for children from fourteen to sixteen, while younger children are forbidden to work at all. But it is almost impossible to control work in the homes, and in some of the States enforcement of the law is lax. And when the enforcement becomes lax, says Harold Cary in *Collier's Weekly*, packages for home work will come shooting in by parcel-post. There is no Federal law to stop it. And "you in Wyoming or Florida, in Maine or Arizona," he writes, "can still get your pretty nightgowns and your milk tags handled by diseased tenement children, straining and wearing out their eyes, denied the right to an education and the right to play and develop into real human beings."

It is thus obvious, comments the Cleveland *Press*, that legislation in the interests of children is a national problem. "Whatever means may have to be employed, it is high time a nation which regards the shaping of immigrants in molds of its own designing as a beneficence, took steps to protect its own children." And so long as there are States in which the health and mental and moral development of children are menaced by laborious days, asserts the Omaha *World-Herald*, "the duty of correcting the child-labor evil must fall upon the Federal Government and we must watch more centralization of government." Certainly, agrees the Raleigh *News and Observer*, echoing a widely held sentiment, "some way must be found to prevent the grinding of the seed corn."

There is no protest against reasonable home work or reasonable farm work, remarks the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Parental love may make even hard work tolerable, even enjoyable. "But this much is certain: a minor under sixteen should not be economically an industrial unit *in esse*, but an industrial unit *in posse*. In other words, the end society ought to aim at is child-development, with wages, if any, regarded as an incidental matter."

MORALIZING ON THE MILLION-DOLLAR FIGHT

ALL THE SAVAGERY pent up in the human breast since man used to pick a quarrel with his fellow for the mere love of slaying him, we are told, burst from nearly a hundred thousand throats on that night in New York when Jack Dempsey beat the Argentinian, Firpo, into insensibility, after himself having been knocked out of the ring into the press benches. Those who couldn't see the modern gladiatorial combat waited eagerly for papers, still damp from the press, in which special writers strung lines of adjectives to immortalize a fight as if it had been another battle of the Marne. The event was of the first news of the day, ranking with promises of peace in the Ruhr, the Greco-Italian imbroglio, and later bulletins from stricken Japan. People wanted something light to read in place of the "boresome minutes of the last meeting," we are told, and they got it, columns of it. But the thought of it all, of the spectacle of thousands of people craning their necks to see two hired men fight to the finish, at a cost which would nearly pay the indemnity demanded of Greece by Italy, causes a few of our newspaper editors to ponder on the thin veneer of civilization with which time has overlaid us. Whether Dempsey's feat in beating Firpo into insensibility in three minutes and fifty-seven seconds after having shaken hands with him is "more or less glorious than the feat of Mussolini, who bombarded a defenseless island, killing a number of orphan children," comments *The Christian Science Monitor*, "is a problem worthy of some consideration. . . . Some hundreds of thousands of Yankee doughboys who did their duty in that world-racking struggle, the World War, must wonder at the national temperament that leaves them to shift as best they may for a livelihood, while giving $500,000 and unbounded adulation to a pugilist who carefully avoided the trenches." The roar that went up from the Polo Grounds, says the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, "was the same human roar that echoed through the Coliseum, the same roar that went up in the primeval jungle where men fought with clubs." The fight was "the primitive raging battle between two strong men." There was none of the science of boxing. "It was merely the strength of the body, the weight of the wallop. Given clubs



EVEN INDOORS INDUSTRY CLAIMS ITS VICTIMS

These children, stringing beads for milady's gowns, and perhaps getting tuberculosis for themselves, show the great need for a national child-labor law.

instead of gloves, these men would have met as primitive men met and fought over the possession of some object each desired." Arises the question, then:

> "Is the prize-fight good or bad? Admittedly it is not good, admittedly it is nothing but commercialism appealing not to the instincts of sportsmanship but to the fighting instinct. Yet is it not perhaps an outlet? Physically, it may do men good to feel the thrill of battle, to let their inborn savagery still existing under centuries of 'civilization' have vent in seeing two powerful men pummel each other. But that savagery should not have rein. Of course not. It is wrong. But can it be killed entirely, can it die out?
>
> "It can find vent in other ways, in real sport. Prize-fighting as demonstrated in the Dempsey-Firpo million-dollar fight is not sport.
>
> "There is no principle involved. Neither side fights to uphold any principle. He fights for dollars and the opportunity for more dollars. He fights perhaps to rate his physical prowess, but he wouldn't fight at all if it weren't for the dollars."

It is a shabby sentiment that personifies the two Americas in the meeting of these two men, "neither of whom contributes anything fine or uptending," declares the New Haven *Journal-Courier*. There is, to be sure, a North America that an athletic youth might symbolize, a South America that might be brought to mind in an athletic, upstanding young Bolivar. "But these lads—Dempsey, thriftily putting in bank a king's ransom in advance of the fight, and Firpo, the most furious jungle-man Rickard could uncover by canvassing the globe—let's have done with 'international significances' in this sorry show of dollars and blood. It is a study of national degeneracy." Yet, goes on the *Journal-Courier*,

> "There is a great permanent truth in this bodily excellence—these great hulks of the prize-ring are the Aristides and Socrates and St. Augustine of the physical world. It is not without significance that all want to know 'who won.' The perfection of bodily strength can not be cried down—it always has and will legitimately fascinate and challenge.
>
> "It is this very fact that lends horror to a great conflict—two supermen, sent into the world with great equipment, whose bodies might be reinforced with high-power minds to lead men and souls to fire them, but prostituted to the uses of beasts and jungle-creatures to maul and tear and crush. It is as when one visits the stock-yards for the first time. All is sordid and profane. He is immersed for the moment in the elemental fury and feels the scorch of hell. On the platform he glimpses the form and line and grace of something divine. It's the unholy uses to which it is put that makes it so terrible."

Severe criticism is directed not only at the prize-fighters and their promoters. Marked disapprobation of the great amount of space devoted in the newspapers to accounts of the fight has come forth. *The Christian Science Monitor's* yardstick was employed to prove that the daily press of America gave innumerable columns to a description of the Dempsey-Gibbons fight, at the same time printing very little about the proceedings of the world educational congress at San Francisco. But even a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States can not read legalistic literature all the time, says the Montgomery *Advertiser*. "He must have light fiction to make life endurable." People like variety and spice. They "want to be informed, but they also want to be amused and diverted. And if the story of a heavy-weight boxing match isn't diverting, what is?" Those who criticize news editors for specializing on crime, divorces and prize-fights, remarks the Chicago *Journal*, "lack appreciation, perhaps, of the fact that the world's progress, on constructive lines, is taken as a matter of course." There is little noise attendant upon the great humanitarian activities—the founding of hospitals, colleges, missions—and there is a certain sameness, we are told, about their altruism. But, we are assured, the tide of altruism sweeps on, even tho reports of it appear infrequently on the front pages, and "those who think the great war unsettled men's faith and threw the world completely into pessimism and despair should read some of these fugitive reports and get a new outlook."

FEEDING THE GIRAFFES

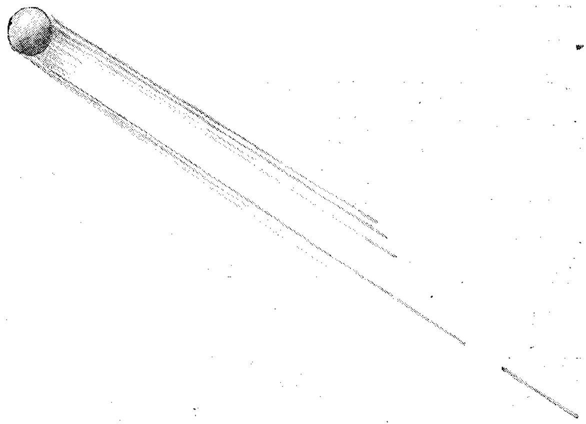
WHEN A PASTOR WANDERS through the lean fields of the Higher Criticism and browses among the topmost foliage of theological discussion, he need not wonder why the members of his congregation sit stiff-necked and bored, or at last slide down in their pews and go to sleep. The "high-brow" stuff is too high for them; they are unable to stretch their intellectual necks to where the Ph.D. feeds at ease. In other words, they prefer to crop the grass of spiritual food within their reach and easy for their mental systems to digest. So urges a farmer who, while on vacation, wandered into a Quaker meeting and had there a vivid insight into the needs of the sheep, so much more numerous in the average congregation than the giraffes. The story is told by the farmer in a letter to his pastor, and is sent to *The Homiletic Review* by President Levi T. Pennington, of Pacific College, Newberg, Oregon, who vouches for its authenticity. Both preachers called to address the meeting were notable men. One was a professor of Greek in a great university, and the other had more degrees attached to his name than any other in his denomination. Each, we are told, brought a splendid message, but the farmer confesses that some of it was over his head, and suspects that half the audience had a harder time than he had. He tells us that—

> "On the very front seat sat an elderly lady who, I had already learned, had the courage of her convictions, a keen wit and a voice far more penetrating than musical. The second of these gifted speakers had just taken his seat when this old lady arose and in the dead stillness which followed, with a voice which cut the air like a knife, she made this pronouncement: 'Jesus said "Feed my lambs," not "Feed my giraffes."'
>
> "Well, Parson, you've heard about conflicting emotions—right then was when I had them. The old lady resumed her seat with the sternness and impassiveness of an oracle. The preachers looked as if they'd be relieved if the floor would open and drop them through. And I was torn between sympathy for the ministers and a desire to spank the old lady, on the one hand, and on the other a keen appreciation of the justice of her criticism and a longing to laugh all over a hundred acres."

In a soberer moment after the meeting it occurred to the farmer that the old lady's suggestion contained a good deal of merit and that it might be helpful to many preachers who like the high boughs. So he writes to his own pastor:

> "Usually, Parson, you give us 'food convenient for us.' But when you preached that sermon three weeks ago on 'The Elements of the Synoptic Problem,' I couldn't help feeling that you shot clear over the heads of 90 per cent. of your audience. It may have been good for the giraffes, but the lambs didn't get a nibble, I'm afraid.
>
> "And last month when you discust the matter of apostolic succession, I don't believe that much of it was within reach of the old sheep, to say nothing of the lambs. And that day you dealt with the E and J and P documents I felt that the audience came away without having really fed their souls.
>
> "Now, Parson, I don't want to be a 'kicker.' I suppose giraffes have a right to eat—even goats have, I suppose. But there are a few things I believe we ought to bear in mind.
>
> "First, there are far more sheep than giraffes in any flock of God.
>
> "Second, giraffes can take food off the ground, perhaps not so conveniently as out of a ten-foot rack, but they can do it; while if all the food is put in a ten-foot rack the giraffes will thrive but the sheep will starve to death.
>
> "Third, if it is necessary to feed the giraffes from a high rack, some special arrangements should be made for feeding the sheep; or, rather, that the regular feeding should be in the low racks, with special feeding places for the giraffes if necessary.
>
> "And, after all, I wonder if there are giraffes in the flock of God. The wisest and greatest and richest of God's children are humble, realizing that in contrast with God their wisdom is but folly, their strength but very weakness, their righteousness but filthy rags.
>
> "You feed us very well—the flock in our church is not going hungry much of the time. But maybe it won't hurt even you to remember what the old lady said in her rasping voice: 'Jesus said "Feed my lambs," not "Feed my giraffes."'"

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER



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And round the bases roam.
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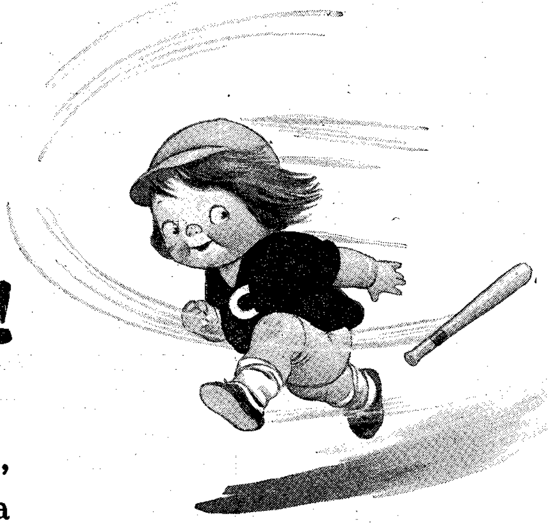

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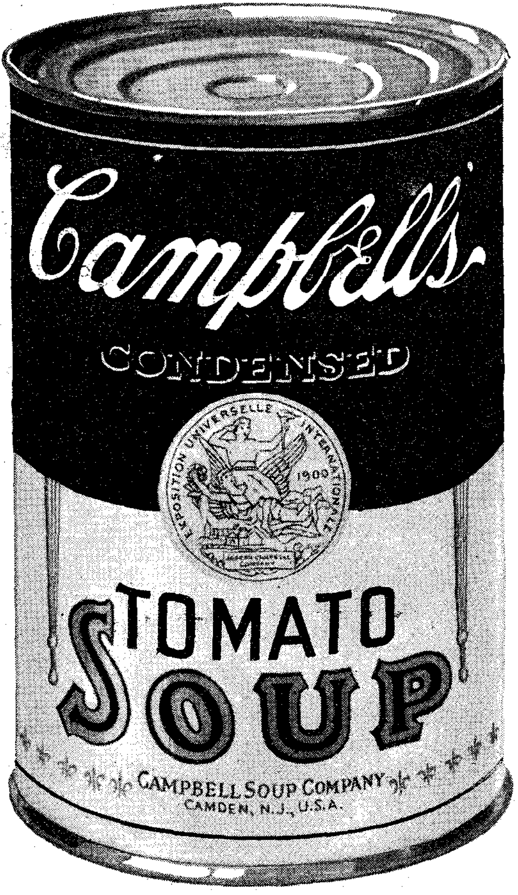
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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

POETRY (Chicago), for September, is given over to the sonnet. There is a long sonnet sequence by Edgar Lee Masters that needs to be taken in its entirety, so we pass on to some of the others:

"IN THAT DIM MONUMENT WHERE TYBALT LIES"

By Arthur Davison Ficke

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies
I would that we lay sleeping side by side,
And that the loveliness that never dies
There in our silent effigies had died.
For now your living beauty too much stirs
Across my sight, and I grow dumb with tears;
And I am homesick for old sepulchres
Now that your lips wake the forgotten years.
Love that is perfect comes thus to the land
Within whose borders only death can be.
Wherefore I say, hold out to me your hand,
And set me free, set me forever free,
And come, with terrible silence in your eyes,
To that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

CONCERNING ROSES

By Maxwell Bodenheim

Ten thousand idle poets have compared
The face and heart of ladies to a rose,
But when your intellect becomes jocose
I see it as a rose in gentle-aired
Protections formed by half-relenting nods
From feelings that respect the subtle doom
That greets them in the loosely perfect bloom
Whose odor softly laughs at lies and gods.

The intellects of men go marching down
Wrecked corridors, with solemn and involved
Plans for new buildings of a greater height;
But in your brain thoughts fail to pound and frown.
They shrink, amused, until they have resolved
To one soft question fond of hues and light.

SONNET

By Jessica Nelson North

Who would have thought that eyelids could be dear,
Or anything as tangible as hands?
Who would have thought that mere material strands
Of hair could have the power to draw me near?
That shoulders with my heart could interfere,
Sending out strange, imperious commands?
And is there any sage who understands
The pleasing convolutions of an ear?

So if I will not let you read in peace,
Because of yearnings quite beyond control,
Ponder with me what vital facts are these—
The lure of soul for flesh and flesh for soul.
And meditate how faintly lags behind
Our long-extolled supremacy of mind.

Mr. Frost is not prolific, but we find him in occasional reviews and seldom fail to want him for this page. The October *Yale Review* has this very brief product of his muse:

NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY

By Robert Frost

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to-day.
Nothing gold can stay.

The American Poetry Magazine (Milwaukee) announces its prize awards, and gently lectures its competitors who appear to have been more numerous than competent. Certainly it appears that poetic fervor is not dead. We quote the prize poem in the triolet and the lyric:

SHADOWS

By Camille Cain

Whisp'ring voices of yester years
Ghosts of the smiles we used to know—
Tinkling laughter subdued by tears—
Whisp'ring voices of yester years,
Tender phrases, joy in our ears,
Speaking our name in accents low,
Whisp'ring voices of yester years
Ghosts of the smiles we used to know.

Awarded the prize for the best Triolet.

WHEN EARTH LIFTS SKYWARD

By Clement Wood

Across the shining meadows of the dawn,
Through noon hours when the day strides, great and tall,
Across the hills that clasp the setting sun,
I hear you call.

In the still night, when all the tenantless
Soul knows the starry bow of opening space,
And brims with bright invisible loveliness,
I see your face.

And when the earth lifts skyward, and the sky
Lowers, to rain the peril of its bliss,
Until the heart breaks with a golden cry,
I know your kiss.

Awarded the Agnes Moreland Memorial Prize for the best lyric.

Youth has everything but experience, and this sonnet in the London *Mercury* shows how deftly youth can make a virtue of this lack. It is one of a sonnet sequence and we may, for a title, call it just

IGNORANCE

By Frank Kendon

Because I praise your beauty, Ignorance
Makes mock of me, and calls my sonnets lies.
Not that he sees no beauty in your glance;
Not that he finds no wit in your replies;
Not that he's blind, or sees no grace in youth;
Not that he's old, or envious, or mad;
He slanders not your beauty, but my truth,
Saying: "She has what youth has always had."
Then do not blame him, poor unfortunate;
One of the many in his eyes you are;
He never loved you—thus, in his sad fate,
A girl is only a girl, a star a star.
Ah, but to me the stars are whirling spheres,
I sing their music. He lacks eyes and ears.

Multum in parvo is the motto of some poets who earn our gratitude thereby. Such, for example, as Mr. Davies in the London *Spectator:*

LEAVES

By W. H. Davies

Peace to these little broken leaves,
That strew our common ground;
That chase their tails, like silly dogs,
As they go round and round.
For though in winter boughs are bare,
Let us not once forget
Their summer glory, when these leaves
Caught the great Sun in their strong net;
And made him, in the lower air,
Tremble—no bigger than a star!

Canadian aspiration is well voiced here in the verse of one of her native sons. The Ottawa *Citizen* publishes it:

TO THE OTTAWA

By Arthur S. Bourinot

Great river flowing broad and free
Around our city's rock-hemmed base,
O road that marches to the sea,
In powerful, rhythmic, pulsing pace,
I hear your voice majestically
Above the strife of creed and place
Chanting a nation's minstrelsy,
O lyric singer of our race.

Bold voyageurs have braved thy stream,
Le Caron, Champlain, Vérendrye,
Discoverers driven by the dream,
A pathway to Pacific's sky:
Immortally your paddles gleam,
In unison you singing cry
Old chansons and the waters seem
Faint echoes when your voices die.

Where Champlain stood and watched below
The Chaudiere's cauldron seethe and boil
A city stands, where long ago
The settler cleared and tilled the soil.
The falls are harnessed and their flow
Turns the wheels in their endless toil:
By night the factory chimneys glow
And vomit flames that writhe and coil.

Upon the cliffs the towers and spires,
Like legendary dream come true,
Limned in the sunset's lingering fires
Lift faint outlines towards the blue.
The city sleeps that from our sires
Visions and dreams in beauty grew,
Fulfilment of their best desires,
The city sleeps in sabled hue.

Great river flowing broad and free,
Around our country's massive heart,
O silver artery of the sea,
Singing great songs as you depart,
Chant us your mighty minstrelsy
Until your songs of wonder start
Our dreams of immortality,
Our country to a greater part.

This is a bitter poem that finds a place in the London *Spectator:*

THE APOSTATE

By A. E. Coppard

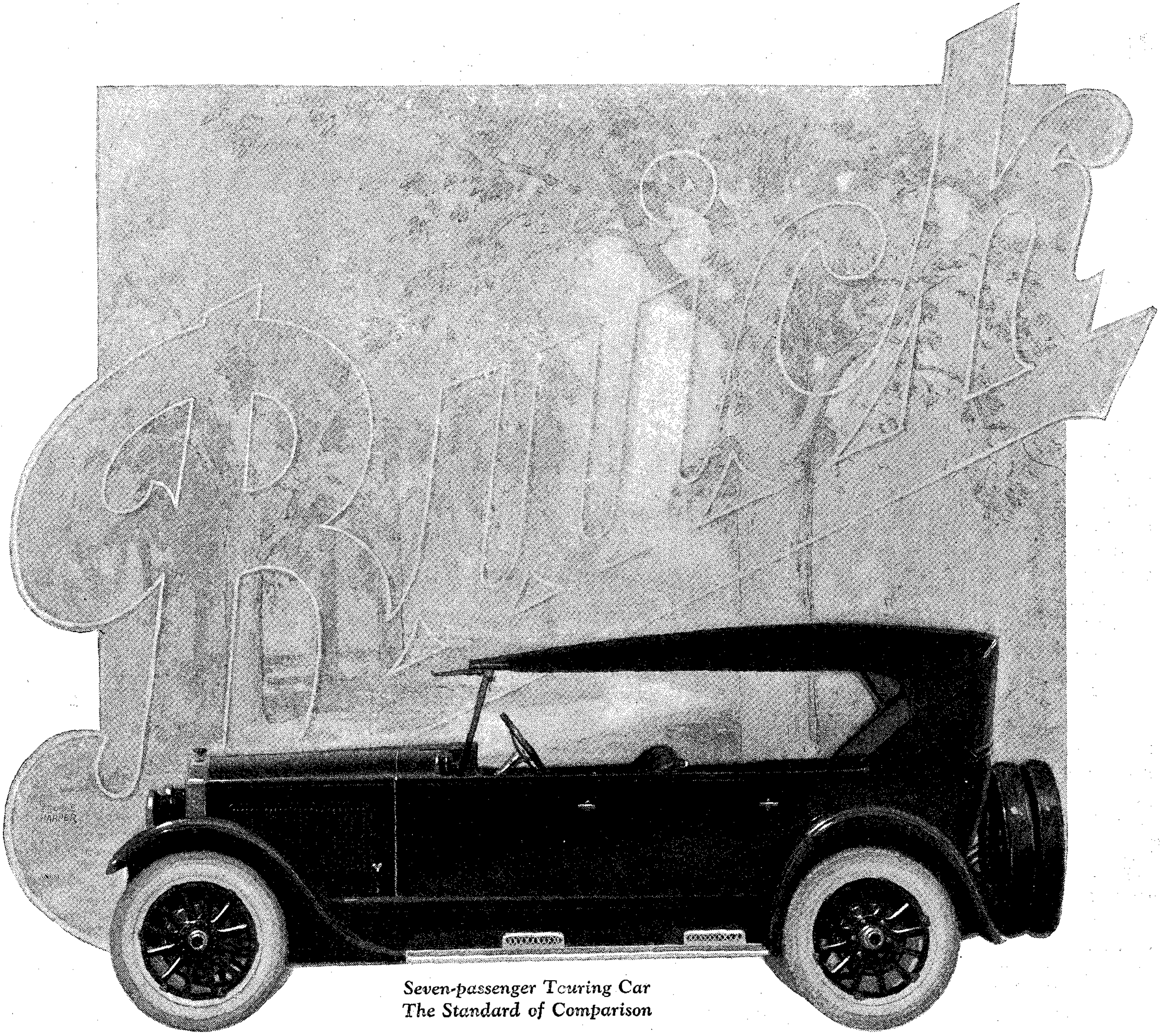
I'll go, said I, to the woods and hills,
In a park of doves I'll make my fires,
And I'll fare like the badger and fox, I said,
And be done with mean desires.

Never a lift of the hand I'll give
Again in the world to bidders and buyers;
I'll live with the snakes in the hedge, I said,
And be done with mean desires.

I'll leave—and I left—my own true love.
O faithful heart that never tires!
I will return, tho' I'll not return
To perish of mean desires.

Farewell, farewell to my kinsmen all,
The worst were thieves and the best were liars,
And the Devil must take what he gave, I said,
For I'm done with mean desires.

But the snake, the fox, the badger, and I
Are one in blood, like sons and sires,
And as far from home as kingdom come
I follow my mean desires.



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Prices f. o. b. Buick Factories; government tax to be added

IN its new six-cylinder, seven-passenger Touring Car, Buick provides a carrying capacity and power that establish a new standard of motor car utility. The car is big and sturdy. Its auxiliary seats are so designed that when raised they can accommodate three people. Its new 70 H.P. valve-in-head engine is capable of a speed of between sixty to seventy miles an hour. Complete and automatic engine lubrication reduces to a minimum the amount of personal attention required. Its proved four-wheel brakes [on all models] provide the certain means to stop as quickly as any need may demand.

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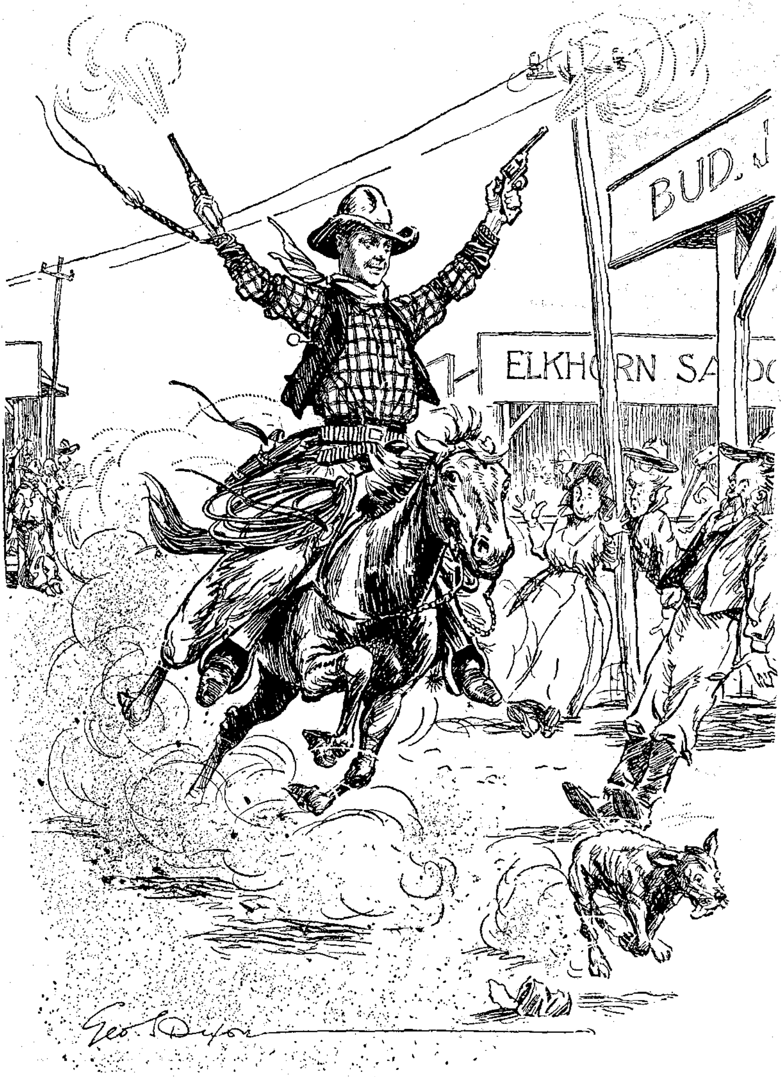
PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

RANCHING IT WITH H. R. H., THE PRINCE

THERE WAS CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE for dinner on the day when the Prince of Wales, traveling incognito as Baron Renfrew, reached his ranch in the west of Canada; and the next morning he put on a pair of blue overalls and went to work cutting ensilage. All Canada, it appears, as well as most of the British Empire, and not a small part of the United States into the bargain, is excited over these activities of the young man who seems likely some day to be the King of England. The Prince's regular job, which is being a kind of walking advertisement of the solidity of the British Empire, or "England's most charming ambassador," as a Canadian editor puts it, has tired him out, the press reports, and in his way of taking a rest, he has scored a new triumph of publicity and interest. Even more than that, Canadian editors point out, he has turned the eyes of the world on Canada. His visit, observes the *Free Press* of London, Ontario, "is a good all 'round advertisement for Canada's 'fourth industry,' our tourist traffic." Immigration will be stimulated, also, and there will be an effect on inter-empire trade and commerce. Farming will enjoy new popularity, both among men of high and low degree. All this happens because a prince chooses to take his vacation in a certain place and in a certain manner. In the meantime, reports the Montreal *Gazette*, the Prince is harvesting his crop, "assuring the winter's fodder," and giving his spare time to "those many enjoyments the open country presents." A special dispatch from the E. P. Ranch, near High River, Alberta, announced, on the morning after the arrival:



IN THE WILD AND WOOLLY
Will H. R. H. succumb to environment?
—George Dixon in *London Opinion*.

> Lord Renfrew is out at work in his sunflower patch on the E. P. Ranch to-day, and, garbed in blue overalls, is helping to harvest his crop of the big yellow-headed daisies. He started in early in the morning, and is reported to be having a good time, giving every indication of enjoying himself and really earning his title of "farmer-prince."
>
> There is a lot of real work to do around the E. P. Ranch these days, getting ready for the winter, as Lord Renfrew discovered this morning, when he had a chance to consult on affairs of the ranch with W. L. Carlyle, his manager. Accordingly, Lord Renfrew pulled off his coat and pitched in with the other hands. Literally, that is, Alberta's best-known rancher, got right down to brass tacks and spent all morning from eight o'clock until twelve o'clock noon filling the big silo with sunflowers, providing winter feed for the blooded cattle and live stock of the ranch. This does not mean that Lord Renfrew stood around looking wise and watching the other boys do it. He put on some old working clothes and led the actual work of chopping up the sunflowers and filling the silo with a vim and energy that kept all the other men hustling at the job to keep up with him.
>
> Lord Renfrew, according to Captain Peacock, his secretary, started the day late on Monday. "On account of having just finished a long trip Sunday, Lord Renfrew did not get up until seven o'clock Monday morning."
>
> At any rate, Lord Renfrew had to show speed when he got up at seven o'clock to get his breakfast and get on the job at eight o'clock. It was a regular Alberta farm breakfast, one of the kind that fills husky farm-hands full of calories and things that make muscle and energy. Lord Renfrew, having had a refreshing night's sleep, did justice to the ranch cook's work and then all hands were called to the work of filling the silo. This job was not quite finished at noon, but Lord Renfrew and all the hands were famished for the big farm dinner when the bell rang at twelve o'clock. At that hour everybody was just getting ready to sit down and no one wanted to waste much time talking.
>
> "Lord Renfrew is going to finish the work of filling the silo," said Captain Peacock, "and then he is going to do some stooking on the ranch."
>
> "How does he like it?"
>
> "Just fine, and he is feeling great."

The Prince's arrival was quite a function, even tho, assisted by the fiction that he was not really the Prince of Wales, but merely "Lord Renfrew," every effort was made to do away with pomp and circumstance. The Montreal *Star's* account runs:

> Lord Renfrew and his official party of eight, consisting of the Prince, Brig.-General Trotter, Sir Godfrey Trotter, Major Metcalf, his secretary, and three servants, arrived on a special train of four cars at six o'clock in the afternoon. His private car, Killarney, was the one he used on his visit here in 1919.
>
> Lord Renfrew was welcomed back by a large gathering of his neighbors, who collected about the station and gave him a rousing cheer on his first appearance on the platform. He

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CHEVROLET

Chevrolet enables the city housewife to buy vegetables, eggs, poultry and small fruits, direct from the farmer's wife, fresh and cheap.

Each woman benefits by the exchange as the low prices paid by the city woman are much higher than the farmer can get on wholesale shipments.

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		Commercial Cars	
Superior 2-Pass. Roadster	$490	Superior Light Delivery	$495
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These new low prices effective September 1st.

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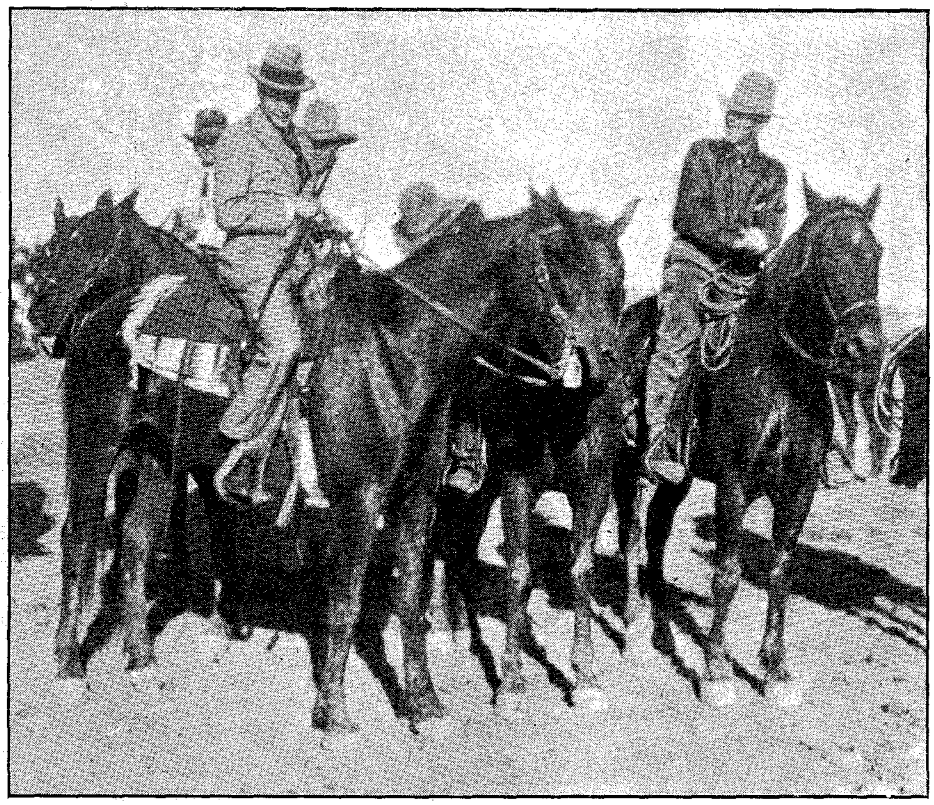
acknowledged it in a happy and apparently grateful manner. About 1,500 people were assembled in front of the station and about 250 automobiles were parked along the roadsides on his start to the ranch. The road was cleared, and kept so, and an orderly observance of the Prince's wishes of "no formalities" was strictly observed.

He was met at the train by Mr. Carlyle, his ranch manager, W. Peacock, one of his secretaries who preceded him, and Mayor Bedingfield, who informally welcomed him again to High River. He then with the Mayor proceeded at once to the west side of the platform where the assembled crowd awaited him and greeted him in a welcoming shout. He then entered Mr. Carlyle's waiting automobile and started on his 26-mile drive to the E. P. ranch.

The Prince was drest in a light brown golf suit of rough tweed and wore a gray cap and was smoking a cigaret when he alighted from his car. He looked well and fit and his complexion was brown enough to suggest he might have already been in the open weather of the prairies. It will no doubt be considerably darker when he starts on his return trip, as "Sunny Alberta" can do wonders in this regard in three weeks.


Photograph from "The Central News Service"

THE PRINCE WITH SOME OF HIS NEIGHBORS

This picture was taken on his first visit to Canada, before he had become a real rancher. Recent press dispatches say he has discarded his city clothes for overalls.

The camera men were there in full force, representatives from Pathé, Fox, Associated Screen, International News and others. No restrictions were placed on them. The roads were kept clear for their activities and they made the most of the liberty.

The entire occasion was such as must have met the wishes of the Prince. The station platform was free from people except those of the small reception committee and two typical Stony Indians who were placed at each side of the steps leading to the automobile and who enthusiastically shook hands with the Prince as he was passing. This event seemed to please him and no doubt impress him with the radically different conditions of life and atmosphere he was to experience for the next three weeks. Many such neighbors will probably call on him during his stay.

The Prince bought his ranch four years ago, a writer in the New York *Times* recalls, "as a pleasant memento of his visit to Canada." The writer gives this glimpse of the place, and of the Prince's previous visit:

> Situated twenty-five miles west of High River on the Calgary-Macleod Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, this ranch was already famous as the Bedingfield Run, and it is surrounded by splendid scenery which is said to have reminded the Prince of the royal estates at Balmoral in Scotland.
>
> The accommodation on the ranch could scarcely be simpler. Of the log cabins, one alone is of any size, and there are also stables and barns. The little group of unpretentious structures lies sheltered near the river in a delightful and fertile valley. On all sides rise the rounded foothills of the Rockies, and the Rockies themselves, snow-capped and majestic, can be seen in the distance. Nature has here spread before the eyes of man a noble landscape, and it is no wonder that a glimpse of it was enough to fascinate an appreciative visitor. Freehold and leasehold, the property consists of about 4,000 acres, and it is now known as the E. P. Ranch, which monogram, E. P., means in Canada but one thing. It is at once the initials and the familiar nickname of the heir to the British throne.
>
> It was in the glory of September, 1919, that Edward, Prince, fell in love with what is now his very own. He was visiting the Bar U Ranch as a guest of George Lane. And he was weary with the severe strain of his Canadian tour. One morning, with breakfast ready, the Prince was not to be found. He had awakened early, jumped out of the window and proceeded across the country before any one else was stirring. On this solitary and clandestine hike, which so flurried his embarrassed suite, the Prince caught his first glad glimpse of the happy valley.
>
> Later in the day the cowboys arranged for him a spectacular round-up of 3,500 head of cattle. The Prince was himself mounted on a horse, and there descended on the party a characteristic cloudburst of rain, driven by a tornado of wind. It was suggested that shelter be secured in the automobiles, which refuge was certainly desired by an uncomfortable entourage; but the Prince insisted on remaining in the open, and he rode back with the cowboys, drenched and bedraggled but more than ever their hero. He had shared their hardships. And that, after all, was more than merely admiring their prowess.

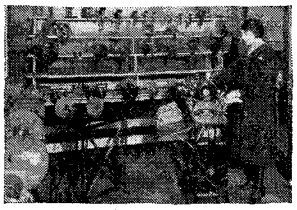
Financially, the Prince of Wales was well able to make the purchase of his fancy, says the writer:

> As Duke of Cornwall, he enjoys revenues, about $250,000 a year, which make him in fact much richer for the moment than King George himself, and it is stated that the Prince defrayed the expenses of his brother's marriage with Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, now Duchess of York. It was as Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall that King Edward, during the lifetime of Queen Victoria, acquired the estate at Sandringham, where he lived for so many years with Queen Alexandria. Between these private properties of the royal family—Balmoral, Sandringham and the E. P. Ranch—and their official residences, namely, Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, Holyrood, St. James's, Kensington Palace, Hampton Court and Westminster itself, there has to be drawn a distinction at once legal and constitutional. The official property is maintained by Parliament. It can not be sold without the consent of Parliament. But the private estates do not come under any such Parliamentary review. They may be disposed of by the King and his family as they wish. For instance, the villa near Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, where Queen Victoria died, was surrendered by King Edward and became a public institution. The Prince's ranch is as much his own as any real estate belonging to the individual citizen.

In the usual sense of that word, the royal family takes no part in business, it appears. Princes of the blood, the writer adds, are scrupulously careful to avoid embarrassing contacts with finance and trade, nor do their names appear on the long roll of titled persons who have become guinea-pig directors. When Viscount Lascelles put money into a typewriter and lost some of it:

> He made a mistake which he is unlikely to repeat. But in farming the House of Windsor has always been keenly interested. The old Dukes of Hanover, from whom sprang the British dynasty, were in their day no more than land owners and farmers on a large scale. They sowed and plowed and reaped. They bred live stock. They rode and they hunted. They lived in the open air, and lived hard. They ate and drank and swore and

The West Sells and Saves with THE NEW MULTIGRAPH



Luther Grinder Mfg. Co.,
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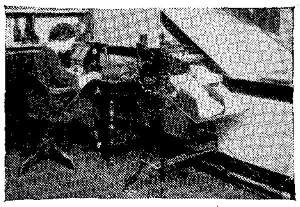

Old Bankers Life Insurance
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In Wisconsin

The Luther Grinder Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee reports:

(1) Saves 30% to 35% on all printed material.
(2) Paid for itself in 7 months.
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(4) Prints halftones and two-color jobs.

In Iowa

"Our factory is working on orders totalling 12 carloads of pumps and cylinders, which is the result of 150 Multigraph-ed letters we sent out."

The Multigraph saved 50% of their printing costs in the past four years, reports the Red Jacket Manufacturing Company, Davenport. It will save for you, too.

In Illinois

E. & A. Opler, Inc., Chicago, cocoa and chocolate products, with the aid of Multigraph-ed letters alone, opened up 968 wholesale accounts in 48 states during 1922 when cocoa was almost a drug on the market.

This company began with the New Multigraph but as business increased a Senior Multigraph became necessary.

In Kansas

Savings with Multigraph are so commonplace that the American Building and Loan Association, Topeka, take it as a matter of course. *"On a dividend basis,* not considering service, convenience, or privacy, our equipment is worth *six times par!"*

You cannot dispute its value in the face of such evidence.

In Nebraska

The Old Bankers Life Insurance Co., Lincoln, Multigraph users for years, say: "We recommend the Multigraph as a *paying* proposition to anyone who can use it." And Multigraph uses are practically unlimited.

In Michigan

In three and one-half months—200,000 form letters, 33,000 order blanks, 33,000 post cards and the bulk of their office forms—all at an actual saving of more than 50%. That is the story of three and one-half months in the Multigraph Department of the Kalamazoo Stove Company. No wonder they're enthusiastic.

In South Dakota

The Dallas Farmers Union Cooperative Mercantile Company of Dallas, spent $2,400.00 for advertising last year. Then they bought the New Multigraph. Now they are spending $600.00; cover more territory—increased sales and profits. They recommend this equipment to any merchant in any line of business.

In North Dakota

The Ryder Mercantile Company, of Ryder, N. D., using the New Multigraph spent during 1922, $696.49 for advertising as compared with $1,372.86 in 1921—a clear saving of 50%, and as they say—"we had better results from our advertising." Just another example of how the New Multigraph *saves* while it *sells.*

In Minnesota

Several circulars a month cost R. A. Paulson, owner of a general store at Henning, more than he could afford. He bought the New Multigraph. Now he prepares more sales material at a *much* lower cost and his sales are on the increase.

Big city or small town; big business or little—the Multigraph will *increase profits.*

In Missouri

The Fidelity National Bank and Trust Company of Kansas City, found their first Multigraph a paying investment. They added more. Banks are careful buyers. There are Multigraph equipped banks everywhere.

Everywhere

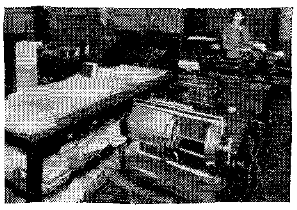
Letters come from every State and from Canada—large and small companies alike. Every business is represented. We have "Definite Facts" for you, telling of money saved and sales made. Write for your copy of "Definite Facts".

Kalamazoo Stove Co.,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dallas Farmers Union Cooperative Mercantile Co., Dallas, S. D.

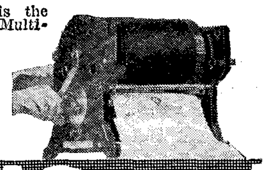
Ryder Mercantile Co.,
Ryder, N. D.

R. A. Paulson,
Henning, Minn.



Fidelity National Bank and Trust
Co., Kansas City, Mo.

This is the New Multigraph.



$30.00 Down
Balance on Easy Terms
or $150.00 Cash

In Canada: $38 down; cash price $190. Printing Ink Attachment $37.50.

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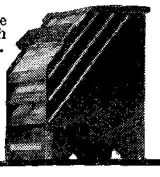
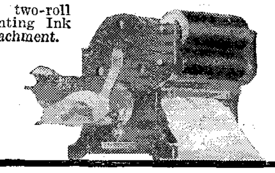


The two-roll Printing Ink Attachment.



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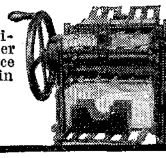

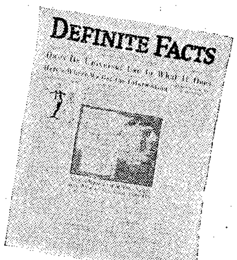

DEFINITE FACTS

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY,
1804 East 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

Please give me, without obligation, more information on the New Multigraph and what it has done, and what it will do in my business.

My business is..........

Name..........

City.......... State..........

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quarreled, always with an infinite zest and always with a complete love of whatever animals, birds and fishes were within reach.

To the American colonists, King George III. was a narrow-minded and irritating martinet. But to the British people he was "Farmer George," who liked roast beef and was an excellent judge of the beasts whence beef is derived. With the Prince Consort, the trouble was that while he sincerely wished to be a farmer his head was never happy outside a silk hat. To him, live stock merely represented a new column of statistics and subject of scientific inquiry. King Edward, however, realized that what is needed at agricultural shows is the eye which sees the points of an animal. At a glance, he could tell whether a soldier's uniform was correct and whether shorthorns or pigs were accurately bred. The detail of etiquette that he mastered at court was, after all, not so different from the details that settle which silver-haired collie shall be awarded a first prize. King Edward was thus an accomplished country gentleman. In the outdoor life, he was well skilled. And his grandson intends to be a not less accomplished Canadian.

Many monarchs and many millionaires have dabbled in farming, observes the writer, and cites some of them for comparison with England's Prince:

While Cincinnatus left the plow in order to save Rome, kings like to leave their thrones in order to hobnob with the plowman. Perhaps the most artificial of royal farms was that curious little hamlet which Marie Antoinette had built for herself at the Trianon, where she and the King played peasant, actually realizing Boucher's silly vision of the shepherd and the shepherdess in silk and satin. The Prince's ranch is a real and not a sham ranch. It is the intention, at least, that the ranch shall be self-supporting as a business proposition. Certainly, the British royal family has no money just at present to throw away on a distant project, however pretty it seems to the eye.

In the management of their stables, their kennels, their dairies, their paddocks, their forests, their game preserves and their grouse-moors, royal personages must depend on expert advice. On his ranch in Alberta, the Prince of Wales has discovered a Prime Minister in Professor W. A. Carlyle, a kinsman of Thomas Carlyle, the rugged but illustrious author whom Queen Victoria vainly tried to inveigle into her august presence.

Under Professor Carlyle, the ranch has shown a profit. It has been stocked with animals, all of them boasting a pedigree as distinguished in its way as that of the Prince of Wales himself. Headed by two superb young bulls, the ranch has included a fine herd of shorthorn cattle. There are some excellent Percheron horses, some running thoroughbreds and an ample flock of Shropshire sheep. Clydesdale horses have been imported, including three fillies selected by Professor Carlyle on a recent visit to Britain as the nucleus of a new stud, and also a famous stallion, owned by King George. There are, roughly, 100 head of Scottish shorthorns and others sent over from the Prince's home farm in Cornwall. The ranch is thus conducted strictly on the hereditary principle. One young bull recently sold for $1,500. To improve the breed of live stock has always been an aim of British royalty. To the great industry of rearing cattle in Canada what the Prince contributes is thus pedigree.

It is recognized that the time has come when the Prince of Wales must take a rest, remarks the writer, and on the E. P. Ranch he will be, it is hoped, sufficiently secluded. The nearest town is Calgary, the capital of Alberta, and—

Calgary is sixty miles distant. Half way between lies High River, with a modest population, numbering 2,000. For society, then, the Prince must depend upon the mere hamlet of Pekisko, close to the ranch, where there is but one general store, purveying canned goods and tobacco. To the log cabin itself some additions are being made.

But for a sportsman the ranch abounds in opportunities. Across the front yard descends an ice-cold mountain stream in which the speckled trout jump gayly for any grasshoppers that are thrown to them. At no great distance there are excellent ducks to be shot, while the Rockies offer multitudes of mountain sheep, goats, deer, bear and other big game. It may be taken for granted that the Prince's suite will be relieved when a merciful evening concludes their strenuous amusements.

About the Prince of Wales there is written inevitably much that the historian will attribute to flatterers. But it is no excess of praise to say that the Prince has in him the rare and peculiar ability to do spontaneously and on the spur of the moment what afterward looks like the result of deep design. The acquisition of the E. P. Ranch seemed at first like a mere whim.

The shrewdness that prompted the purchase, or at least that was back of it, is now apparent, the writer points out, for—

The very word "ranch" identifies the Prince with the Dominions. It is a word belonging exclusively to "the oversea." In Britain herself there are estates, farms, moors, streams and forests, but never a "ranch." In Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, however, a ranch is familiar.

The E. P. Ranch is thus a polite hint to Britain that the Prince of Wales is no longer dependent on the vicissitudes of a throne. If labor becomes restive, he can say, "Very well, I will retire happily to my ranch in Alberta." If matchmaking majesties from Roumania appear with pretty but not as yet mature princesses the Prince sorrowfully pleads that he must leave Europe on business which has arisen on his ranch in Alberta. If interfering politicians suggest that the Prince should limit his risks on the hunting field, he answers calmly that he will seek the safe and simple life on his ranch in Alberta. If busybodies talk about his clandestine entrance one night into St. James's Palace through a skylight and suggest that he should go to bed at a more reasonable hour, the reply is that he is only too anxious to sleep soundly in a certain log cabin amid the silence of his ranch in Alberta. If too many orphanages demand that a royal hand lay the foundation stone of a new wing, if too many bridges ask the royal hand to drive a first or a last rivet, if too many cities seek the royal name on their roll of freemen, if too many universities desire to lay the velvet cap of learning on the royal head there is always the ranch in Alberta with a prior claim on the Prince's presence.

He is sorry indeed to decline the last hundred invitations. It would have been an unalloyed pleasure to accept each and every one of them. But life is not all pleasure. And there is hard work awaiting the Prince on his ranch in Alberta. Duty calls him to a distance. He must decline the honors that lie nearer home.

In fact, when he sets out for his ranch in Alberta, he suddenly ceases to be the Prince of Wales at all. By a strange legerdemain what had been the Prince of Wales now traveled incognito. King Edward used to become Lord Renfrew. His grandson is at the moment likewise only Lord Renfrew. Some fairy has transformed his Royal Highness into a private citizen. And what a relief! No red carpet. No illuminated addresses of welcome. No guards of honor to be inspected. And, best of all, no national anthem to be endured.

When the Prince of Wales wishes to be incognito, it is etiquette not to recognize him. "Some time ago," said he recently, "I was stabling my horse at a countryside inn and the hotel-keeper did not know who I was. He said, 'You look like the Prince of Wales.' I replied, 'Really, do I?' The hotel-keeper then said, 'I have seen photographs of the Prince of Wales, but you look a deal younger.'" The Prince added cryptically that this was the only bone he had to pick with the press!

Thus it is that the Prince can travel as he wishes, nobody imagining that he is himself. If there should be some small and early dance in the saloon of some liner or the parlor of some hotel, let not the young lady who happens to be a partner of Lord Renfrew suppose that he is the same person as a certain Prince of Wales, who is still "wi'out a wife," as Sir Harry Lauder would express it.

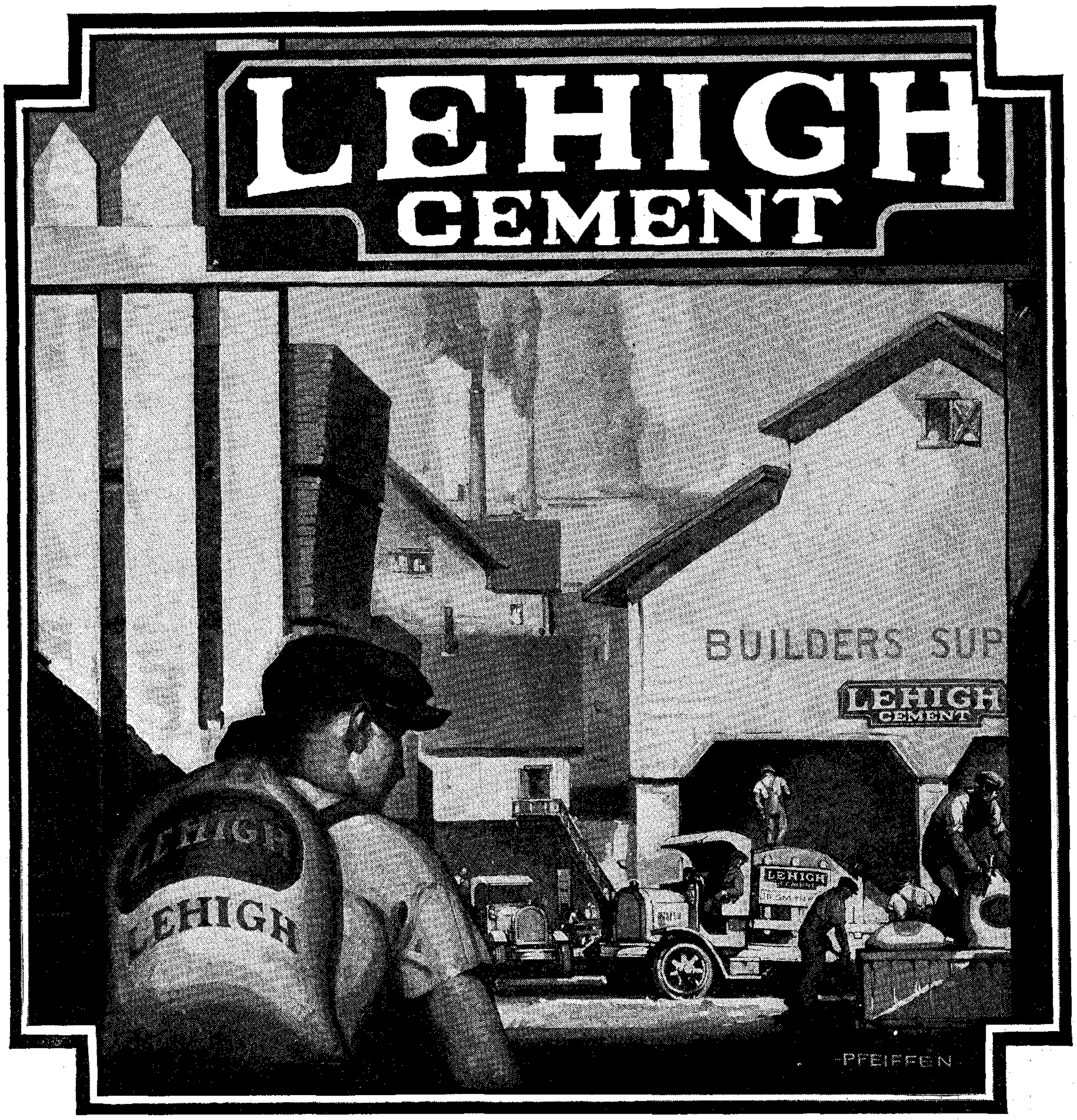
There may seem to be no visible difference between the Prince of Wales and the Baron of Renfrew, but there is, none the less, a distinction, and in this case the distinction makes all the difference. The Prince is on holiday and wants to forget. When he goes back to work the Baron must be not less forgotten.

He is not by any means the first of his house who has enjoyed Canada. His grandfather, King Edward, liked the Dominion immensely, and his great-great-grandfather, the Duke of Kent, made himself quite at home. Also, it was to his great-grandfather, the Prince Consort—tactfully described by Tennyson as "the noble father of our kings to be"—that the Province of Alberta owes its name.

"The Prince of Wales has turned cowboy," announces the San Francisco *Chronicle*, wishing him good luck in a half-page article. As a cowboy, he will have to do some riding, regarding which the writer comments:

There has been much humor devoted to the Prince's efforts to ride horseback. As a matter of fact, he is a better rider than the average, and it is due largely to his daredevil risking of his neck in the hunting-field that he has suffered spills and brought nervous prostration to his official guardians who regard him, not as just a human being with a right to take chances, but rather as the lawful property of an empire. He has promised to be reasonably careful while riding on his ranch.

Until the end of October he is going to spend the time directing the management of his pure-bred horses, cattle and sheep, riding over his extensive acres that reach out and across the verdant valleys in the foothills, where silvery streams, well filled with fighting trout, ripple through, in shooting partridges and other game which are plentiful, and doing anything that fancy dictates, which a prospective King usually gets little opportunity to do.



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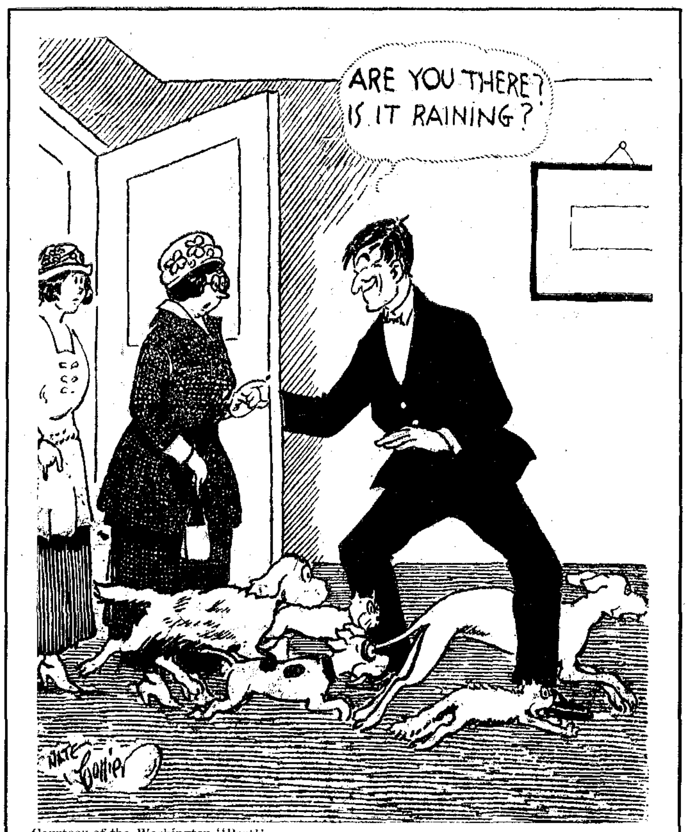
ETIQUETTE, AS LASSOED BY WILL ROGERS

MR. WILL ROGERS, who hails from somewhere Out West where, as everybody admits, Men are Men, but very little is said about etiquette, announces that from now on he is going to pay more attention to manners. For some years, it may be recalled by most readers, Mr. Rogers, together with his lariat and chewing-gum, has been a person of prominence in our theaters and newspapers. Lately he has taken to conducting a department in the Sunday papers (through the McNaught Syndicate), called "Slipping the Lariat Over," wherein he lassoes, hog-ties and presents for inspection diverse matters that cross his path. With regard to etiquette, he announces: "Somebody must have seen me out in public. I think it was Emily Post, for she has sent me a book on etiquette, that she has written herself." He proceeds, in the following cheerful vein, to record his impressions of the volume:


ARE YOU THERE?
IS IT RAINING?

Courtesy of the Washington "Post"

FACING A CRISIS NOT IN THE BOOK

Mr. Rogers, after reading 700 pages of Emily Post's work on Etiquette, desires to know how a gentleman may remove four cats and two dogs from the room, and still remain Non Challant.

It has 700 pages in it. You wouldn't think there was that much Etiquette, would you? Well, I hadn't read far when I found that I was wrong on most every line of the whole Book.

Now, you wouldn't think a Person could live under fairly civilized conditions (as I imagined I was doing) and be so dumb as to not have at least one of these forms of Etiquette right. Well, when I got through reading it, I felt like I had been a heathen all my life. But after I got to noticing other people I met, I didn't feel so bad. Some of them didn't know much more about it than I did.

So I predict that her Book and all the other things you read now on Etiquette are going to fall on fertile soil. Now take, for instance, being introduced, or introducing some one; that is the first thing in the Book. I didn't know up to then that inflection of the voice was such a big factor in introductions.

She says that the prominence of the party being introduced determines the sound of the voice, as she says for instance, "Are you there?" and then on finding out you are there she says, "Is it raining?"

Now the inflection that you use on asking any one if they are there is the same inflection that you are to use on introducing Mr. Gothis, if he is the more prominent of the two. Then for the other person, who Mr. Gothis probably got his from, why, you use the "Is it raining?" inflection.

You see, a fellow has to know a whole lot more than you think he does before he can properly introduce people to each other. First, he has to be up on his Dun and Bradstreet to tell which of the two is the more prominent. Second, he has to be an Elocutionist so he will know just where to bestow the inflection.

Well, I studied on that introduction Chapter till I thought I had it down pat. So I finally got a chance to try it out. My wife had invited a few friends for Dinner, and as she hadn't finished cooking it before they come, I had to meet them and introduce them to each other.

Well, I studied for half an hour before they come, trying to figure out which one was the most prominent so I could give her the "Are you there?" inflection. It was hard to figure out, because any one of them couldn't be very prominent and be coming to our House for Dinner. So I thought, well, I will just give them both the "Is it raining?" inflection.

Then I happened to remember that the Husband of one of them had just bought a Drug Store, so I figured that I better give her the benefit of the "Are you there?" inflection, for if Prohibition stays in effect, it's only a matter of days till her Husband will be prominent.

So, when they arrived I was remembering my opening Chapter of my Etiquette on Introductions. When the first one come, I was all right; I didn't have to introduce her to any one. I just opened our front door in answer to the Bell, which didn't work. But I was peeping through the Curtains, and as I opened the door to let her in two of our Dogs and four Cats come in.

Well, while I was shooing them out, apologizing and trying to make her believe it was unusual for them to do such a thing, now there I was! This Emily Post wrote 700 pages on Etiquette, but not a line of what to do in an emergency to remove Dogs and Cats and still be Non Challant.

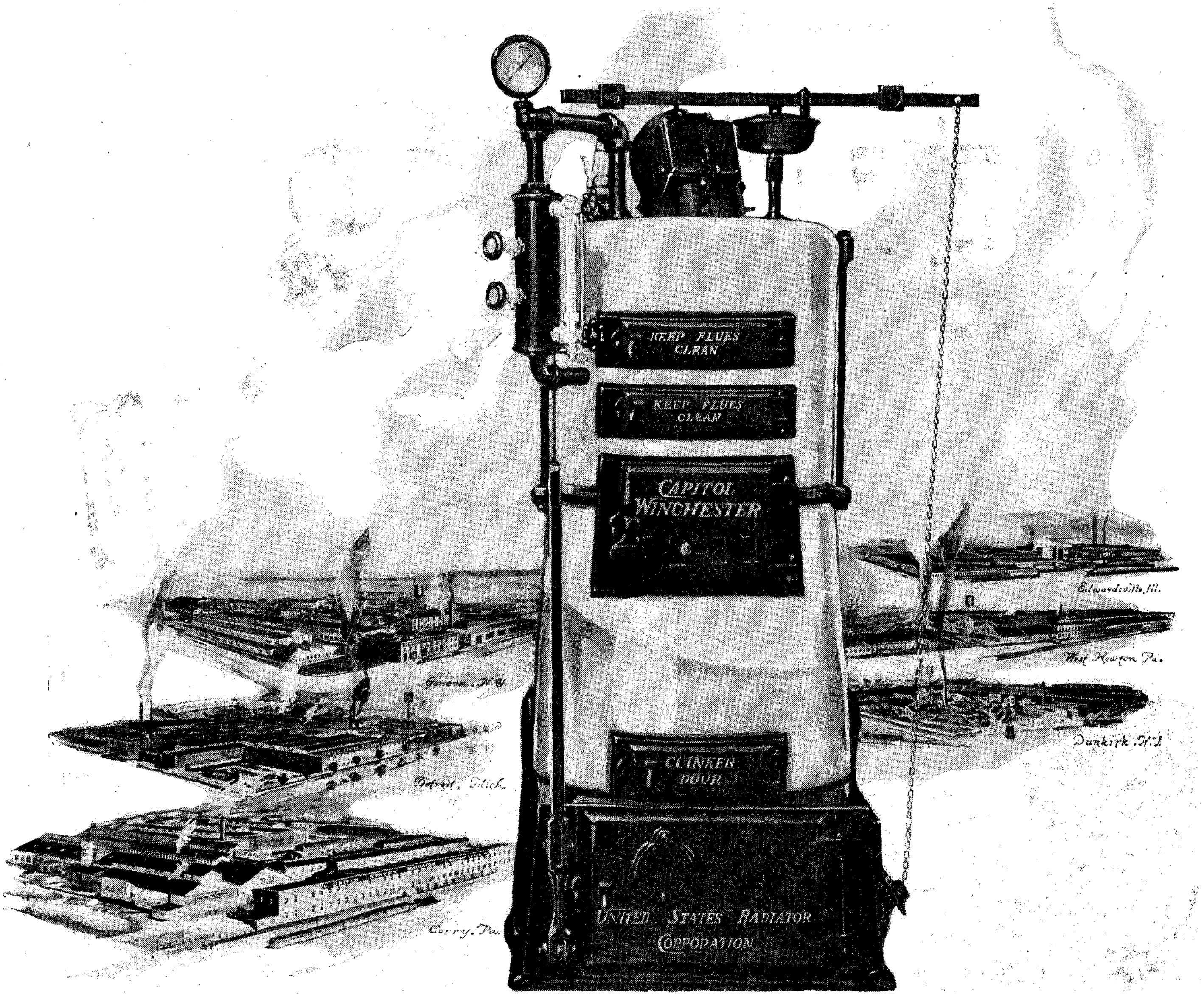
The second Lady arrived just as this Dog and Cat Pound of ours was emptying. She was the new Prescription Store Owners' Wife, and was to get the "Are you there?" inflection. Her name was (I will call her Smith, but that was not her name). She don't want it to get out that she knows us.

Well, I had studied that Book thoroughly, but those animals entering our Parlor had kinder upset me. So I said, "Mrs Smith, Are you there? I want you to meet Mrs. Jones. Is it raining?"

THE LARIAT-THROWING HUMORIST AND HIS FAMILY

Well, these Women looked at me like I was crazy. It was a silly thing to say. Mrs. Smith was there of course, or I couldn't have introduced her, and asking Mrs. Jones if it was raining was most uncalled for, because I had just looked out myself, and, besides, any one that ever lived in California knows it won't rain again till next year.

But that didn't discourage me. I kept right on learning and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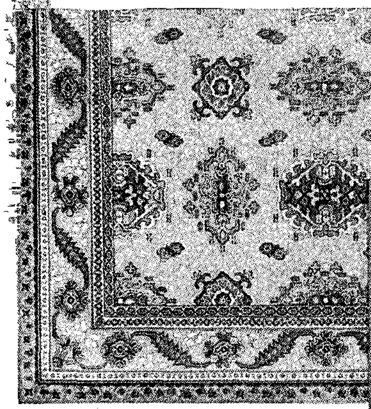
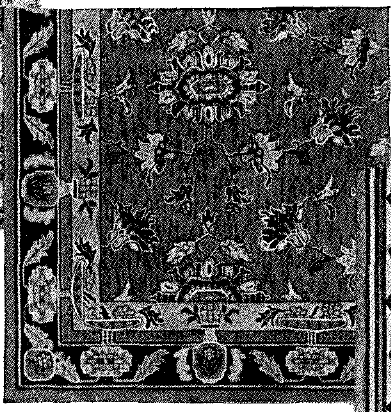
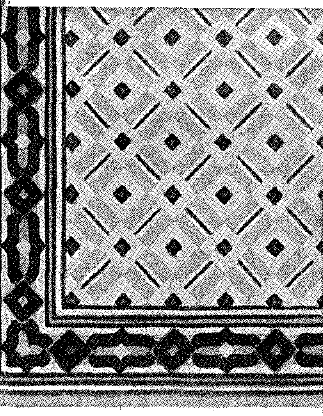


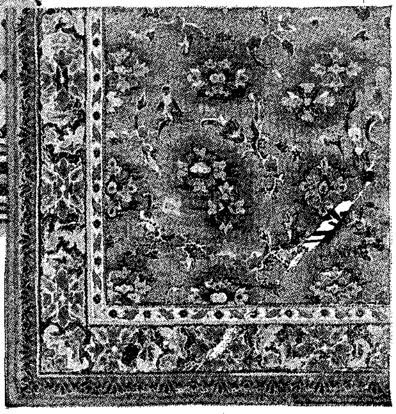
Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 321



Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No 538



Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 386



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Of course, Faultless Nightwear is made of exquisite fabrics to fit any stature, any pocketbook. Ask for Faultless Nightwear and sleep in comfort ever more.

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Rest assured
Faultless
SINCE 1881
"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"
Pajamas Sleepcoats Nightshirts

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

from now on I am just mangy with Etiquette.

Why, just the other day I heard what I had always considered up to then a well-behaved Woman introduce one Gentleman friend to another, and she said, "Allow me to present."

Now anybody that's ever read the first five lines in the Book knows that the word Present is never used only on formal occasions. You should always say, "May I introduce" on all informal occasions. There was a Woman who, to look at her, you would never have thought could possibly be so rude and uncultured as to have made a mistake like that.

It just spoiled her for me. I don't care how many nice things she may do in the future, she just don't belong.

Rule 2, Chapter 5—"No Gentleman under any circumstances chews Gum in Public." Now that kinder knocked me for a Goal, for I had been Chewing Gum before some of the best families in this Country. But from now on it is out. I am going to live according to the Book.

Chapter 6—"Gentlemen should not walk along the Street with their Cane or Stick striking the picket fence. Such habits should be curbed in the nursery."

Now that rule didn't hit me so hard, for I am not lame and I don't carry a Cane yet, and furthermore, there are no Picket fences in California. If they had enough pickets to make a fence they would take them and build another Bungalow and rent it.

Outside of eating with a sharp Knife, there is no rule in the Book that lays you liable to as much criticism as the following: "Whether in a private Car, a Taxi or a carriage a lady must never sit on a Gentleman's left, because according to European Etiquette a Lady 'on the left' is no Lady."

I thought at first when I read that it was a misprint, and meant a Lady should never sit on a Gentleman's Lap, instead of Left. But now I find that it really was Left. So I guess you can go ahead and sit on the lap. It don't say not to. But don't sit on his Left, or you can never hope to enter smart society.

Then it says "the Owner of the car should always occupy the right-hand side of the rear seat." No matter how many payments he has to make on it, that is considered his seat.

Chapter 7 is given over entirely to The Opera. What to wear, when to applaud—it tells everything but how to enjoy the thing. The fellow that figures out how to enjoy the Opera in a foreign tongue, without kidding himself or four-flushing, has a fortune in store for him.

Chapter 12 tells how the Butler should dress. You don't know what a relief it was to me to find that news. I never had one, but if I do I will know what to costume him in.

The Book says: "At six o'clock the Butler puts on his dress Suit. The Butler's suit differs from that of a Gentleman by having no braid on his trousers."

Now all you Birds that never could tell the Servants from the Guests, except somebody called one of them a Butler and the other a Gentleman, you can't tell them that way. More than likely the Butler is the Gentleman of the two.

But I can tell the Butler. He has no braid on his trousers.

Now, all I got to do is find out how to tell the Gentleman.

If you see people walking around looking down at your trousers, in the future, you will know they are looking to see if the braid is left off.

WHEN IBANEZ JUMPED ON HIS HAT—AND OTHER LITERARY TROUBLES

BLASCO IBANEZ is a most excitable author, says James B. Pond, proprietor of a lecture bureau, who has had an excellent opportunity to see celebrities in their shirt-sleeves. Lord Dunsany was excitable too, and even Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu poet and mystic, could show a bit of indignant excitement at times; but Ibáñez, says Mr. Pond, is the worst of the lot, when it comes to temperament. In the course of a story of his nerve-wracking experiences with stars of the lecture platform, Mr. Pond, says his interviewer, shook his head sadly when the subject of Ibáñez was brought up. He related to his interviewer, J. R. Milne of the Boston *Globe*, an incident of the Spanish novelist's visit to America. The story begins with an intimate view of one of Ibáñez's chief accomplishments. As told in Mr. Pond's words, it runs:

"Ibáñez was the most accomplished cusser I ever knew. If he got himself well started on a series of Spanish oaths, few people could hope to equal his unusual and most comprehensive selection of swear-words and fiery delivery.

"At first we had an American ex-Army officer as his interpreter. The Army man couldn't stand Ibáñez's marvelous flow of language unauthorized by any dictionary. Within two weeks the novelist had worked him into a fine frenzy, and the ex-officer was ready to kill.

"And I'm not joking. He was a wild man, eager to slay! He drew his gun, and wanted to remove Ibáñez's presence from old mother earth, so we had to pay him his salary in advance and dispatch him into the wilderness to recuperate from an overdose of cuss-words.

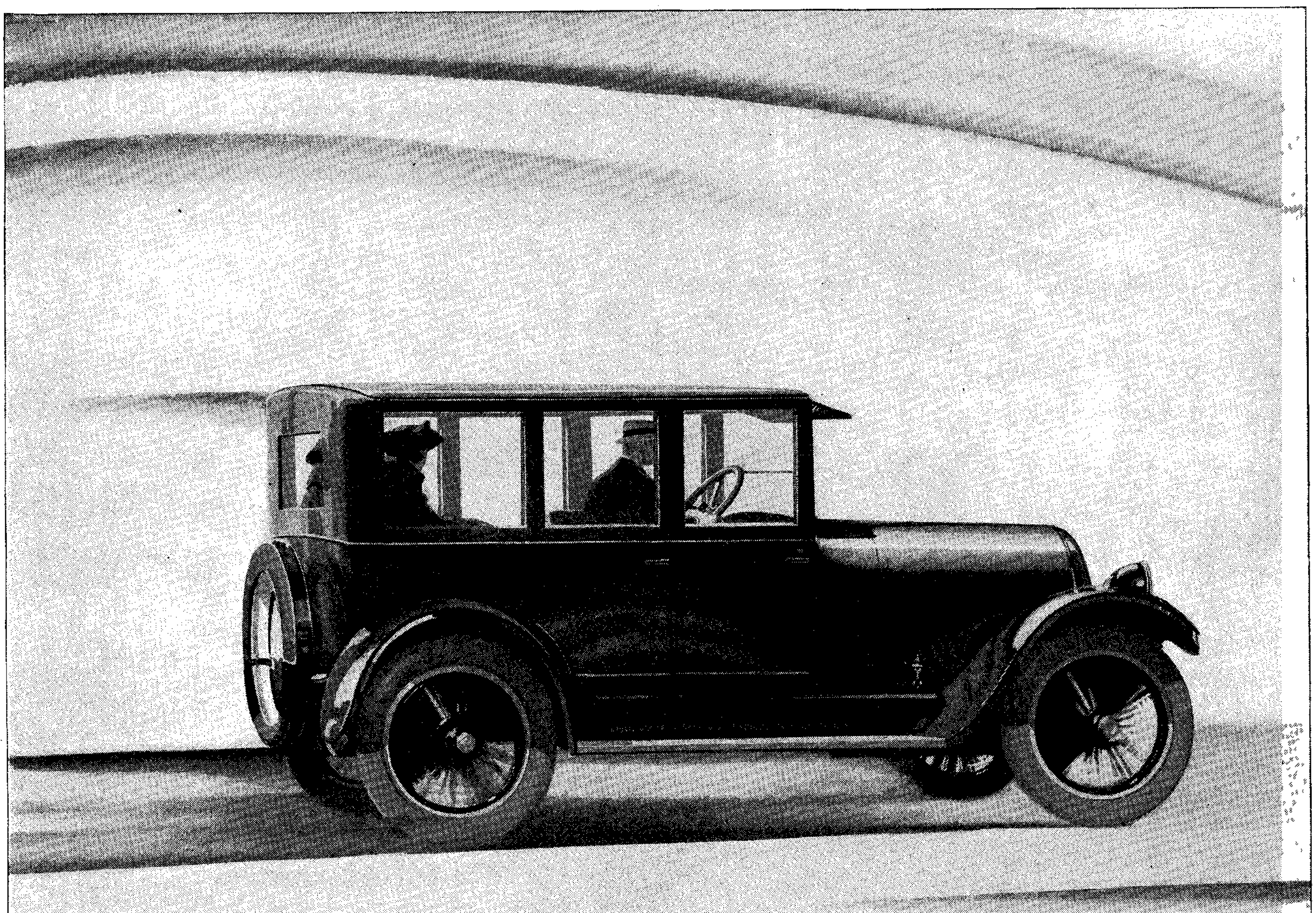
"Then I procured a wonderful interpreter. He was a little Porto-Rican-American who knew Spanish cuss-words almost as well as Ibáñez did himself, and in a rapid give-and-take he could make a fine showing, even against the novelist.

"Well, when Ibáñez went to Chicago, he went to the Congress Hotel, and the management provided him with the best room in the hotel. The hotel overlooks the lake, but is very near the railroad. When Ibáñez went to the room, he didn't like it. And he didn't like the sound of the trains, and the none-too-inspiring view from his window. He wanted, I think, to be given a paradise all to himself in the heart of the city.

"Oh, he was furious. He spluttered out Spanish oaths by the yard! This was a fine way to treat him—to put him in a room where the trains were so loud and the view so bad!

"At the climax of his roar he dropt his hat on the floor and began to jump on it.

"While he was in one of his mid-air attitudes, the door opened and a band of reporters trooped in. Not unnaturally they were somewhat surprized to see a world-famous novelist busily engaged in



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Thirty new improvements add to quietness of motor and body, efficiency of lubrication, long life, permanency of adjustment, restful driving, simple control, complete protection and good appearance.

These notably increase the motoring satisfaction derived from the powerful six motor, double flywheel, pressure air-cooling system, fuel transformer, rotary air-cleaner, smooth-acting reciprocating parts, and seven-bearing, case-hardened crankshaft—all brought out with the first Series 10 one year ago.

53% of Franklin's total production is now devoted to the Sedan model alone—with the seasonal closed car demand hardly begun. The Franklin Sedan affords an ideal contrast to the usual winter motoring hardships. Light weight, flexible, air-cooled, no water—it is always ready, never handicapped by roads or weather.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

demolishing what appeared to be a perfectly good, rather expensive hat.

"They asked the reason. The interpreter explained that Mr. Ibáñez had bought a new hat and that it didn't fit.

"But it so happened that some Spanish-Americans had accompanied Ibáñez to his room, and they heard the interpreter's explanation. They asked Ibáñez indignantly if he permitted his interpreter to misinterpret him so. Then Ibáñez ripped wide open and lit into the interpreter.

"'Oh, very well,' said the interpreter, who'd had just about enough anyway, 'if you want me to tell just what you say, all right.'

"And with Ibáñez linking oath with oath, and crying his opinion of Chicago, Chicago hotels and Chicago welcomes, the interpreter interpreted word for word. Of course, this was hot stuff for the reporters. They ate it up.

"In the morning all the papers carried broad streamer headlines, each reading something like this: 'Ibáñez Jumps on His Hat,' and telling why, with frisky little jabs at Ibáñez's dignity."

Pond shrugged. "Well, that was that. He was made a laughing-stock. I was glad when he got out of the city."

Next to Blasco Ibáñez, says Mr. Pond, Lord Dunsany is the most excitable celebrity he ever had anything to do with. The English poet and playwright seemed to his manager a combination of "an eccentric, a genius and a child." This combination by the way, says Mr. Pond, as revealed around the country on Lord Dunsany's trip, was partly responsible for the end of the foreign invasion of the American lecture platform. We are not entertaining so many foreign celebrities nowadays, at least we are not paying so many for entertaining us, and Dunsany's ways helped to bring about that result. From the moment of the English author's landing, says Mr. Pond:

"Dunsany was besieged by reporters. He is a wonderful man to interview, and never seems to tire of talking to newspapermen. Well, one after another they came to him for interviews, and he never refused to talk.

"Just before the banquet, he turned into a madman. He paced his room in excitement, tearing his hair and moaning.

"'Good heavens!' he cried. 'I can't talk! I've nothing to say! I've told all my speeches to the newspapers already! I must think! I must think!'

"And on he went, pacing the room in a fury.

"Now, Rupert Hughes, the novelist, had been asked to introduce Dunsany to the gathering at the banquet. So, fifteen minutes before the affair was to begin, Hughes appeared and asked me to introduce him to Dunsany so that he might get material for his introductory speech.

"I did my best. But I couldn't get a word in edgewise to the poet.

"'I can see no one! I can see no one!' he yelled. 'I must have peace! I must be left alone to think!'

"But Hughes, smilingly, persisted. Dunsany lost all vestiges of self-control.

"He pushed Hughes to the door. 'You

must go!' he cried. 'You must go now! I will see you after the dinner, if you like, and talk to you, but now you must go!'

"Hughes went, dumfounded. He did not understand till I explained later. Dunsany had mistaken him for another newspaperman seeking an interview.

"Well, Hughes did the best he could—did his job perfectly, in fact. He has remarkable facility of speech, and charm, and instead of trying to eulogize Dunsany to the audience, he merely told them that he had been asked to introduce the poet to them, but that he didn't know a darned thing about Dunsany, and that he knew *they* did. So what in thunder was the use of his wasting their time with his speech? Altogether, he gave a splendid talk. I only hoped that Dunsany would do half as well.

"At last Dunsany's time came. Instead of speaking, he decided to read. He sat down, sprawled out—a rather ungainly sight with his six feet four inches. He got a pitcher of ice-water, and had it placed on the platform at his right hand.

"And during the entire time that he read he held his book in his left hand while he let his right hand wallow in the ice-water, swirling the ice. Every now and then, when he judged that his hand had become sufficiently cold, I suppose, he would raise it to his forehead. Then back it would go into the water.

"Now this in itself was rather eccentric, but you can, perhaps, imagine the gasp of amazement that went up when, after he had washed his hand in it for a half hour or more, Dunsany poured himself a glass of water from the pitcher and drank it!"

The man whom Mr. Pond loves as no other lecturer he has ever managed is Rabindranath Tagore—Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Knight of Britain, Hindu poet and mystic. The interviewer reports that:

Pond will talk forever of Tagore, and he is always interesting. Tagore—and Pond's tone when he speaks of him is proof—is a man to whom the ermine means nothing at all—a plain man, who is different from many of his fellows only as he finds his happiness in thought. And perhaps his *thoughts* are more beautiful than the thoughts of his more worldly fellows.

"Tagore's first trip to America," said Pond, "was an unparalleled triumph. His second was heart-breaking tragedy.

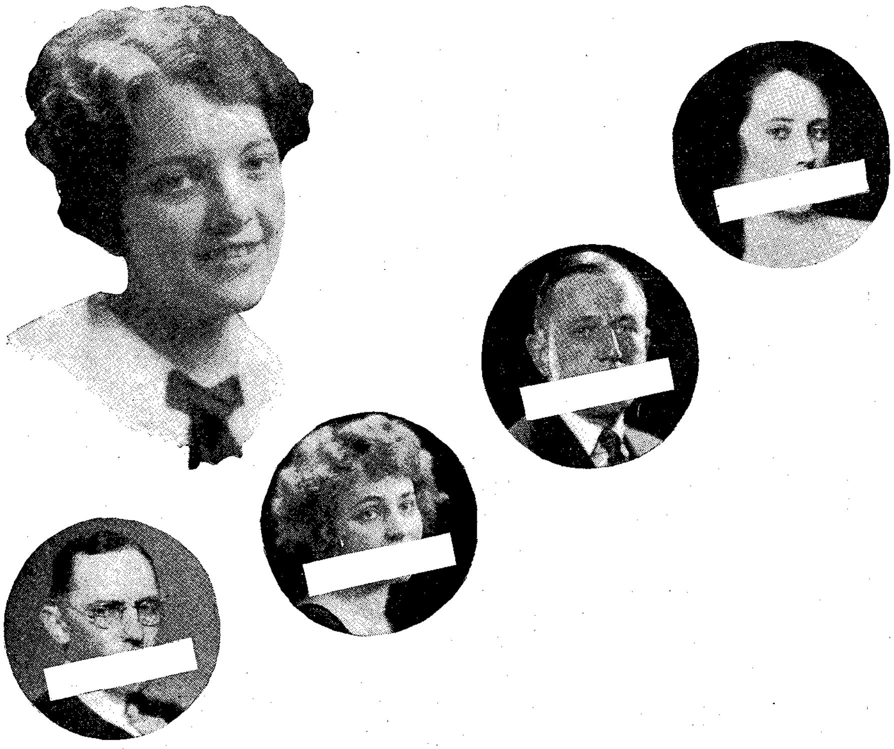
"In 1915, when he came to Boston, he spoke at Tremont Temple. The temple was packed, and police reserves had to be called out to control the crowd in the street. His name was on all tongues. It was Tagore, Tagore, Tagore—everywhere! He was loved, idolized, almost made a god of.

"Tagore hated all this fuss. He saw that the people had raised him onto a pedestal where, in his opinion, he did not belong, and he resented it. Oh, I don't mean that he was angry because the people saw fit to make much of him—not angry at the people! Only he knew himself to be a very plain man who liked to write poetry and to work for world peace. He denied that his poems were religious in any sense. They were not. They were love poems, and intended to be love poems."

"How did he prepare himself for his lecturing?" I asked.

"He went into absolute solitude and quiet for 15 minutes, at least. Tagore had a manner of resting that would be impossible for the ordinary man. He lived in himself, and when he ignored the outside, he was not aware that it existed. For example,

You Can Be The One in Five That Does Not Pay



Watch your teeth—
and care for them

Do you know that four persons out of every five past forty, according to irrefutable dental statistics, and many thousands younger, are afflicted with Pyorrhea?

Has Nature warned you, with tender, bleeding gums, of Pyorrhea's presence or coming?

Can you afford to take chances, to wait, when your teeth and health are menaced and the odds are so overwhelmingly against you?

Go to your dentist for advice. Have him inspect your gums and teeth regularly. Undoubtedly, he will tell you to brush your teeth, twice daily, with Forhan's For the Gums.

Pyorrhea is the foeman of teeth and health alike. When it starts, the gums recede, the teeth loosen or must be extracted.

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It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is used and recommended by the foremost dentists. Buy a tube today. It is pleasant to the taste. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

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FOR THE GUMS
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FORMULA OF
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PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE
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ATWATER KENT

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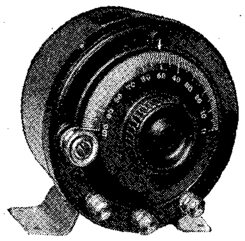

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Front Control

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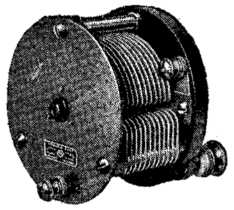
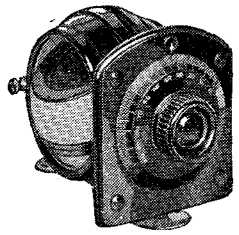
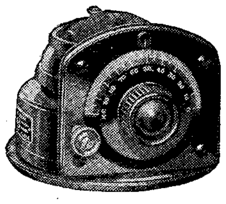


Variable Condenser
Panel Mounting



Mounted Variometer



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It can be had either in complete sets or parts as desired.

Complete sets embrace a variety sufficiently wide to meet the requirements of every user of radio, from the simplest combination to the most complete arrangement of units that has been found practical.

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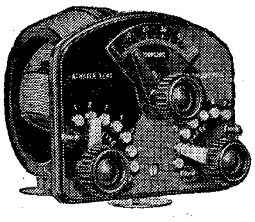
Every ATWATER KENT Radio Instrument represents the accumulated experience of more than 25 years in the design and manufacture of scientific electrical equipment.



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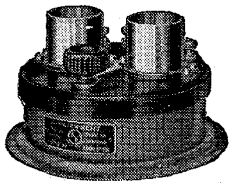

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

you might leave Tagore sitting on a suitcase or a trunk in the very center of the busy South Station for an hour, and I believe he would not hear the trains! The mad world was beyond the ken of Tagore. In the afternoon, when the sun was sinking, we would leave him sitting on a chair on the roof of a hotel, and an hour later we would find him there in motionless meditation."

Pond chuckled. "We stayed at the Copley-Plaza. There was Tagore, his interpreter, a native boy, and myself. We ate in our room.

"Each day, with our meals, we would order a jar of jam—for Tagore liked jam—and rolls. There would be plenty of butter too. Well, jam is fairly expensive, and Tagore never used his jar entirely. It was the same with the rolls and butter. There were always two or three rolls left, and a few pats of butter.

"When the waiter took the dishes away, he would also take what was left of the jam, the butter and the rolls.

"One day Tagore said: 'This is awful waste! Why should we buy jam every day, when we do not use all we buy? And why should we not use these rolls and butter?'

"So after our next meal, we put the excess jam, rolls and butter into a bureau drawer!

"We did this for the rest of our stay. When we left, we forgot to empty the accumulated food from the drawer, and I have often wondered what that chambermaid at the hotel said when she opened that drawer after our departure!"

Mr. Pond told me that Tagore's two chief desires in life were—and still are—to see the achievement of universal peace, and to establish an international university where students of all nations might gather to study the arts.

"On the day of the Harvard-Princeton football game," he said, "we attended the match with Mr. and Mrs. Will Irwin. Now, Irwin's a real sport-lover. He gets excited. He rises to his feet and waves his arms, and yells. And Mrs. Irwin herself makes no attempt to be dignified when the backs go tearing by.

"Well, a moment or two after the game had begun, and when the fight had commenced to get hot, we looked at Tagore, to see how he was taking it.

"Tagore wasn't looking at the game! His chin was lowered against his chest, and his eyes were closed in meditation.

"We spoke to him. His eyes opened. Laughingly we drew his attention to the football field. He glanced down, and then shook his head and closed his eyes again!

"After the game, Mrs. Irwin said to him:

"'Don't you like football, Mr. Tagore?'

"'No,' he said. 'It is not a game. It is war. And every man and woman who watched that game took part in the fight—took part in it, as they could, as much as the men on the field! For every man and woman favored either this side or that, and in spirit they fought for their side. Even you fought in that game, Mrs. Irwin! You wanted one side to win!

"'No, I do not like it. It is war. I want peace.'"

Tagore, Mr. Pond told me, had always been a vegetarian until he came to America. Here, for almost the first time in his life, he ate meat. When Mr. Pond exprest surprize at his deserting his vegetable diet, he explained that he was not a vegetarian for religious reasons, but simply for his health, and that he found that in the invigorating climate of America he needed more sustaining food than vegetables.

"On his next trip to America, in 1920, he was coldly received," said Pond. "During the war those who feared that his popularity in America might lead to sympathy here for the Hindu and the fight for freedom, discredited him everywhere, declaring that he was a pro-German, and that he had treasonable communications with Japan. The accusations were certainly wholly false. Until that time Tagore had been a lover of England, but he changed completely. Knowing the man as I do, the accusations were to me obviously false, for Tagore has never had the slightest interest in politics."

THE NEW YORK GUNMAN "DREST TO KILL"

THE gunmen of New York, as a rule, wear dizzy clothes and are altogether "a carefully corseted crowd." Collectively, they make a big element in the clothing market, "with their satellites, their admirers, and bodyguards of prospective experts with the automatic." So says the expert who writes a weekly column of men's fashions in the New York *News Record*, a journal of the textile trade. Continuing his description of the sartorial glory of the professional killer, the writer relates:

> In the stores where they do most of their buying, they are known as a fastidious crew. They have always done a great deal to put "sausage" clothes on the market. They are the one-button boys who established the cigar-store romance. They are connoisseurs in crimson love affairs. Their means of living vary from plain slaughter for profit to the pastimes of the old cities of the Orient on the sightseer's route.
>
> Regarding apparel, it must be admitted that gunmen know the value of good clothes; clothes that fit snugly. Their emotions let off steam in shirts, neckwear and lingerie the color of a ripe Welsh rarebit. They are frequently the gentlemen who made pale blue silk popular in athletic garments. They like the feeling of broadcloth next to the pelt. Their outergarments are made of the best worsted that the markets afford in subdued shades. It is in furnishings that they love to roll and tumble around with color.
>
> Try to get the perspective of a clothier who deals with this stratum of society and he will say that "style" is the element his patrons demand. By this he means that their silhouettes must be emphasized, that lines must fall away snugly. There are stores in New York that exist on the business brought to their doors by gang leaders, drug-runners, and the motley army whose business hours are from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M.
>
> Ordinarily, the man who collects his living from the world with a cartridge clip is more suave than crude in manners and apparel. He is a business man in his way, as has been frequently demonstrated. There are grades of nightworkers, just as there are grades of business and professional people. The upper circles set the speed in fashions for the lower.
>
> As a rule these overactive young men, with a kink in their brains, like Broadway labels and so-called Broadway styles. Unconsciously they are the arbiters who set the pace to a great extent for the village squires of the nation.

Third Down—
Two Yards to Gain!

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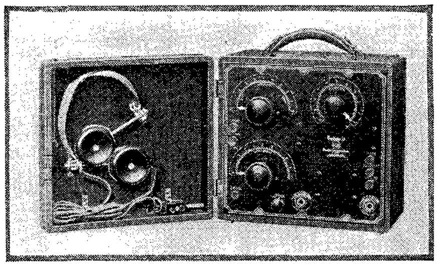
It must be a Radiola. Look for the mark. When the "bunch" comes round to get the scores—you know your set will work. When the club holds open meeting, and the club room's filled—you can count upon it—always. When the big news is coming over—or an opera—a Broadway play—important stock reports—the set with the Radiola name and the RCA mark is always at the peak of performance.

Whether it's a one-tube Radiola, or the stately four-tube Radiola Grand, the name with the backing of the greatest research laboratories in the world stands for quality in every point of make, finish and performance.



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One of the most popular of Radiolas, because it's portable. At home, its fine walnut finish makes it mighty attractive. With all its batteries inside, its handle, and its convenient size, it can be carried everywhere, on trips and visits. With even an improvised antenna, it will pick up good big distances—clearly. And over short distances, it will operate a loudspeaker.

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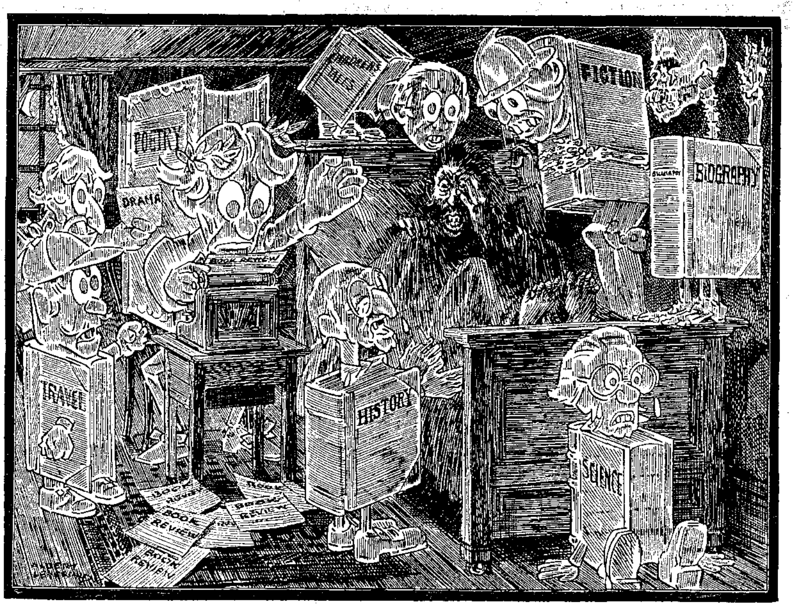
PICKING LEADERS IN THIS FALL'S BOOK-AVALANCHE

THE AVALANCHE ARRIVED with the unexpectedness characteristic of avalanches, even tho the reading public has grown to expect something of the sort about this time every year. With a score of publishers feeding thousands of manuscripts into hundreds of printing-presses all summer, something simply has to happen about the time when the fall publishing season opens. A literary critic, Percy A. Hutchison by name, relates that the cataclysm struck him one evening while he was spending a week-end with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gentle Reader, at the Swiss chalet, which they had erected on the side of their American mountain. It came with a terrific roar, he writes, in the introduction of the leading article in the current *Literary Digest International Book Review:*

> The house seemed to sway. I had the feeling that it was moving. It *did* move! The lights were dashed out. Then, as I was hurled from my chair as something large and heavy hit behind the ears, I heard my host give a feeble scream. The walls crashed in, and I was buried under the débris. I felt that I was about to die, but I was blissfully resigned, as I remembered all the good deeds I had done during my life. Then somewhere a little glow of light appeared, and presently I realized that it was an electric torch in the hands of Mr. Gentle Reader. I came to the conclusion that I was not going to die after all. Then, as my host crawled a little nearer to me over the shattered walls of the chalet and the heaps of what I had taken to be débris, I saw what it was that had engulfed us—books!
>
> "I did not know," I found myself saying feebly, "I did not guess that there were so many books in the world."



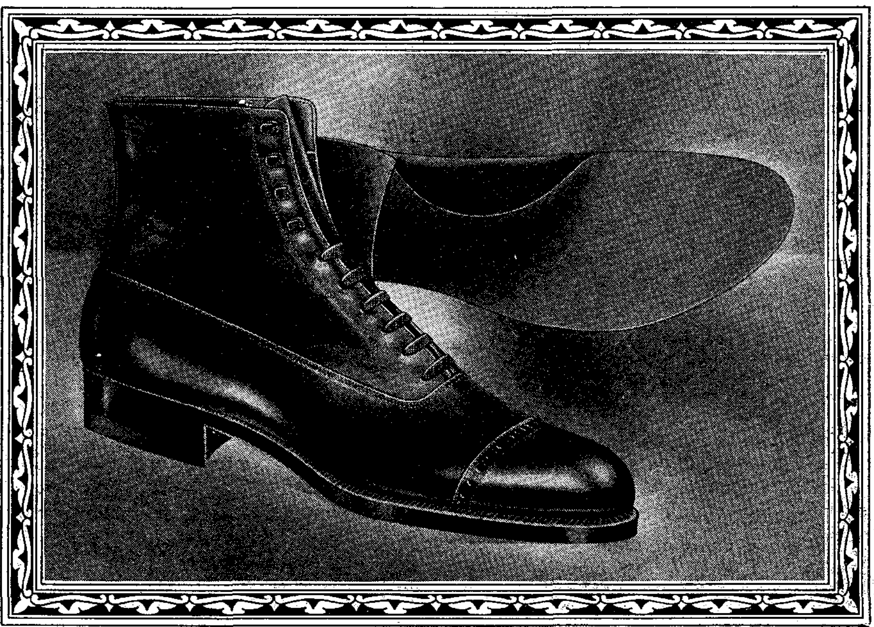
A DREAM OF THE HARASSED BOOK REVIEWER

—Albert Levering in *The International Book Review.*

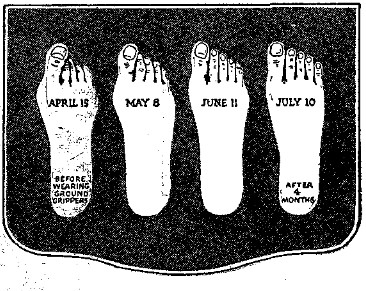
Mr. and Mrs. Gentle Reader and their guest struggled out, and found some compensation for the shock they had undergone in the titles and contents of several, at least, of the books that constituted the avalanche. They began sorting them out, when, as Mr. Hutchison records:

> The first name on a book to catch my eye was that of Mrs. Edith Wharton, and I quoted, "And lo, Abou Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."
>
> "Don't mix genders!" Mrs. Gentle Reader admonished. "Of course 'A Son at the Front' is this autumn's, probably this year's, outstanding book of American fiction, but that's no reason for confusing misters and misseses."
>
> "My error," I admitted. "But here comes John Galsworthy. May I call him Abou Ben? 'Captures,' which appears to be a volume of short stories, looks as if it might at least be among the leaders."
>
> "It's bound to be!" interjected Mr. Gentle Reader. "In my opinion, Galsworthy is the greatest artist writing in England to-day, and the book is sure to be good. The author of 'Justice' and 'The Forsyte Saga' couldn't do poor work if he tried."
>
> But it was evident that we were lingering too long. If we were ever to get the books sorted—a lick and a promise—that is to say, a glance at the title and the name of the author, with perhaps an occasional glance at what the publisher had to say of his protégé's work, would be the most we could give.
>
> Jackson Gregory was the first author to come to hand as we turned, somewhat reluctantly, perhaps, but, nevertheless, resolutely, back to our task. Gregory, it will be remembered, is one of those fellows who write of action and "the wide open spaces," and his new story, "Timber Wolf," we found warranted by his publishers not to disappoint. Next, truly American in its depiction of life—another Middle West study—came "The Hope of Happiness," by Meredith Nicholson. And then, by Woodward Boyd, who, by the way, is a young woman, "Lazy Laughter," a character study, combined with satire. Just then, however, our work was interrupted by a low "Woof! Woof!"
>
> "I believe it's a dog!" exclaimed Mrs. Gentle Reader.
>
> And a dog it was, altho we could not guess how he got in, until we found that he was keeping very close to our boy friend "Jeremy," to whom Hugh Walpole introduced us some time back. The dog's name proved to be "Hamlet," and we could quite believe the information that if we were to read "Jeremy and Hamlet" we should find the latter to be quite unlike any other dog.
>
> Close on the heels of Walpole—this running yarn about the chalet and the avalanche had become a little mixed—followed Frank Swinnerton, with a new book he calls "Young Felix," Ralph Connor with "The Gaspards of Pine Croft," and Christopher Morley with "Pandora Lifts the Lid," which, with a combination of fashionable young ladies and a radical professor, ought to prove lively, if nothing more. We have always wondered if the Centaur had a wife, and, under the title of "The Wife of the Centaur," Cyril Hume guarantees to enlighten us. "Jennifer Lorn," by Elinor Wylie; Harold Waldo's "The Magic Midland" and, for sheer reading pleasure, "American Nights Entertainment," are also recommended by the publisher of these authors, who also has on his list Arnold Bennett's latest novel, "Riceyman Steps," said not to be the least from the pen of the creator of "Denry the Audacious" and "Clayhanger."
>
> "Well, well, what's this?" The exclamation, says Mr. Hutchison, came from Mrs. Gentle Reader, who was holding up a book with a check attached. Her husband caught sight of the check and was much stimulated thereby:
>
> "That will help pay next winter's coal bill," he cried. But Mrs. Gentle Reader, with that finer feeling for honesty which is common to her sex, snatched it away.
>
> "It's made out to Margaret Wilson," she proclaimed, after examination. "And it's the $2,000 prize in Harper's Prize Novel Contest. "And a letter that's pinned to it says that Miss Wilson got the award for her novel 'The Able McLaughlins.'"
>
> "Then that's that," sighed Mr. Gentle Reader, as he rejoined me in attacking the book-pile.
>
> Our next find was Fannie Hurst's "Lummox." Then came "Jo Ellen," by Alexander Black; "The Happy Isles," by Basil King; "Red Blood," from the pen of Harold H. Armstrong; "Bunk," which W. E. Woodward's publishers assured us would be very funny: and then—lo, a sensation—a thick volume of O. Henry "Postscripts."
>
> "We'll all want to read that!" exclaimed the woman of our rescue party—a little sentimentally, as I thought.
>
> "And we'll probably want to read 'J. Hardin & Son,' by Brand Whitlock," said her husband.
>
> "And Melville Davisson Post's 'Monsieur Jonquelle, Prefect of Police of Paris,'" I put in, for I have an especial liking for mystery stories when they are well done. But again it was obvious we should never get the place cleared unless we could stop gabbing and content ourselves with merely noting the books as they came.
>
> "Here goes for a big batch!" I shouted. "Their foster-fathers, the publishers, have tagged each with the red tag of merit, and if we are leading readers astray the sin is not on our heads."
>
> "The Mine with the Iron Door," by Harold Bell Wright, was the first book that came to hand. Then "Nowhere Else in the World," by Jay William Hudson; "Dr. Nye," by that inveterate Cape Codder, Joseph Lincoln; "North of 36," by Emerson

YES-we men are mighty proud of our Feet



—until we *take off our Shoes* and read the sorry story of *incompetence* written there in harsh language of maltreated flesh and bone!



And this plain-speaking advertisement is directed mainly to you who, as yet, have not *felt* the danger lurking in misshapen underpinnings,—

Because your brothers whose FEET HURT need no urging to welcome relief. And the rest already wear GROUND-GRIPPERS.

BELIEVE it or not, but your feet connect as closely with your health, ability and earning power as your head or hands or digestive organs do. *How?* As a business man, you know that SYNCHRONIZATION is the base-root of efficiency in every organization. Continued constriction or irritation at any one point of action immediately slows down, gradually weakens, and eventually wrecks operation at *every other point*. And it's the same with the *human body*. For example—keep an unyielding band clamped around your temples, or your open hands strapped to stiff boards, or a cord tied tightly about your midriff, *and note how quickly the rest of you goes on sympathetic strike*—even though the mistreated parts themselves are slow to complain.

That's the peculiar—*and dangerous*—thing about FEET. *They're too patient!*—Too frequently they let stiff, unnaturally constructed shoes seem "comfortable" when really doing great harm. Too frequently they let men grow *subconsciously accustomed* to unyielding shoe pressure and foot pains and to accept them as matter-of-course.

BUT dreaded "flat foot" lurks behind these subtle danger-signals;—and all the while imprisoned bones, weakened muscles, friction and interference with circulation of blood to brain and body-organs, are exacting a penalty far graver even than *foot troubles*. Nerves and digestion begin to play tricks. Come frequent headaches. And was that a twinge of *rheumatism* or *sciatica* or *lumbago?* Somehow the day's emergencies are not met with the usual vigorous *snap*. There's something dragging somewhere! *Like trying to run a motor in "high" with brakes set!* Yes, Sir—it's SERIOUS BUSINESS;—a problem reaching to your *vitals!* But don't make the mistake of believing that this problem can be solved merely by wearing broad-toed, comfortable LOOKING shoes. It never is completely solved until you've *scientifically* brought misshapen bones back to normal position, eliminated strain on muscles of *legs* and *back* as well as feet, relieved nerve-pressure, and set the good red blood coursing *unrestrictedly* from head to toe;—*by wearing GROUND-GRIPPERS—the ORIGINAL Flexible-Arch, Muscle-developing, Health Shoes.*

THEIR patented straight-inside-line construction and soothing, strengthening, FLEXING action refresh and actually *stimulate* you to stand up and step out easily—joyously—with the spirit of YOUTH in your feet. They're *wonderful* shoes. You can buy them at any of the stores listed below, and from thousands of other authorized agents—everywhere.

[*Because all so-called "Flexible Arch" Shoes may LOOK much alike—cheap, inferior products are often substituted for GROUND-GRIPPERS. Avoid these imitations. Always demand the ORIGINAL and GENUINE—made by the largest exclusive manufacturers of Health Shoes in the world. No shoes ever had finer leathers or workmanship put into them. No shoes ever fitted the whole foot more perfectly or held higher record for benefiting the entire body from the ground up. They have pleasing STYLE, too. INTELLIGENT Style!*]

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Hough; George Gibbs's "Fires of Ambition"; for novelties, a novel in verse by Wilfrid Blair entitled "The Life and Death of Mrs. Tidmus," and a novel by the poetess Margaret Widdemer called "Graven Image"; "Marching On," by Ray Strachey; Edith Summers Kelley's "Weeds"; "Arlie Gelstone," by Roger F. Sergel, a new author; for translation, Iury Libedinsky's Russian story, "A Week," translated by Arthur Ransome; Romain Rolland's "The Montespan," done into English by Helene de Kay; and "The Marriage of Yussuf Khan" and "The Emperor's Old Clothes," rendered out of the Swedish of "Frank Heller," by Robert Emmons Lee; "Uncanny Stories," by May Sinclair; James Stephens's "Deirdre"; "My Lady Fair," from the pen of Louis Hemon, being a collection of short stories; "The Maragatan Sphinx," by Concha Espina, the translation having been made by Frances Doublas: "The—"

But I was interrupted by a shout of joy from my host.

"It's old Joe Conrad!" he cried, dancing about in great excitement.

"What's 'Old Joe Conrad'?" I asked.

"'The Rover,' of course! There is no one else to match Joseph Conrad in a sea-tale."

"And very few to match him at anything else," I put in. "And there is a new complete edition of him, too. The 'Concord' Edition. But here are some more sea-yarns," I added, as two books came to light. "Peter B. Kyne is mighty good, you know. Here he is with the tale of a 'Frisco business man and a South Sea Queen; the title is 'Never the Twain Shall Meet,' and it ought to be a corker. And this, by that old sailorman, Bill Adams, with the alluring title 'Fenceless Meadows,' smells of the salt."

Probably we should have dropt all work then and there, for I am a bug when it comes to anything about the sea, had not a scream of joy from Mrs. Gentle Reader called us back to the land, even more accurately, to the landslide.

"Jolly Harry Wilson!" she cried. "See, he's back!"

"Not Harry Leon Wilson?" her husband queried.

"Sure." (Mrs. Gentle Reader, I am sorry to say, talks slang.) "The story is called 'Oh, Doctor!'"

"It doesn't matter what the story is called," her husband broke in rudely. "The author is sufficient guaranty that we are provided with laughs for the winter, whatever the condition of the coal-bin, so let's get back to work!"

"Here is a tale of the North," Mr. Hutchison put in, and went on:

"It is James Oliver Curwood's 'The Alaskan,' and he himself warns us that it has a great dramatic climax." And then, in rapid succession, I pulled out "Butterfly," by Kathleen Norris; Julian Street's "Cross Sections"; "Rufus," by Grace S. Richmond; "The White Flag," from the desk of Gene Stratton-Porter; Ellen Glasgow's "The Shadowy Third"; a three-volume edition of Stewart Edward White—"The Story of California," "The Gray Dawn" and "The Rose Dawn"; a novel for music-lovers, "Patuffa," by Beatrice Harraden; "The Soul of Kol Nikon," a whimsical, poetic love-story by Eleanor Farjeon;

L. M. Montgomery's "Emily of the New Moon"; "The Exile of the Lariat," from the pen—more probably, the typewriter—of Honoré Willsie; a romance of the rice-lands entitled "Come Home," by Stella G. S. Perry; "The Story of Mrs. Tubbs," by Hugh Lofting; "His Mortgaged Wife," by Bonnie Melbourne Busch; Tate W. Peek's "Blind Brothers"; Victor Rubin's "Tar and Feathers"; "Janse Douw's Descendants," written by Ida F. Humphreys; "Ananias' Daughter," by Alice Garden—

"Quick, some water!" There was a cry of anguish from Mr. Gentle Reader, and turning swiftly I saw the cause. Mrs. Gentle Reader had fainted. I was all but fainting myself, but it was no time to give way. There was not a drop of water in the house—the avalanche had filled the well—and something had to be done. This title and the name of the author on the cover of the book caught my eye. "Here, this will bring her to!" I shouted. "It will be better than water or smelling-salts."

"What is it?" There was almost a moan in the voice of Mr. Gentle Reader.

"*Who* is it, you mean," I answered. "It is Gelett Burgess. And the title of the story is 'Ain't Angie Awful!' Listen to this from the 'blurb'—

> 'Angie's experiences are varied in daring and boldness. They lead her from behind the hardware counter of the Six Cent Store to the Peanivorous Rit and the Fascinating Face. For impure spice the adventure of the Pink Pantaloons is simply gorging—"

but it was unnecessary to proceed, for Mrs. Gentle Reader had come out of her swoon with a bang.

"Dearest," she entreated, turning to her husband. "Promise me you won't open it?"

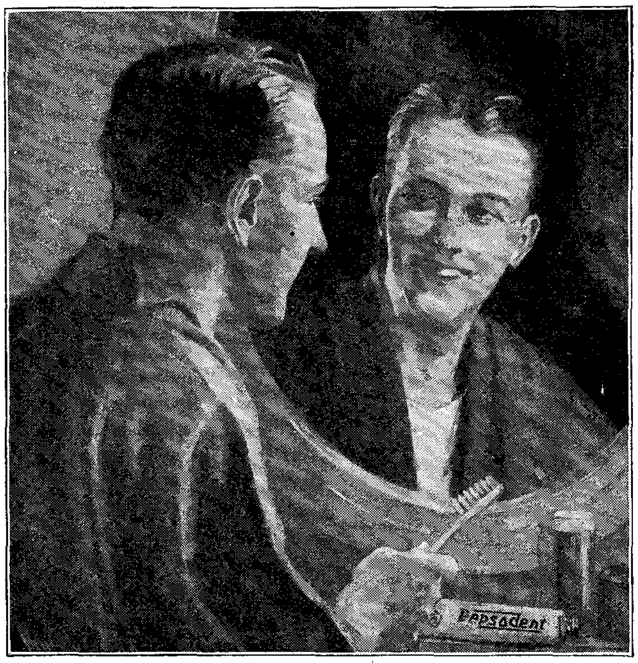
I did not hear his answer, for he was wildly pulling at the still enormous stack of "Autumn Offerings" with which we had been inundated. His first haul—we were not yet through with fiction—was "Luther Nichols," by Mary S. Watts; E. M. Delafield's "Reversion to Type" followed next; then "Labyrinth," by Helen Hull; "The Middle Passage," by Daniel Chase, and "Fantastica," by Robert Nichols. Meantime I myself had pulled out a goodly lot of novels, among them "Deep Channel," by Margaret Prescott Montague, and the novel, "Fan: The Story of a Young Girl's Life," written by the late W. H. Hudson, and published thirty years ago, over the pseudonym "Henry Harford." Others were Charles G. Norris's very edible story, "Bread"; "The Temptress," by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez: Sheila Kaye-Smith's "The End of the House of Alard"; Leonard Merrick's "The Man Who Was Good"; and Luigi Pirandello's quaint tale, "The Late Mattia Pascal," translated by Dr. Arthur Livingston. Still other volumes were Louis Joseph Vance's "The Lone Wolf Returns"; "The Cinder Buggy," by Garet Garret; George Barr McCutcheon's "Oliver October;" "Anthony Dare," by Archibald Marshall; "The Dancing Star," from the workshop of Bertha Ruck; and "The Garden of God," by H. de Vere Stacpoole.

"Why, here's Hall Caine again!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Gentle Reader. "What a sensation he made once! And to think that we had forgotten that he writes 'Sir' before his name now! What's the title? 'The Woman of Knockaloe.'"

"We'll have to read him for the sake of old times," put in her husband.

"And we must read Anzia Yezierska's immigrant stories, 'Children of Loneliness,' too," I said.

The next book happened to be another



For Men, Also

Those whiter, cleaner teeth which women now display

Do you realize how many whiter, prettier teeth you meet with nowadays? And how much they add to beauty with the women whom you meet?

The reason lies in a new way of teeth cleaning which millions now employ. It is used by careful people of some 50 nations now, largely by dental advice.

It means far more than glistening teeth. Every man will use it when he once sees its effects, and this free test will reveal them.

Combat that film

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great enemy. It clings and stays. Unless removed, it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. That's why teeth look stained or cloudy.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That is a trouble which very few escape.

Germs breed by millions in film. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. So one great dental problem in late years has been to fight that film.

Two new-day methods

Dental science, after long research, has found two effective methods. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. That new tooth paste has brought to millions of people in every clime a new dental era.

Research also proved two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. Those are Nature's protectors against starch deposits and the acids which they may form. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold power.

These combined results bring to every user a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

How smoke stains

Men who smoke find that teeth particularly discolor. The smoke stains lodge in film. The way to prevent this is to fight those film-coats as they form.

This test will forever convince you. The results are too conspicuous, too pleasing to dispute.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film coats disappear.

Then you will know why all in your home should use this new-day method. Cut out coupon now.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

novel by Romain Rolland, "Annette and Sylvie." Under it was Stephen Vincent Benet's new story "Jean Huguenot." The other titles as I read them off, were: "Different Gods," by Violet Quirk; a sheaf of short tales by Donn Byrne—"Changeling: and Other Stories"; "Fombombo," by T. S. Stribling; a tale of the North, called "The Trail of the Elk," by M. Fönhus; a novel of revolutionary times, "White Fire," by Mary Constance Du Bois; "Nameless River," by Vingie E. Roe; "Barby," by Henry M. Rideout; "Fay," by Edwin Baird; a story by Hughes Mearns, entitled "I Ride in my Coach"; "The Sable Cloud," by Harriet V. C. Ogden; "Cat O'Mountain," by Arthur O. Friel; and "The Mould," by Grace Kellogg Griffith. Meantime, for warranted thrillers my host had picked up "The Girl from Hollywood," by Edgar Rice Borroughs; a tale of desert love, "Zarah the Cruel," by Joan Conquest; and "The Secret Tomb," by Maurice LeBlanc.

Something jumped suddenly, or else it was my illusion that something suddenly jumped from out the corner.

"What's that?" I called.

"It must be D. H. Lawrence's new novel 'Kangaroo,'" said my host with a sigh. "Didn't you know that the Irrepressible has broken out again? And not only with one book, but with four?"

"Then I suppose that Dr. Collins will add a supplement to his 'The Doctor Looks at Literature,'" I commented. "The Doctor resents any novelist's trespassing on the domain of the alienist, and Lawrence does a good deal of trespassing."

"So did Shakespeare," returned my host. "And I suppose the Elizabethan medicos roasted him to a turn."

But I had been examining the Lawrence books and found that Dr. Collins would not have so much work to do as we feared, for, besides the novel mentioned, one was a reissue of his "Sons and Lovers," one a translation of Giovanni Verga's "Maestro-Don Gesualdo," and the last a volume of poetry entitled "Birds, Beasts and Flowers."

The next novel to come to hand was Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour's "The Hopeful Journey." Then came the first of Gilbert Cannan's new post-war series of novels, "Sembal"; "Beggar's Banquet," by G. St. John-Loe; Arthur Schnitzler's "Dr. Graesler," translated by Eden and Cedar Paul; "A Lost Lady," by Willa Cather; Floyd Dell's "Janet March"; and, for another translation, "The Bachelor Girl," being an English rendering of Victor Margueritte's "La Garçonne"; "Heart's Blood," by Ethel M. Kelley; "The Lengthened Shadow," by William J. Locke; Dorothy Canfield's "Raw Material"; "Sarah of the Sahara," a most important book (one that should, probably, be classified with science) from the pen of Dr. Walter E. Traprock, whose "Cruise of the Kawa" established his fame as an explorer; Heywood Broun's "The Sun Field"; "Tetherstone," by Ethel M. Dell; and "Love's Pilgrim," by J. D. Beresford.

They found a dozen volumes of short stories, and some mystery fiction, records the writer; and then—

All at once a strange noise smote on our ears. It seemed like the thudding of hoofs accompanied by the beat of heavy wings.

"That is just what it is," answered Mr. Gentle Reader, when I called to him to harken. "The thud of hoofs and the beat of wings. It's Pegasus. And the poets are riding him hard."

"They always do ride him hard," I murmured. "Especially nowadays, since the publishers have found that poetry can at least pay for itself, even if it doesn't always buy shoes for the poet's baby."

"Yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Gentle Reader. "And isn't it fine, this revival of interest in poetry! So many of the poets are women, too!"

"They seem to be," I answered. "At least, here's Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay with all her assembled verses. She calls the volume 'The Harp Weaver and Other Poems.' You remember that Miss Millay took the Pulitzer Prize in Verse for 1922."

But her husband was not going to leave the field to his wife.

"How about Robert Frost?" he cried exultingly. "It's a long poem called 'New Hampshire.' It is seven years since Robert Frost issued a volume of poetry. And the long poem is embellished with lyrics, 'Notes,' as the author calls them, and 'Grace Notes.'"

"Also, there's Louis Untermeyer," I chimed in, feeling that Mrs. Gentle Reader might marshal more of her sex in the end. "It seems to be a collection of modern homemade verse. The title is 'American Poetry since 1900.' And J. C. Squire, the English critic and editor of *The London Mercury*, seems likewise to have become interested in the produce of the United States," I added. He names his book 'Anthology of American Verse.'"

"And speaking of Englishmen," put in Mr. Gentle Reader, "the publishers are also giving us the 'Collected Poems' of W. H. Davies."

"Very pretty and truthful lyric poetry it is," I said. "And for lyric verse of gentler mood here is 'The Light Guitar,' by Arthur Guitermann."

"Don't forget that you have there 'The Poems of Alice Meynell,'" called Mrs. Gentle Reader. "They are the best this year."

"And some of them among the best of all the years," added her husband. A sentiment in which I was only too glad to concur.

The poets were not so numerous as the fiction writers, but there was still a considerable pile to be cleared away, and I thought that we ought to hurry on, so I jogged my host's elbow.

There was a new narrative-dramatic poem by Alice Brown, the title being "Ellen Prior"; Fannie Stearns Davis had a volume called "The Ancient Beautiful Things"; by Josephine Daskam Bacon, "Truth o' Women"; "Verse of our Day," an anthology of British and American poetry, compiled by Margery Gordon and Marie B. King, with an introduction by Charles Hanson Towne; "Songs for Men," by James Stuart Montgomery; "A Book of Love," translated by Witter Bynner from the French of Charles Vildrac; "Parson's Pleasure," by Christopher Morley, and a reissue of Laurence Hope's "India's Love Lyrics," with eight full color plates by Byam Shaw; "Japanese Poetry," a translation of over 200 poems, with historical settings, by Professor Curtis Hidden Page; "Cups of Illusion," by Henry Bellamann; "The Pilgrimage of Festus," by Conrad Akin; "In Exile," by John Cournos, and Maxwell Bodenheim's "Against This Age."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Gentle Reader, "now that we are finished with poetry, we should add to it drama."

To this both her husband and I assented,

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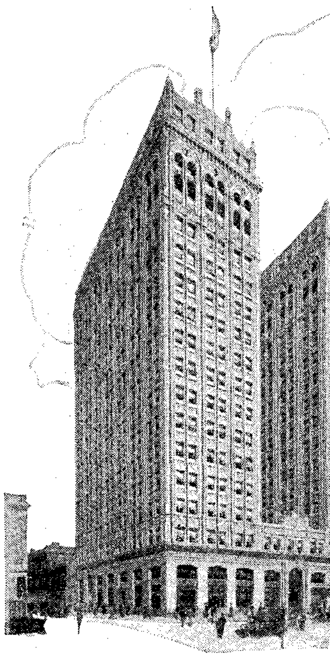

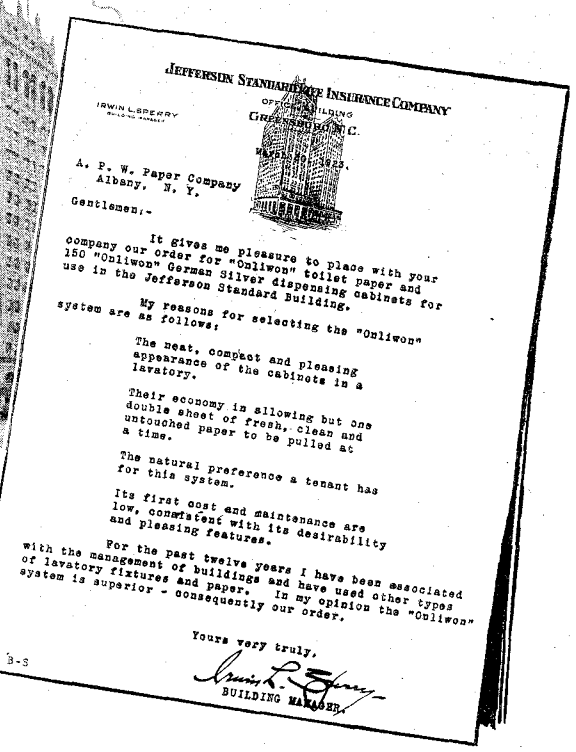

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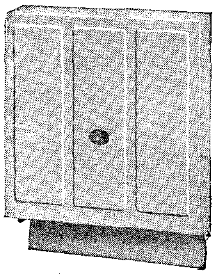

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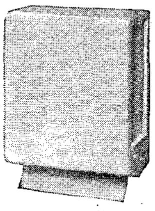

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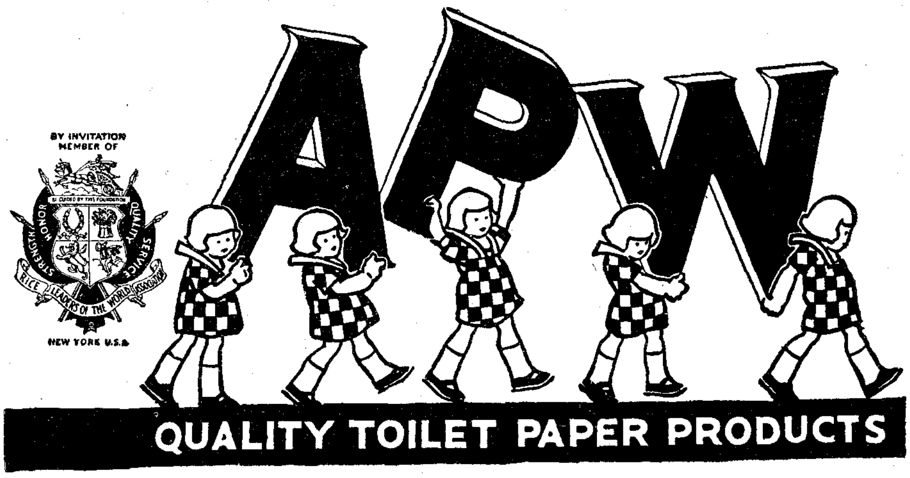

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

especially as the book that first came to hand was John Masefield's poetic drama, "A King's Daughter." This new play by the English poet who is, probably, more widely read in this country than any of his contemporaries, proved to be a dramatization in three acts of the Biblical story of Jezebel and the tragedy she wrought through her treatment of Naboth.

The next find was a play by Clemence Dale, whose dramas, "Will Shakespeare" and "A Bill of Divorcement," were recently to be seen on the New York stage. The new play, which is said to have all the merits of these two, bore the title "The Way Things Happen." While I was looking over Dale's product, Mr. Gentle Reader extricated a comedy by Owen Wister, the tantalizing title of which read "Watch Your Thirst." As I was afraid this rubric might provoke Mr. Gentle Reader either to crack an untimely jest or to utter a mournful wail, I thought it wise to mention that Louis Evan Shipman, editor of *Life*, was bringing out a trio of plays under the simple label "Three Comedies." The plays, all of which have been produced on the professional stage, and for which Percy MacKaye has written an introduction, are: "On Parole," "The Fountain of Youth" and "Fools Errant."

"And here are two comedies by Arnold Bennett," Mrs. Gentle Reader called out. "One is 'Don Juan de Marana' and the other 'Body and Soul.' I wonder if either will be played here this winter?"

"That's a question I can't answer," replied her husband. "But here is a play in which Laurette Taylor starred last season, 'The National Anthem,' by J. Hartley Manners. And here also is the second part of 'The Beggar's Opera,' by John Gay. The second part is called 'Polly.'"

"But don't overlook this one," I said. "It's by Stephen Leacock. It is called 'Over the Footlights,' and it is going to take you right back to the 'good old days,' and then some more. Listen to the titles of Leacock's 'plays.' 'Cast up by the Sea, a Sea Coast Melodrama,' as thrown up for thirty cents (period 1880); 'The Soul Call, an Up-To-Date Piffle Play' (period 1923); 'Dead Men's Gold, a Film of the Great Nevada Desert, in which Red-Blooded, Able-Bodied Men and Women live and love among the cactus'; 'The Sub-Contractor,' an Ibsen play done out of the original Swedish with an ax."

"Man can not live by plays alone," put in Mr. Gentle Reader sententiously, and, as I thought, a little sourly, for I am afraid that my friend is in some respects a little old-fashioned.

I admitted as much. But then I added, "neither can he live by fiction, nor on the nightingales' tongues of the poets." Judging from the heap still before us there were plenty of books there with "meat" in them. And what was that figure that seemed to be stalking yonder with a casque on its head, and a spear? Was it History?

"It *is* History," said Mrs. Gentle Reader, holding up her torch. "And hark! What is that feeble voice crying to be heard? It must be Science."

"Let's take up travel first," I suggested. "And here is an especially good book with which to start our collection, for it is written much in the manner of a story. The title is 'Tales of Travel,' and it is by Marquess Curzon, England's Foreign Secretary and Leader of the House of Lords.

The former Viceroy of India was always a great traveler. Much of the book has to do with the East."

"And here are two nearer home," said Mrs. Gentle Reader, as she glanced at the titles. "'Seeing the Middle West,' by John T. Faris, and 'Richmond, Its People and Its Story,' by Mary Stuart Stanard."

"How about circumnavigating the globe with Lord Northcliffe?" I asked. "Here is the diary kept by the late Alfred, Viscount Northcliffe, during his journey around the world in 1921–1922. It seems to be largely a book of opinions rather than a travel book in the usual sense of the word, altho it is simply called 'My Journey Round the World.' It is edited by Cecil and St. John Harmsworth."

"And also around the world went Mr. A. Y. Gowen, but he didn't travel like no bloomin' lord!" This was from Mr. Gentle Reader. "With his wife and eight men he did his circumnavigating in a motor yacht—the *Speejacks.* And one of the eight, Dale Collins, kept the log, which he calls 'Sea-tracks of the *Speejacks* Round the World.'"

"I know which you'll read," interjected Mrs. Gentle Reader. "You'll read both."

"Then he had better add the two new volumes of 'World Travels,' by Frank G. Carpenter, Litt.D., F.R.G.S. They are 'Java and the East Indies' and 'France to Scandinavia,'" said I. "And as a companion volume to 'Richmond,' or as antithetical to it, perhaps, here is 'Washington and Its Romance,' by Thomas Nelson Page; he might like that, too. And here is one for Mrs. Gentle Reader—if it can be called a travel book. The title is 'Adventures in My Garden and Rock Garden,' by Louise Beebe Wilder."

"If that is a travel book, then I suppose that Sir Philip Gibbs's 'Adventures in Journalism' is one also?" queried Mr. Gentle Reader, with a little more of sarcasm in his voice than the occasion seemed to me to demand.

"I never took a librarian's diploma," I answered meekly. "We'll compromise by sticking to our categories now and by adding a pile to be called 'Miscellaneous' later on." This seemed to suit everybody, and we went back to culling the books that seemed to do strictly with journeyings.

The first book to be drawn out of the lottery was "The Colorado River, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," and as it was by Lewis R. Freeman, and not by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, it provoked the remark from Mr. Gentle Reader that he did not see how the writer could vision the river's future. Next came "The Diary of Captain Scott," Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R.N. It was really a reissue of the record of the intrepid explorer who lost his life on his dash for the South Pole, but the original edition has long been out of print. As a companion volume to Scott's we found "Shackleton's Last Voyage," by Frank Wilde, C.B.E.

After this one or another of us pulled out, in rapid succession, "We Explore the Great Lakes," by Webb Waldron; "Beautiful America," by Vernon Quinn, richly illustrated; "The Conquest of Cornwall," by Robert C. Benchley; "The Eight Paradises," being travel pictures of the eight cities of Islam which possess the "gardens watered by living streams," the book by Princess G. V. Bibesco; "Among Pygmies and Gorillas," by Prince William of Sweden; "Siren Land" (Greece and Italy) by Norman Douglas; "The Assault on Mount Everest," by Brigadier-General the Hon. C. G. Bruce; and a volume of travel

If you had to make your own map

JUST suppose, for a moment, that there weren't any maps; and that all you knew about the world, you had to discover yourself. You would have to follow each road to find where it leads, trace the course of each stream, climb each mountain to see what lies on the other side.

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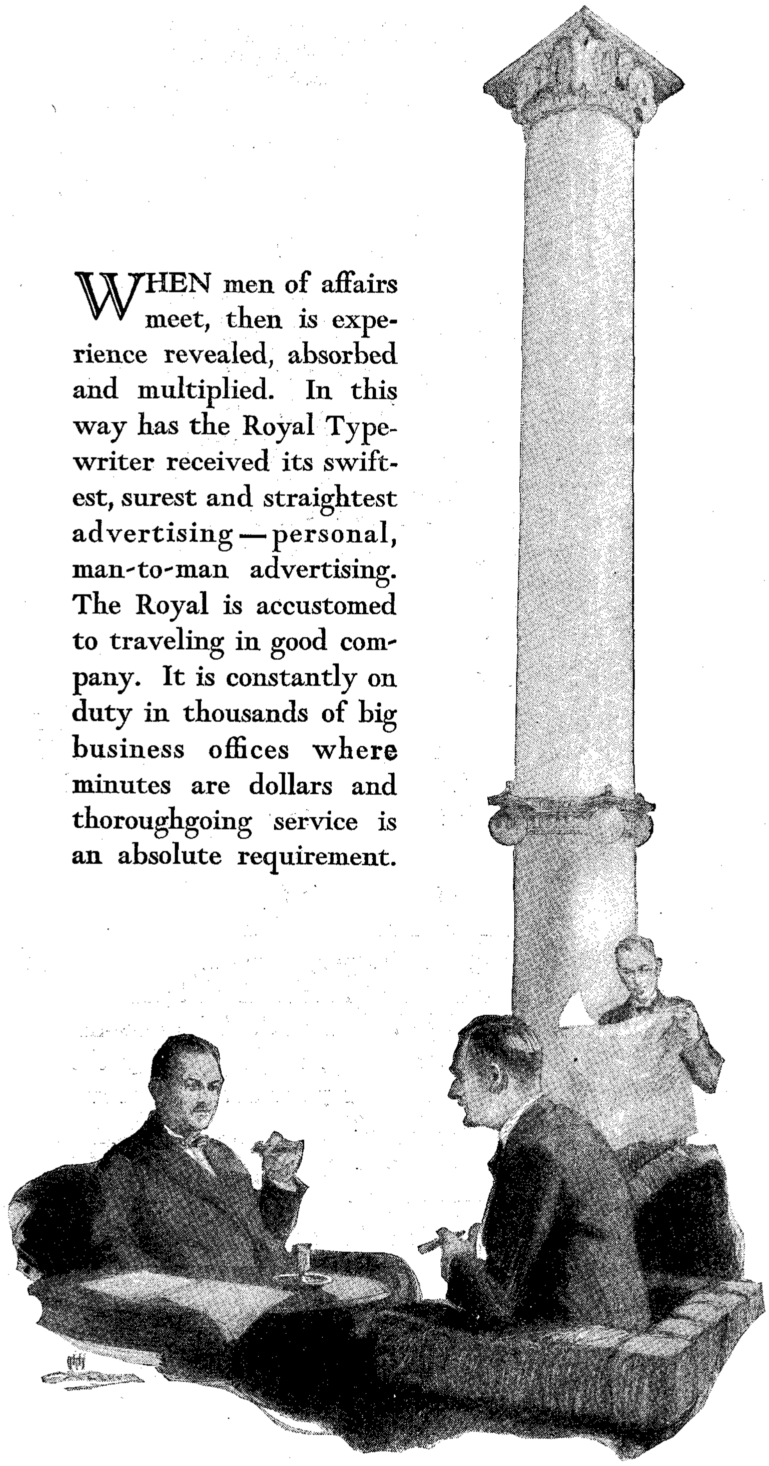

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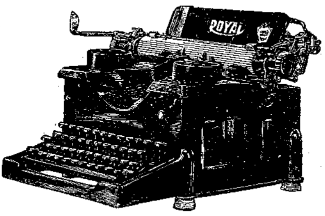


PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

reminiscences by Mary Roberts Rinehart, entitled "The Out Trail."

A reissue of unusual value was "Travels in Arabia Deserta," that extraordinary book by Charles M. Doughty which appeared in England a few years ago; "Finding the Worth While in the Orient," by Lucian Swift Kirtland; "Contrasts," by Hilaire Belloc, based on his recent visit to this country; "The Lure of Old Paris," by C. H. Crichton; "Lands of the Thunderbolt," by the Earl of Ronaldshay, Governor of the Province of Bengal; "Through Algeria and Tunis on a Motor Bicycle," by Lady Warren; "The Spell of Provence," by André Hallays, translated by Frank Roy Fraprie; and "The Spell of Norway," by Will S. Monroe; "Galapagos, World's End," by William Beebe; and "Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan," by Rockwell Kent.

"We'll take biography next," announced Mr. Gentle Reader when our collection of travel books had been made.

"Shall we begin at home or abroad?" I asked. And, without waiting for the question to be answered, I pulled out the first volume that came to hand. The title read, "The Emperor Nicholas II as I Knew Him," by Major-General Sir John Hanbury Williams, K.C.B., who was chief of the British Ministry in Russia, 1914–1917. The next book, perhaps more a volume of reminiscences than actual biography, since it was of many persons in many parts of the world, Tolstoy, for instance, and William Morris and Stepniak, was by James Mavor. The author called the book "My Window on the Street of the World." The third book brought us back to Russia, and a little more cheerfully. It was "The Memoirs of Cav. Enrico Cacchetti, the Master of the Russian Ballet," by Olga Racster, with a preface by Anna Pavlova And it seemed as if we could not escape from Russia, for the next find, back to the gloomy side, too, was "Memories of the Russian Court," by Anna Viroubova.

Fortunately the succeeding book brought us home, for altho we were afraid we might be hauled back to Russia—the land of the late Tsar and the present twin Tsars seems to be so much the vogue just now—we wanted at least a moment's respite. The first American book was "My Forty Years in New York," by the Rev. Charles H Parkhurst. The following volume was of France—"The Life of Pierre and Marie Curie," by Marie Curie, translated by Charlotte and Vernon Kellogg. And as something of a companion volume, tho only bound by the mutual tricolor, we placed "Victor Hugo: His Work and Love," by Andrew C. P. Haggard; and then, by jumping across the Channel, "Lord Rosebery: A Critical and Biographical Study," by E. T. Raymond. And after this abroad, what better than to come home with "The New Henry Ford," by Allan L. Benson, and "The Life of an American Sailor: Admiral William Hemsley Emory"? Admiral Albert Cleaves did the editing of the latter, taking his material from the letters and memoirs of his brother officer.

"Oh, here's something about music!" exclaimed Mrs. Gentle Reader. "It's 'My Long Life in Music,' by Professor Leopold Auer, the violinist."

"And here," said I, not without some venom, "is a nice collection of thumbnail biographies—with a little criticism also, it would seem—of some thirty-odd of the gentlemen who are making us all this work—"

"Meaning the authors?" interrupted Mr. Gentle Reader.

"Just that," I answered. "The book is called 'The Gods of Grub Street,' and it is by A. St. John Adcock."

"And also of authors—at least, of one author—part biographical and partly critical (it is labeled 'A Critical Study')—is 'Leonid Andreyev,'" put in Mr. Gentle Reader. "It is by Alexander Kaun."

"But this one is unique," called out his wife. "It is Dr. G. Stanley Hall's autobiography, 'Life and Letters of a Psychologist.'"

"Sort of 'Master, heal thyself'?" I asked.

But before the lady could explain whether or not that had been her meaning—of course, she got the hint from the publisher's notice—I had pulled out "Lady Rose Weigall," by Rachel Weigall; and "De Senectute," by Frederic Harrison; and "Memories of Later Years," by Oscar Browning; "Letters of Samuel Johnson," edited by George Birbeck Hill; "Pink Teas and Politics," being a volume of memoirs by Mrs. J. Borden Harrison; "Mid-West Portraits," by Harry Hansen, whose interest is in those men and women who put the Mid-West on the literary map; and, not the least interesting of all, Charles W. Eliot's "Harvard Memories."

"Does 'man's inhumanity to man' consist in writing about him or in not writing about him?" I asked peevishly, as I straightened up to stretch and get a breath of air.

"Don't think you are done yet," admonished Mrs. Gentle Reader. And for the moment I hated both her and her husband. But as the latter came to my rescue, I relented a little.

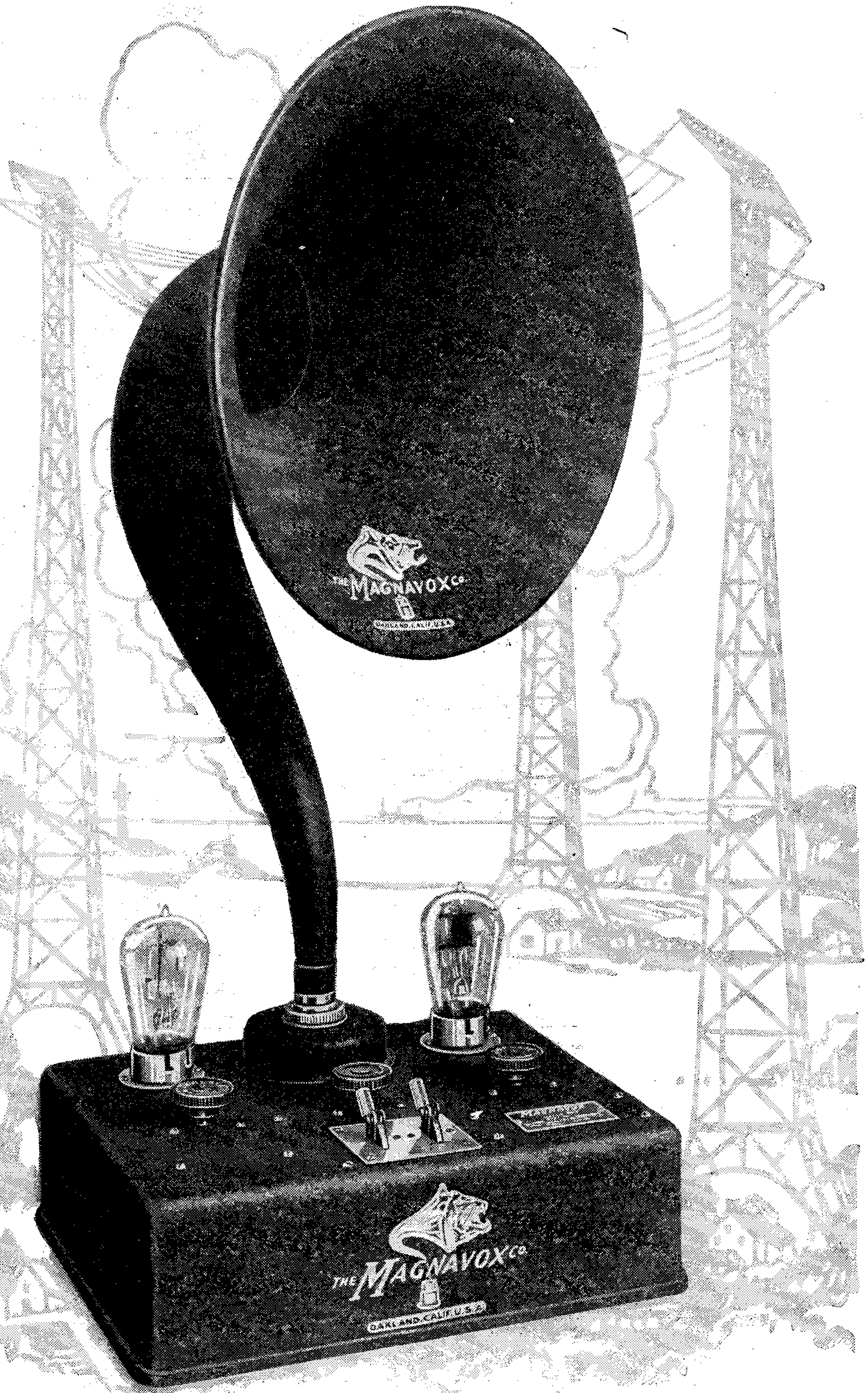
"Here is a man who is all linked up with Egypt and Abyssinia and Lord Kitchener, and battles with Arabs. It is called 'Social and Diplomatic Memories, 1894–1901.' It is by the Right Hon. Sir J. Rennell Rodd, G. C. B. And here is another big man," he went on. "'Theodore Roosevelt,' but this time seen through the English eyes of Lord Charnwood. You remember his 'Abraham Lincoln'?" But before I could answer, Mrs. Gentle Reader was calling out that she had come across another music book—"My Musical Life," by Walter Damrosch.

"You might add to it 'Some Victorian Women,' a book of reminiscences, by Harry Furniss," I suggested, since among the women were Mary Anderson and Lily Langtry, who at least were of the stage.

"What about 'Men and Animals,' which the author, Carl E. Akeley, calls 'An Autobiography'?" asked Mr. Gentle Reader quite irrelevantly.

"Or 'Grover Cleveland, the Man and the Statesman,' by Dr. Robert McElroy?" I asked. "The book has been three years in the making, the publishers say; it is in two volumes, and the author had the cooperation of Mrs. Preston, who was President Cleveland's wife. And here is another Lincoln book, 'In the Footsteps of the Lincolns,' by Ida Tarbell; and Lafcadio Hearn's 'Two Years in the French West Indies'; and General T. Allen's 'My Rhineland Journal'; and Kate Douglas Wiggin's 'My Garden of Memory,' all very different, and all of which must be very interesting."

Of course, these were not all of the books, not even a small fraction of those which the autumn avalanche had brought down about our ears. But an end had to be made some time, and we were ready to knock off for the day.



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BIRDS - BEASTS - AND - TREES

THE NEW DEADLY MOTOR PERIL TO WILD LIFE

THE FAMOUS HEAD of the New York Zoological Garden, Dr. William T. Hornaday, comes out in *The Nature Magazine* (Washington) in a strong effort to save our game from the automobile loaded with hunters. The entire game of America is in danger of being exterminated, and, he asks, can we allow this crime to happen? Dr. Hornaday says pointedly: "The automobile is great for the killers, but it is hell for the game." Dr. Hornaday also shows pictures of automobiles absolutely loaded with dead game of all kinds; some of the loads killed in only one day's hunting. It is not sport, it is slaughter, Dr. Hornaday says. In his estimate, "the automobile has increased the perils of wild life by 50 per cent." The article continues:

Photographs by courtesy of "Nature Magazine"

A MODERN "DEERSLAYER" MORE DEADLY THAN THE OLD

With the assistance of an automobile, a contemporary hunter can kill more deer in a day than would fall to the rifle of Cooper's famous hero in a month, in spite of the present near-extinction of our finest game animal.

> Thus far I have found no one who had contended that this figure is above the mark. It seems that the hunter of upland games—grouse, quail, woodcock, snipe, doves, rabbits, squirrels and deer—can by means of his new gasoline ally hunt over at least four times as much ground in a day as the man behind a horse could exploit. On the other hand, the difference to the duck hunter is not so great; and so we think that 50 per cent. is a fair batting average. I have seen four ruffed grouse hunters in an automobile cover in one day an area of hunting-ground that to me was astounding.
>
> Just imagine what the automobile will do to the quail of Ohio if protection ever is taken off Bob White in that State, as the sportsmen will some day demand. It would be like that slaughter of chamois in a section of the Swiss Alps after a long period of protection. Very nearly the entire lot of half tame and unsuspecting chamois were destroyed in the first few days of that precious "open season"; and in that area the species was almost instantly set back to the original vanishing-point. Beware how you take protection from tame and man-trusting game.
>
> Wherever there are roads, either good or bad, or open plains over which automobiles can travel, there will you find the automobile going "hell bent" after whatever game is afoot. It is not enough that the game-killer should have a bewildering array of assistants and accessories consisting of professional guides and cooks, dogs, tents, automatic and pump shotguns, repeating rifles and limitless fixt ammunition to gain every conceivable advantage over the frightened bird and the harassed wild animal. It is not enough that the machine-guns spray pellets of lead like water from a hose sprinkler. It is not enough that the modern rifle actually kills big game at a *quarter of a mile, or more.* It is not enough that the shrewd "local guide" treacherously reveals the last hiding-places of the game that he has seen reared for cannon-fodder around his own home.
>
> No. All these grossly unfair advantages seem not enough to pile up against the harassed and bedeviled remnants of killable game. To them the speedy and tireless automobile must be added, in order that the haunts of the game may be hunted over, not merely three or four times per season, but ten or twenty times, perhaps.
>
> The automobile is great for the killers, but it is hell for the game!
>
> Just as automobiles have gone all over the world wherever pneumatic tires can travel, so have they gone, and so they are going each year more and more, in a quest for game to kill that is literally world-wide. The open plains of eastern Africa, from Cape Colony to Khartoum, are persistently hunted over by automobiles. North of Nairobi the game country has seen much of them. The chasing of large game by a moving-picture showman in a flivver is now notorious on three continents. He chased a warthog to exhaustion, overtook it, ran over it, broke one of its legs, and then ran over it twice more. He ran down and ran over a hyena, and killed it; and he ran down several giraffes, which are reported to have afterward died of exhaustion. Many persons who have seen the movies have condemned them, and in London their display had to be called off "because of the many protests that were made against them."
>
> In British East Africa, an American promoter of hunting expeditions has advertised extra-easy hunting by means of his series of "base camps," and communication between them by automobiles.

An article that shortly will be published by the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund in its "Statement," Vol. IV, by the noted English animal photographer and naturalist, Major A.

A JUGGERNAUT WITH ITS ARRAY OF VICTIMS

Our present game laws, announces Dr. William T. Hornaday, head of the New York Zoological Garden, do not take into account the fact that, through the use of the automobile, much hunting becomes "not sport, but slaughter."

Radclyffe Dugmore, gives this very important testimony after his last trip to British East Africa:

"With this brief and very inadequate account of the causes of wild animal destruction [in Africa] let us now turn to the method that is proving so appallingly disastrous. I now wish to speak particularly of the motor-car. *There is no other one factor which now is playing so important a part as this in the killing of big game.* The question of time and distance ceases to be important. Provided the rains are not in season, there is nothing to stop a man leaving Nairobi, or any other center, at dawn, from reaching his hunting-ground, getting his "bag," and with the exception of packing the animals onto his car he need never put his foot to earth. And he can return to Nairobi in time for his daily dinner and dance. With two days he can go 150 miles or more. With ten days he can practically go to any part of the Colony, reaching places that formerly would have involved months of time and great expense for outfit and porters.

"*The motor-car sounds the death-knell for African game, unless prompt action is taken.*"

In the Transvaal, and many other portions of South Africa, the hunting motor-car now takes the place of the old trek wagon and its long line of oxen, and the saddle horse—but with what a fearful difference to the unhappy game!

In the Barbary States there is every prospect that the auto car will presently exterminate the most picturesque wild species of North Africa, the Barbary wild sheep, or aoudad.

From the Territory of Mysore, Southern India, the son of my old friend, A. G. R. Theobold, has sent me a photograph of a dead rogue elephant and the Ford car in which he chased and overtook the animal. It is the first picture in which I have seen a dead elephant and its gasoline-power pursuer on the same plate.

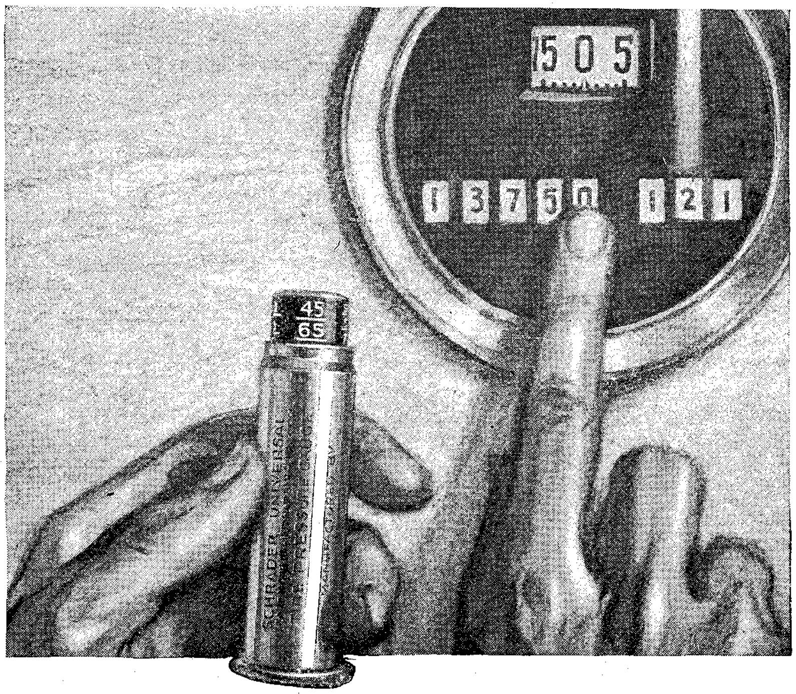
From Australia comes a sample picture, of a large automobile heavily loaded with dead kangaroos. With the hunting auto, "All's fish that cometh to net."

In Manchuria Mr. Roy Andrews chased gazelles over the plains, and measured their speed; but the half dozen specimens that he killed for the collections of the American Museum never will be missed.

It is in our own United States, however, that the hunting automobile is getting in its most deadly work.

Show me anywhere this side of the summits of the Rocky Mountains and the sawtoothed peaks of the Sierra Nevadas any territory with game in it that is not combed over by hunters in automobiles. We are told that in Florida rich quail hunters now are driven into the more open pine-woods in order that they may shoot quail from their automobiles! In New England the hunters of grouse, quail and deer now use automobiles almost as universally as guns are used. During the deer-hunting season in the northeastern States, go into the deer countries of New York, Vermont and New Hampshire and you will very quickly begin to meet automobiles with dead deer lashed to their radiators or running-boards.

Go to Beaumont, Texas, or San Antonio, or Orange, and you will find pictures of automobiles so loaded down with dead game that it will stagger you. There is now extant a beautiful Texas postal card showing the side of large touring car completely covered with festoons of dead quail: and before her reformation a similar picture



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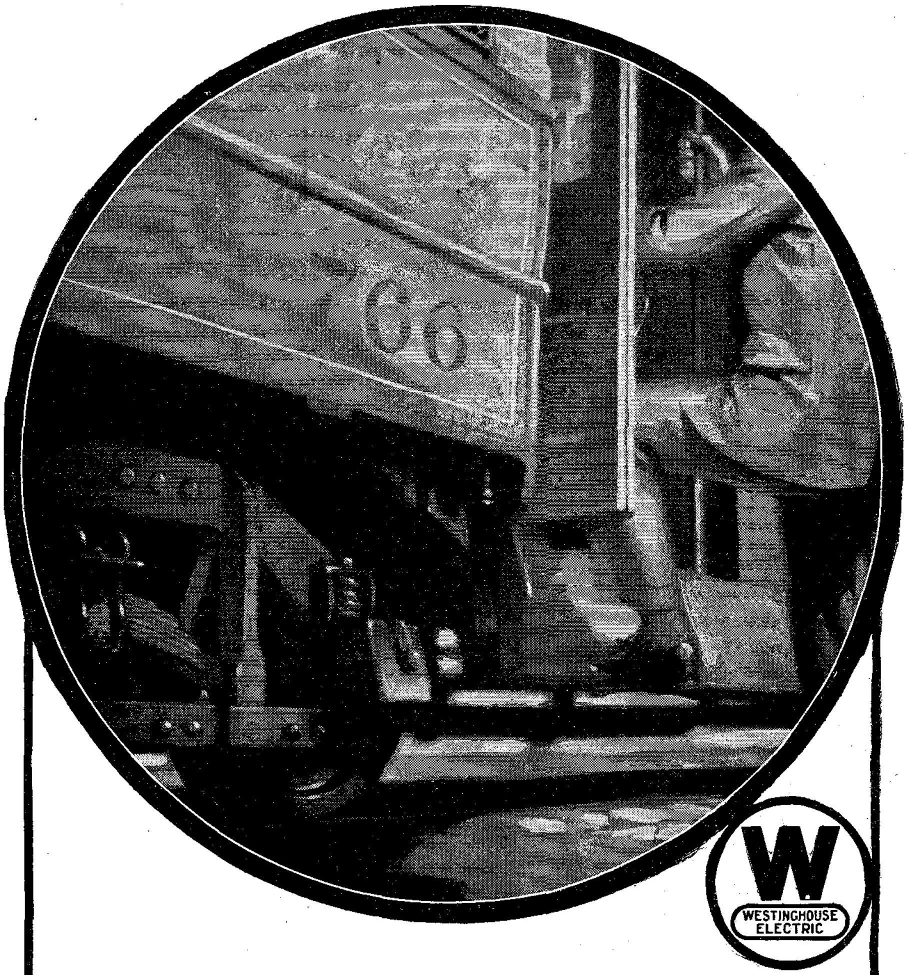

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

was made in Nevada. The Texas hunting autos gather in great quantities of shore birds, ducks, geese, deer and an occasional specimen of opossum.

The worst deer-automobile picture in my collection came to me from Kalispell, Montana, in days prior to Montana's reform "buck law."

What shall be done about curbing the fearful destructiveness of the automobile? It is a difficult question; and already the deadly car must about double the hunters' daily kill of game.

In some places it may be possible to prohibit, by local laws, the use of automobiles in hunting. Such a proceeding could be carried into effect anywhere by men who are *not afraid!* I fear that cutting the deadly claws and muzzling the deadly jaws of the flivver must be held to be a practical impossibility. The one thing, however, that would count heavily, and put an everlasting crimp in the flivver, is a *fifty per cent. reduction in all bag limits, and in the length of all open seasons*, and reducing the automatic and pump shotguns to two shots. But as yet the masses of sportsmen of America have shown no signs of endorsing this program. Can anything make them see, before it is too late, that now *they are, with fearful rapidity, exterminating their own game and their own sport according to law?*

THE ROBIN AS A PARENTAL FAILURE

IT is a modern fashion to rail in loud and outraged tones about the flapper, but in an article in *Our Animals* (San Francisco) we find the flapper's parents blamed for the ills that befall their home. In this case "flapper" is a truly descriptive term, for the parents of these young are robins. We read:

> Whether it is the way they build their nests or the way they keep house or the way they feed their families, goodness only knows. Other birds seem to be able to bring up their babies without losing them and breaking our hearts with their clamor, but the robins are forever distressing us with the lamentations of Rachel mourning for her children.
>
> "Lamentations" is the word. A robin's "t'you! t'you," when one of her fledgings, with speckled breast and pin-feathered winglets, has somehow been spilled out of its ancestral home and is hiding in the grass, while the cat creeps toward it, is unutterably pathetic and yet exasperatingly helpless.
>
> "T'you! t'you! t'you! t'you!" she ejaculates in an urgent an sorrowful monotone, but she doesn't do anything about it. She hovers on a high limb, watching the proceedings and telling the whole village her trouble, but she doesn't swoop down and make a bluff at pecking the eyes of the cat, nor does she, if no cat happens to be in sight, go to the succor of her baby until every other living creature has disappeared and she feels perfectly sure of not being molested.
>
> You might take a robin for a fighting bird if you judged it by the chesty way it hops across the lawn and the fiendish energy with which it tugs a poor, shrinking worm out of its native soil. But when its own

innocent children are in danger it only chirps "t'you! t'you!"

Once upon a time a catbird, half the size of a robin, was seen by credible witnesses chasing a four-foot blacksnake away from the wood in which the catbird lived, flutter-over the snake's tail with angry cries and pecking at it, while the snake fled for all it was worth. Later the same witnesses heard a "t'you! t'you!" in an orchard toward which the snake had disappeared and saw his snakeship coiled in an apple-tree with a robin's nest before it, one of the young robins in its mouth and the parents hovering about with their plaintive "t'you! t'you!"

However, it takes all kinds of birds to make a world, and even the shiftless and incompetent ones may have their good points. A mother robin that hadn't lost any of her own babies— evidently she was an exceptionally fine character for a robin —adopted a pair that a neighbor had lost and that had been picked up by human hands and placed in a cage at an open window. At the expense of a terrific amount of labor she undertook the task of feeding the foundlings—unable to resist their hungry calls—in addition to her own nestlings in a neighboring tree. To lighten her labor sympathetic hands placed a saucer of freshly dug worms beside the cage of the foundlings. The poor robin had never seen more than one worm at a time before. In a series of hysterical pecks she got a squirming mass of them in her mouth, but still there were more in the saucer. The incredible sight seemed to drive her insane. Merciful hands withdrew the saucer and she flew away to her nest. Afterward she learned to repair to the saucer for a worm when it contained one.

TWO MODERN CRUSOES

A MODERN Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe are living on Middleton Island, off the southern coast of Alaska. Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe are a Boston school-teacher and her husband, who have a blue fox farm on this far-off lonely island, as we see from an account written in *The National Geographic Magazine* (Washington), by Margery Prichard Parker, who has given the name of "Crusoe," to these people who are so cheerfully making a living in this distant spot. Friday is also present on this island:

> The "Friday" of this island is a patient old black horse, who was abandoned by former owners when they left the place. Friday saw no human being for three years. In summer he could easily feed himself upon the abundant growth of clover, timothy, redtop, and wild peas; but it makes an animal-lover cringe to think what the poor fellow must have endured in winter, when all the fodder was covered with snow and raging storms swept over the island.
>
> When the Crusoes came, it took some time to reclaim Friday from the wild and convince him that they were friends; but now he is an honored, trusting, and faithful member of the firm. His chief duty is to drag from point to point a sledge containing the fox feed; it is also his job to haul kelp for fertilizing the gardens and to help salvage the heavy driftwood.
>
> Most of the time Friday roams at will, but never goes beyond call from the house. Upon the approach of a storm, he retires to the shelter built for him and stands contentedly looking out, knowing

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you have protection against money-loss. But no amount of fire insurance is protection against injury to your family, or the loss of possessions which money cannot replace.

Fire insurance is only part of your duty! The other part is fire *prevention.*

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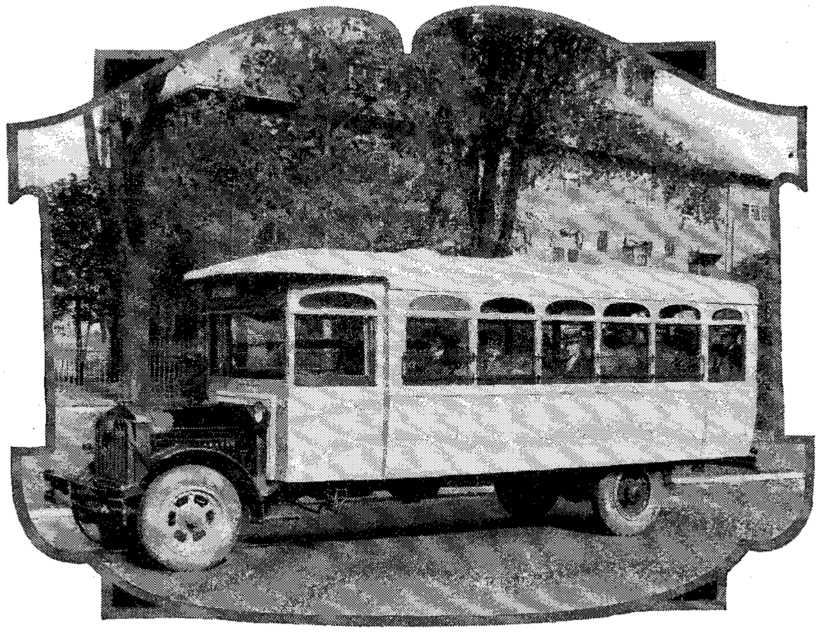

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

full well that warm mashes of potatoes and salt will be served to him until the wild weather subsides and he can again provide for himself.

The blue foxes roam all over the island, we find, and are very little trouble to raise in this way:

> The breeding of blue foxes in captivity is not an easy undertaking, owing to the extreme shyness of the fox family. They do not readily grow accustomed to man, but generally have the attitude of wild animals on the defensive. A mother fox, when alarmed, has been known to kill her offspring on the instant, and the constant nervousness of the animals even affects the quality of the fur.
>
> On the island the foxes are unaware of being prisoners, as they roam freely; so they rear their young in the natural way, and double their number annually.
>
> The chief duty of the fox farmer is to provide and daily distribute fresh food for his charges, at stations scattered about the island, especially during the winter months. Besides a small proportion of vegetables, rations consist of rabbits and the flesh of the hair seal when it can be obtained. The last requires expert marksmanship, as the seal must be shot through the head in order to float ashore; otherwise it sinks and is lost.
>
> In summer the foxes will leave the food in the feeding-boxes and go foraging for themselves, running along the beach in search of fish eggs and small fish washed up in the kelp, or climbing the cliffs to rob the sea-pigeons' nests of eggs and squabs.

Plant life on Middleton Island is very much like that of New England, with omission of fruit-trees. In June and August strawberries and salmon berries appear in quantities, and make a welcome change to the diet of Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe. The island does not appear to be the place for songbirds, but has many other birds of sorts, large and small. Said Mrs. Crusoe:

> "One of our duties, which is also a diversion, is a daily log recording observations of weather, wind, temperature, and any items of natural history which we may have acquired. Chief among the latter are facts regarding the birds, both the migrants and those which breed here. The former include several varieties each of the sandpiper, grebe, duck, merganser, curlew, goose, teal, widgeon, gull—in fact, almost every water-bird of the Pacific coast. Among the land birds seen in migration are the robin, jay, owl, magpie, sparrows of various kinds, grosbeak, humming-bird, phœbe, and arctic three-toed woodpecker.
>
> "We have built several types of bird-houses about the place, hoping to induce some of the songbirds to remain with us during the summer, but so far they have declined our hospitality. Occasionally a pair of trumpeter swans is seen, or magnificent golden eagles soar far above. These rarely stay more than a few hours, as their powerful wings are much sooner rested than those of the smaller birds.
>
> "Any time after April 15 we look eagerly for the return of the sea pigeons, puffins, guillemots, cormorants, and terns, all of

hich feed on the island. They nest in olonies, each species by itself, on the dges of the cliffs. Many are the tragedies hich occur here among the feathered lk. Besides the depredations of the xes, they are exposed to storms, which ften cause tons of earth to go crashing to the sea, carrying down eggs and baby rds.

"We find it most amusing to watch the urious ways of our bird neighbors, paricularly the sea pigeon; he is quite riendly and does not fear us, altho he has comical habit when disturbed of circling bout above the nest, crying distractedly, Look at that! Look at that!'"

This lonely Paradise blossoms from the middle of April until September with all he old-fashioned flowers of New England—yacinth, harebells, aster, larkspur, columine, sweet peas, seventy-two kinds of lowers in a season, but, sad to say, all dorless. Then late in the autumn when ll the flowers are frosted, comes the beautiul fleecy Alaska cotton, looking like small anks of snow.

PUP AND TUBBY

PUP and Tubby were a Scotch-Irish terrier and a woodchuck. Pup was a very ambitious dog who wished keenly to show Tubby where he belonged in the scheme of the universe. Pup felt deeply that this universal scheme did not include Tubby in his garden; and Tubby, a flabby, fat, philosophical woodchuck, pursued the even tenor of his way, which led him from his hole to nibble at the cabbages, beans, swiss-chard, and a watermelon, and then a placid well-filled waddle back to his hole again. All this Pup resented furiously, as Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp tells us in *Harper's Magazine*.

Tubby got his name from Mr. Sharp for these reasons, Mr. Sharp says:

> There never was a bigger, fatter, flabbier woodchuck than Tubby—among wild animals that I *alone* have known! Tubby is a fixture of the farm. He was here when we came, or else it was his father or his mother, or one of his forbears. He is fat and flabby and as broad as he is long, and broader when full of beans. He is very much of a tub. When he sits in the garden he sits like a tub. When he runs he runs like a tub.
>
> It is worth a few beans to see him run, a medley in motions—up and down and round and round, like the spinning of a top and the hop of a saucepan on a hot stove, with amazing speed forward. He knows which end of him is head and which is tail; but from a distance I can see neither head nor tail, only sides, bulging, tubby sides spilling down the garden. He is a beautifully capable thing in his way. A cutworm is not more capable—if there is anything so capable as a cutworm!
>
> A full-sized woodchuck is twenty-two inches long; and I presume that Tubby is not more than twenty-two inches wide, tho I have seen him wobbling out of the garden and carrying off as mere ballast a cabbage or two, and a watermelon, and a peck or two of beans, and all of the swiss-chard in three rows. There were several bushels of chard in those three rows.
>
> The way he can run with such a load,

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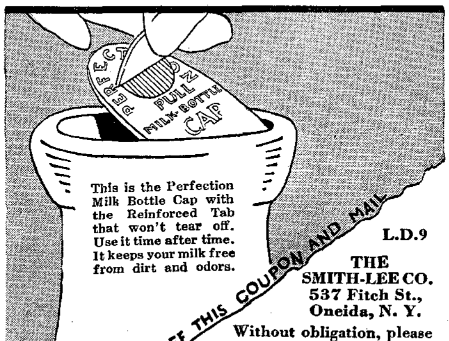

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

his little black heels twinkling through the vines, his shapeless carcass flopping into his hole with me on top of him! Then I will hear a chuckling deep down among the hickory roots, a peculiar vegetarian chuckle quite unlike a carnivorous growl. And then I will sit down on the hole and chuckle, having lost for the moment my carnivorous growl. He is so bold, so impudent, so canny. The old rogue rather likes me. And I *am* a fairly good gardener, if I do say it myself.

Mr. Sharp tried to drive Tubby away from his proximity to the tempting garden by placing traps at the mouth of his burrow, but Tubby calmly used the other entrance, and if he found traps at both entrances he dug round them, and patiently moved to a new house farther along the ridge. The ridge was wide and well wooded, and simply honeycombed with woodchuck holes. Mr. Sharp tells us, however, that once he forgot and left a trap for a long time, and poor Tubby had a bad and painful experience with it:

Wood-earth and bits of bark and dead leaves washed down till the wicked gin was covered, and Tubby, coming back after weeks off on the ridge, tumbled into one of the nasty things and got his fat fist fast. I heard him making a big commotion and rushed up to see what the racket was all about. I had a club in my fat fist.

Old Tubby stopt kicking and grunting and looked at me. I do not believe that I was ever thoroughly looked at by a woodchuck before. Stolid, sullen, defiant, there was much more of the puzzled, of blinking, old-world wonder, in the baffled eyes gazing steadily into mine and trying to see what this situation and this moment meant. The snarled body was all fight and fear. But the blinking eyes sought mine for an answer to the riddle that I have asked of God.

All that I could answer was, "You fat-head!" And he said, "Fat-head yourself!" if ever a woodchuck spoke and spoke the truth. "Fat-head, to set this rotten thing here and forget it!"

It was a rotten thing to do. Somehow I felt as if I had trapt one of my neighbors. He saw how I was feeling, and took advantage of me. "Whose woods are these, anyway?" he asked. "Whose ancestors were here first, yours or mine? You didn't even come over in the *Mayflower*. But I came here in Noah's Ark."

"I know it. But keep quiet," I begged him, "and stop looking at me that way."

"What way?" he asked.

"Why, so much like my brother!" I exclaimed.

"But I am your brother," he retorted, "tho I am ashamed to confess it."

"Don't confess it, then," I begged. But he was wound up.

"Any man brute enough to set this sort of thing for his brother has no soul. And any man too mean to share his beans with his brother deserves no soul. If I were as low-down and as lazy as you, I would go over to the north side of this hill and dig a deep hole, and crawl into it, and pull it in on top of me." And all the time I was pressing down on the spring of the trap with my club, trying to

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ree him. Suddenly there was a flop in he hole, and away down in the subcellar mong the hickory roots, there was talk f me which I should have heard, had I een able to understand.

Pup could not get over his feeling that he nust police the garden and, if possible, ntimate, in some way, strenuous or otherwise, that woodchucks were expected to 'move on." In this effort he put forth ll his Scotch and Irish, but he found he vas pitted against a real American settler, vho had no intentions of "moving on." Mr. Sharp tells us of the exciting struggle or supremacy between Pup and Tubby:

> There are some things that Pup, our old Scotch-Irish terrier, can learn. Time and ime again Pup has sent old Tubby tumbling over himself to his hole. Once or wice they have come to blows at the nouth of the burrow, and Pup has come off with a limp or a hurt ear or a sore nose, out with only a mouthful of coarse, reddish hair to growl over. He came off with a new conclusion lately, and a greatly enhanced respect for Tubby.
>
> But Pup is of stubborn stock. So is Tubby of stubborn stock—something American which neither the Scotch nor Tubby needed. Every flabby fiber of him was fight. The stub feet snapt into action, the chunk of a body shot forward, ramming Pup amidships, and sending him to the bottom of the slope, Tubby slashing like a pirate with his terrible incisors.
>
> The touch of those long teeth brought Pup short about. He likes the feel of teeth, the taste of pain. He is a son of battle, and in a moment like this, rises o more than common powers of body and soul. The fur flew; the grass flew; but scarcely a sound as the two fighters tumbled and tossed, a single black-brown body like a ball of pain. They sprang apart and together again, whirled and dived and dodged as they closed, each trying for a hold which neither dared allow. But Pup got plenty of hair, choking, slippery hair and leathery hide by the mouthful, while the twisting, snapping woodchuck cut holes in Pup's thin skin with teeth which would punch holes in sheet steel.
>
> And Tubby was fighting with his head as well as with his teeth and toes. He was cooler than Pup. He had a single-track mind and it ran straight to his burrow. The head-work was perfectly clear; the whole powerful play going forward with the nicest calculation, mad as it appeared to be in the wild rough and tumble. There was method in Tubby's madness. He was fighting true to plan. But Pup was fighting to kill, and he lost his head. It was to win his hole, and life, and the pursuit of happiness on these ancestral acres that the woodchuck was fighting; and as the two laid about them and rolled over and over, they kept rolling nearer and nearer to the ice-house and a burrow under the corner.
>
> Over and over, right and left, they lunged when the woodchuck, sent spinning from Pup's foreleg, came up with the dog chopping at his stub nose, but giving him all four of his nailed feet instead, he bounded off the face of the dog, and with a lightning somersault, landed plop in his burrow, Pup raking the hair from a vanished haunch. And now Pup knows that there is no bottom to a woodchuck burrow.

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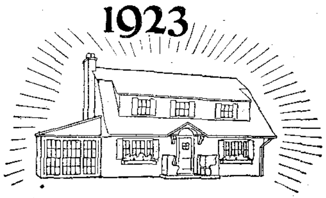

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

"AMERICA'S GLORY OF PALMS"

"DATE-PALMS were the pride of Damascus, that eye of the desert," remarks Mary Earle Hardy in *The Nature Magazine* (Washington). "Hard prest," she says, "it might be possible for an Arab Sheik to part with his comrade steed, but a princely sum would scarcely tempt him to sell his garden of palms." But palms hardly seem to connect themselves with America, for in imagination we see them in the Orient, tall and tropical and slightly mysterious, trees beloved of poets, both secular and religious; and few people realize that many wonderful palm trees grow in America. Miss Hardy writes of these trees:

The Arabs say of their precious date-palms that they stand with their feet in bitter waters and their heads in fervid sun, and work the miracle of changing bitter waters into sweet for human good. Of America's palm-trees, some stand where their roots drink the bitter water of seas; others the sweet water of rivers, or, it may be, of Ponce de Leon's hidden fountain; while in southwestern United States there are palms that are desert-dwellers and wave their plumes along the borders of the Salton Sea.

In America they have not generally fruited as well as in the Orient, but ours lift their heads as proudly and wave their branches as gracefully as those along the "Street of the Broken Palms." Scarcely less graceful in nature are the fronds of the coconut-palms; they are long, pinnate, and as perfect as plumes. One feels, rather than hears, a kind of measured music in their motion as they wave in dreamy fashion, lightly lifting and falling in the radiant air. Yet their music is not always low and languid. Under a roof thatched with palm-leaves and close to the coast-line of the ocean, with coconut-palms crowding close around, night after night I have heard them lash and storm and rattle and shout in the winds as if repeating the rattle of cordage and of sails and wild uproar of pirate galleons which those seas had not forgotten. It seemed in the night that every leaf would be whipt to shreds, but when the sun came up over the ocean and lit the palm-trees, not a leaf had suffered harm.

The coconut-palms are busy trees and so useful they can brook no delay, so flowers and fruit in all stages of growth may be seen upon the trees at the same time, and the young coconuts sail out on life's sea in tough pods which lengthen to a foot and more.

It seems like a childhood's fable to tell of a falling leaf beating a man on the head to his hurt; but a few years ago when a severe freeze struck Florida the foliage of coconut-trees was frozen, and in the beautiful Palm Park in Miami more than one man was hurt when hit by a falling coconut palm-leaf. Such accidents may seem strange to many people, but they do happen.

While yachting in Southern waters I once saw a coconut tossed about in mid-sea. It looked not unlike a great football buffeted this way and that. I imagined the "ocean swells" at a lively game, and when the

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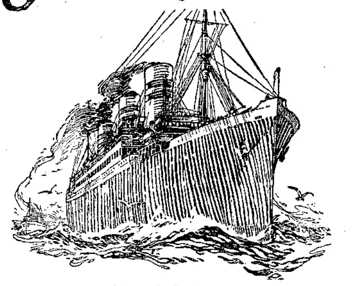

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ne should end I knew they would tum- the coconut shoreward, where it would lge in the marl and jetsam in a mangrove ıgle. A gray-green blade would start t of one of its three "eyes," and roots om the others, and when I should sail at way again I should see a graceful tree, ith feathery foliage etched against the y. In five or six years it would blossom d bear fruit.

"Yonder's a cabbage-palm worth a trip om New York to set eyes on!" and the ptain of our little steamer threw a cable ound the trunk of the palm-tree and drew e tiny craft so close to land that its nose oked into the shore—the only way that en so small a steamer as our *Thomas A. dison* could round a point in the narrows the crooked Caloosahatchee. Straight d tall this cabbage-palmetto stood, owned with a wealth of fans that marked of a royal family. "He's surely a King Palms, and picturesque enough with his oots on!" lightly spoke one at my side. Boots" is the name given to the leaf- alks which remain attached to the tree ng after the leaves have fallen, and they ve a singularly picturesque appearance the trees. Not only this, but the spaces etween every leaf-stalk and the trunk of e tree become both a botanical garden nd a miniature "Zoo." A clothlike fiber rrounds the young buds and the petioles, nd in it flying seeds take lodgement and ow, while in the tangle myriads of bugs, sects, and even small reptiles hide and eep house.

The most remarkable gardens of this nd I ever saw were on hammocks at the ge of a cypress swamp in Florida. Tall lmettos stood with their feet deep in elvet mosses, and even Babylon's famous anging-gardens could not have held a ndle to those the palm-trees held in mid- r. There were the most luxuriant ferns ever saw, and spikes of brilliant orchids ke flame in the smoke-like tangles of gray llandsia.

High up in the trees clung bunches of the eal Boston ferns waving fronds two yards ong, and holly ferns, whose lusty leaves listened from green to bronze, while iry maidenhair ferns looked grace itself. All these and many other plants had their oots securely fastened in the mosses growing in the network of fiber surrounding every "boot." It was the enchantment of Fairyland.

These palms are wise folk. Were they animals we would say of them: "See how they plan and contrive! They toil and spin and weave cloth that is well-nigh as fireproof as asbestos, and wrap themselves in it" The saw-palmettos start up into sun and air, then as if they "smelled danger," they poke their noses—their pushing points of growth—back into the soil and send their roots on for twenty feet or more on the surface of the ground, shooting up at the tip a clump of glossy fingered leaves. They have resinous pines for neighbors, and fires are frequent. Flames sweep over the ground, climb in pillars of fire to the tops of the pine trees, and devour all before them. They leave the ground black and bare. But in a few weeks all is green again with the palms whose hard trunks and protected buds have suffered no harm, thanks to nature's precautions.

For scenic effect it is conceded that no planting of palms by man can equal their own landscape arrangement; nevertheless, there is a dignity and an elegance in an avenue of palms which no other trees can approach. And of all columnar tree-trunks, with their crowned chapters, none can

"EAST OF SUEZ"

Making the Dream Come True

There is an *especial* longing for "East of Suez" nowadays. The temple bells of Mandalay call with irresistible persistence. Pagodas, heathen idols, Christian kisses, sunshine, palm trees, flying fishes, elephants a piling teak—all call with Kipling magic—over the seven seas—"East of Suez." *Especially*, next winter, will the freezing drizzle "wake the fever in your bones"—for, "if you've 'eard the East a calling you won't never 'eed naught else."

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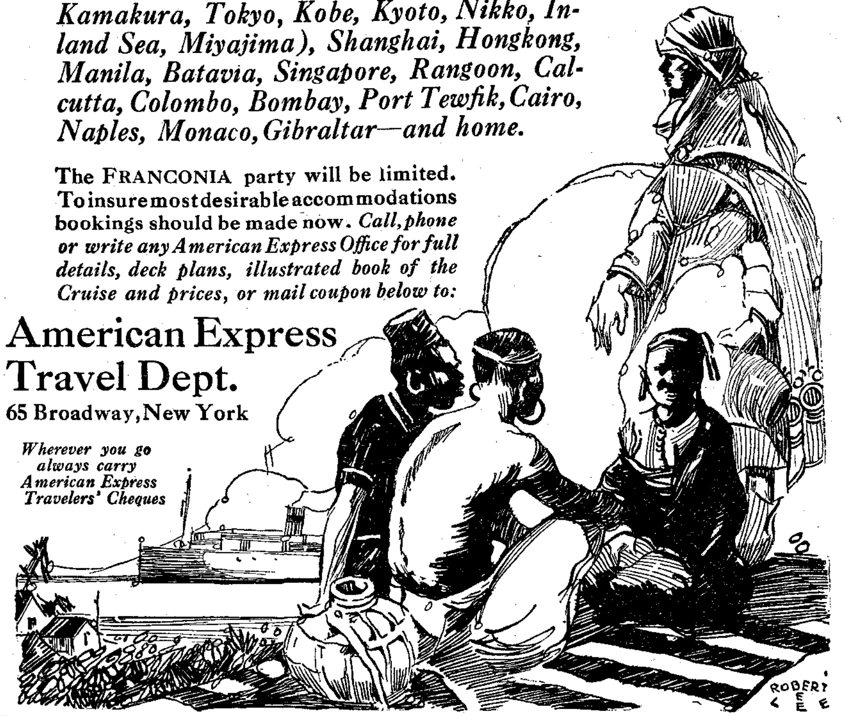

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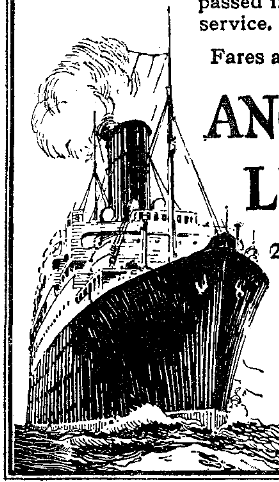

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

compare with the royal palms. If America had no other palms, but merely these, she well might be accounted rich. They tower skyward a hundred feet—sometimes even a hundred and twenty feet, their straight, symmetrical columns tinted to ivory-gray, their chapters magnificent crowns of long, waving fronds.

We read that the fan-palm trees of the Colorado desert have fans that rise and fall in the wind with a sound of far-off waters, possibly a memory of that great inland sea by which these, or others of their group, may have once stood. Their great majesty and dignity have so imprest scientists that these trees have been named Washingtonia.

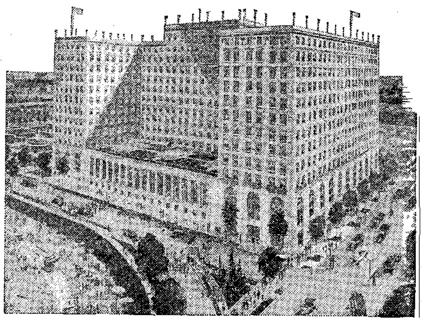
"IF WINTER COMES" IN ANIMAL-LAND

IT is moving time for Mr. and Mrs. Bear and Mr. and Mrs. Woodchuck, and all their friends. Mr. Beaver expects to be frozen under the ice for the whole winter, and he is very busy cutting wood and storing it in his house.

When the leaves begin to drop from the trees, and the autumn wind has a faint note of menacing cold in its tone, then all the animals of the woods begin to prepare for the coming winter. Unless they have planned well, hunger and cold are before them, and in many cases death itself. The wild furred denizens of the woods fill their pantries from the bountiful store Mother Nature has prepared for them. Clarence Hawkes, who has a large acquaintance among the animals, tells us in his book, "The Way of the Wild" (George Jacobs & Co.), how they find and arrange their winter quarters:

> If you do not already know, you never could guess how the beaver feeds himself during the long winter. Mr. and Mrs. Beaver and all the kit beavers are bark-eaters. In the late autumn the beaver repairs his dam, making it secure for winter, so that he will be sure of high water when the great freeze comes. After the dam has been attended to, Mr. Beaver puts in his winter supply of food. For this purpose he goes up-stream above his dam and cuts cords and cords of small trees, poplar, maple, alder, and other kinds. He always selects the kind of a tree that furnishes tender, juicy bark. These trees he cuts up into logs about three feet long. These he floats down his lake and secures them in a large pile close to the dam.
>
> Finally the great freeze comes and Mr. Beaver is frozen under the ice for the whole winter long, but his woodpile, on which he depends for bark, is also frozen under. So when he is hungry he simply goes to his woodpile and selects a stick. This he drags up into his house, which is situated on an island above the water-line.
>
> Here secure in their mud-house, Mr. and Mrs. Beaver and all the kit beavers can eat their bark whenever they are hungry. The freeze which locked him under the ice has also frozen the mud-house until it is as strong as tho made of the strongest wood. This is very important, for the bear

Chicago's Wonderful Hotel



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or the wildcat may try to break in. But when this house is frozen up, they will find it burglar-proof.

The muskrat, who is the little cousin of the beaver, also provides against the winter months. He makes his house of the roots and plants which he is in the habit of eating during the summer. Then, when the winter comes, he begins eating his house. He has made the house much larger than he really needs, so it does not matter if he does eat part of it during the first of the winter. He is always sure to have a room or two left in which to live in the spring.

All the little field-mice who live in the grass-roots under the snow have plentifully provided against the long winter. Every few feet in their runways under the ground they have builded a pantry. In these pantries are grass and weed seeds, and grain—all the things that make up a mouse larder. The fox often digs down under the snow to try and catch Mr. Mouse, but his runway is so long and winding that Mr. Fox does not often get him.

The chipmunk is also a wise little chap. He has made himself a winter sitting-room with a pantry near it, under the roots of an old beechnut-tree at the edge of the woods. So when winter comes, all Chippy has to do is to sleep and eat. Thus eating and sleeping he dreams the winter away, warm and snug.

Even the insects, such as the honey bees and the ants, take thought for the future. We would not think that small creatures such as these would have this knowledge, but they do. Mother Nature has given all of her little creatures knowledge enough in each case to take care of themselves.

A beehive is one of the most interesting houses that I know of. The skyscraper in the great city may hold a thousand people, perhaps, but this little white house on Bee Street holds from five to ten thousand inhabitants, all ruled over by a queen. She is a most remarkable queen, too. During the season while she is laying, she produces two or three thousand eggs each day. This is to keep the life of the hive going, for the old bees are always dying. The life of a bee is only about a month and a half. So the young bees have to be continually hatched.

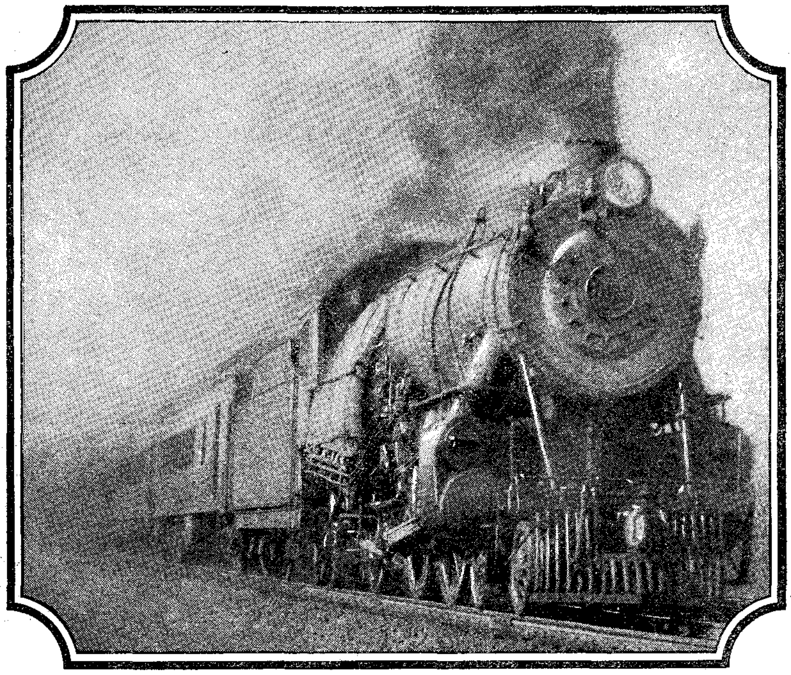
But the greatest wisdom of the bee is shown in his ability to know that the winter will be long and cold. He also knows that all the flowers from which he gathers honey will be gone in the winter, so if he is not to die then he must lay up honey for the winter use.

Thus from the time that the first apple-blossom comes in the early spring until the last goldenrod fades in the autumn, the bees are busy gathering honey.

Johnny Bear's first home when he is born in February is way down in the dark ground in his mother's "winter parlor." Mr. Hawkes knows all about many Johnny Bears and their winter homes, and he relates:

All through the summer months the old bear is roaming about the fields and woods. During July and August she lives on blueberries, blackberries, and any other berries that she can find. She will stand in front of a blueberry bush and swoop off the berries with her long tongue in a very lively manner. In the autumn she changes her diet to nuts and roots. She occasionally varies this with a young pig or sheep, if she can find these delicacies.

Something tells her that the winter will be long and hard, and that she must



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PACKER'S TAR SOAP

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

> lay up lots of fat, so she eats and eats until her ribs are covered with fat.
>
> By the time the first snows come she is almost as fat as a pig. Also about this time she feels very sleepy. She tries to stay awake, but in spite of all she can do, the drowsiness steals upon her. This means that she is getting ready for her long winter sleep. So she searches about for a place to make her winter parlor.
>
> She usually finds just the right spot under the top of a fallen spruce or pine tree. Here she digs under and burrows about until she has made a large hole where she snuggles down, and finally the deep snow comes and covers her all over with warm white blankets.
>
> She is so completely covered up that if you were to go very close to her winter parlor, you would not know that a bear was there at all.
>
> The only evidence that she was sleeping there would be a small hole in the snow. This is melted by her breath as she lies asleep. This is the bear's chimney, and the only opening in her parlor. While she is still partly asleep, Johnny Bear and his sister are born.

If the harassed householder of to-day could drop the burden of the high cost of living and the feverish question of getting a supply of coal for the winter, and do as Mr. Raccoon does, find a nice hollow tree, curl up in it and sleep the cold winter and snow away, how much more simple life would be. It seems so easy as Mr. Hawkes describes it:

> The raccoon, who is the smallest of all the bear family, and who is often called the Little Brother to the Bear, is also a winter sleeper.
>
> His winter parlor, however, is in quite a different place from that of Johnny Bear. When Mr. Raccoon feels the winter drowsiness coming upon him, he looks about in the woods until he finds a hollow stump about fifteen feet high. He climbs up this old hollow stump and inspects it. If it is hollow for several feet down inside, he concludes it is all right.
>
> When it gets so cold and the snow is so deep that he does not want to venture outside, he will take possession of his tree and there he will sleep most of the winter through.

Chucky, the woodchuck, eats the kind farmer's beans and other vegetables all summer until he is as fat as he can be, then he goes to bed and sleeps all winter. Mr. Chipmunk has patiently stored nuts and grain and while winter winds howl and roar he is cozy and warm under the roots of some old tree, with nothing to do but eat and sleep.

When you are taking a winter stroll, and find a nice striped snake frozen stiff, do not do as Mr. Hawkes did in his youth, take that frozen little snake for a walking-stick, for he is not warranted to stay frozen. Mr. Hawkes tells us this story:

> Most of the reptiles and also the toads and frogs are winter sleepers. It is a very common thing to find in the late autumn a wood frog already sleeping in his bed of

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eaves. Mr. Wood Frog, who has a spotted, an-colored coat, will find a place in a holow where the leaves are deep. Here he will make himself a fine bed by wriggling down under the dead leaves. Finally the winds will cover him completely, and with his head bent forward on his breast, and his hands folded on his knees, he will sleep the winter away. As he sits there he ooks very much as tho he were saying his prayers. Perhaps he is saying frog prayers. Who knows?

Once, when a boy, I found a striped snake n a hollow tree in the winter-time. He was frozen quite stiff. As he had his head slightly bent forward, it made a good crook, and I called him my snake cane. I was rather careful, however, not to lean too heavily on him, as I knew he was quite brittle in that frozen state. I carried him home and set him up behind the stove, without thinking of what might happen.

Half an hour later I heard a scream from my small sister. Mr. Snake had thawed out and was crawling slowly around the room. He was probably greatly astonished and was trying to make out where he was and what was happening.

Let no one make the mistake of thinking the woods covered with its blanket of snow is dead, for life is going on all around, altho not visible to the eye. Just as the mother bear comes out from her winter sleep, leading two little round baby bears, so are the seeming dead woods producing new life. Mr. Hawkes speaks of the trees as growing, for under the old bark new bark is forming. The pussy-willows are growing even in winter, and the tall sugar-maples are slowly, during the cold, getting the sweet sap ready to flow. It is the miracle of Nature, mother and protector of all her own.

LIFE'S SLENDER THREAD

ALL life—animal, plant, or bird—rests upon the frail foundation of time and chance. "To live or not to live" is something like the chances the old French Canadian guide said we have to catch a fish: "One chance to try for it, one chance to lose it, and one chance to catch it." In *Harper's Magazine*, Dallas Lore Sharp gives himself up to musings on the time and chance which Nature gives to her subjects, and the close fight for life which ensues, and he takes, as an illustration, the turtle and her eggs. Mr. Sharp recounts the narrow margin by which one turtle won his life, to five or six eggs which were lost:

> How ragged the edge by which life wins I saw last summer in my garden. For years I had tried to time the hatching of the turtle's eggs, but either I did not catch the turtles laying, or some keener student, like the fox, would spoil the secret before I arrived. Last June, the fifth, I came just at dusk upon a painted turtle at the lower end of the garden hollowing out a nest for her eggs. The ground had not been plowed for over a year, it was caked and stony, but the creature reckoned neither time nor effort, digging away unhurriedly with deliberate geologic action, reaching into the little hole with one hind foot after another in regular alternate turns, ten seconds apart by the watch. She worked with her hind legs only, resting on

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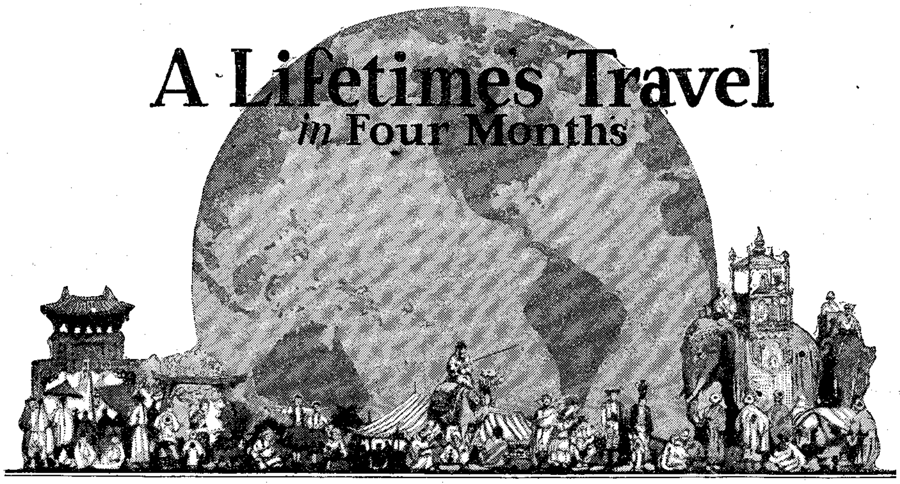

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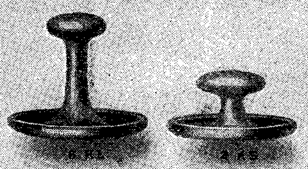

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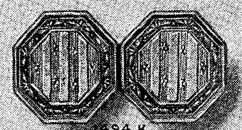
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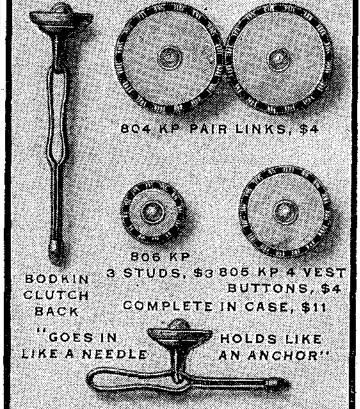

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

one, her shell canted sharply as the hole deepened, reaching in with the other leg for a footful of earth. This she gathered and kneaded into a damp little wad at the bottom of the hole; then rising from her canted position on the supporting leg till she could clear her loaded foot, she drew it forth, thrust it back of her, out straight its full length, and dropt the wad; pulled this leg back under her; lifted the other leg, pushed it down into the hole and repeated the operation—time after time until the nest was done.

I came upon her about seven in the evening. I lay down behind her and watched until nine, when one of my sons, along with the whippoorwills, joined me. By this time the hole was as deep as her leg would stretch, and soon through the dusk we saw a white egg drop into the nest. Then two minutes later a second egg, a third, until seven were laid, an egg every two minutes with clocklike regularity. Then without stirring from her position, not even enough to dislodge a straw which had fallen across her slanting back, she began to cover the eggs, first one leg reaching back for sand, then the other, as if time were nothing, where the sun must mother, and the months must midwife, the hatching. She neither moved nor looked around to see the nest, or to see what sticks and stones she might be scratching in upon her eggs. A little tuft of wiry grass grew on the edge of her nest-hole and this she reached for with both feet at once, catching it over and over, only to have it slip between her toes. It kept her covering a full half hour when, had she warped a point to one side or the other, she would have found her own little piles of soft sand.

At nine-thirty the mechanical creature was ready to crawl off, her nest covered even with the ground. I hurried to the barn, got a strong wire cage, sunk it well over the nest and weighted it with a stone. The foxes did not get this clutch.

That was June fifth. September twentieth I made this entry in my diary: "The turtle's eggs hatched to-day—one hatched. I have visited the nest almost daily since June fifth, and to-day one turtle lay feebly kicking on his back under the wire cage. I dug out the nest. One egg was infertile, one diseased, the young dying half developed; four eggs were fully incubated, but the young had died inside the split shells; one young one got out to the surface to tell the date of his hatching."

His eyes were shut; a long sharp horn still tipped his snout, by which he had ripped open the leathery shell of the egg; and he was utterly helpless. When tail and head were extended he measured one one and one-quarter inches from tip to tip. After a week of nursing at the house he could paddle his own canoe, and I took him down to the stream. Of the turtle nests in my garden last year the foxes and skunks destroyed all but this one under the wire; and of the seven eggs one had hatched; and he was too weak to crawl to water without my help. Some do escape every September, or the race of painted turtles would have gone from my ponds. Let me lift my hand against them, and their end has come.

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CANADIAN PRESS ON HALTING RUM-RUNNING FROM CANADA

Continued from page 21

market by the tariff and are tempted by American agents with plenty of money to employ their idle ships and crews in carrying liquor cargoes. The tempter lays down the cash, insures the vessel against any calamity, and charters it as a coasting freighter. The ship clears from Yarmouth in ballast for St. Pierre, where she takes on a cargo, clearing for Nassau, in the British Bahamas. But before she reaches her destination she has discharged her cargo along the Atlantic coast. She loads at Nassau with clearance papers for St. Pierre, and again her cargo disappears before she completes her northern voyage. No doubt this is a true version of the facts—an investigator gives the names and tonnage of the rum-running craft he saw at Yarmouth—but does not absolve the British and Canadian authorities. The writer, with every disposition to be fair, says that British shipping laws facilitate the traffic, as they do not prevent a ship with a cargo regularly consigned to another port from transferring that cargo on the open seas. The conferences which have been held between the Washington Government on the one hand, and the British and Canadian authorities on the other, should result in measures of cooperation that will put a stop to the illicit traffic, or make it too dangerous to be carried on extensively.

With some trace of exasperation the Toronto *Mail and Empire* indicates that the United States "never invites Canada's cooperation for the purpose of pulling any of Canada's chestnuts out of the fire," and therefore—

> Why should Canada let itself be lined up with the United States in a campaign to impose the latter country's domestic law on other nations? Canada would show itself to be the simpleton in the family of nations into which it has recently been adopted if it entered into any engagement to help make the United States dry and thus made itself answerable to that country for a failure.
>
> Prohibition is not of international adoption. Can it be said, indeed, to be even of national adoption on this side of the Atlantic? Strong as is the will of the Washington Government to enforce the Volstead Law, it has not the warm cooperation of all the States. The greatest of these, the State of New York, has ceased to give its countenance and support to the Law. Its machinery of justice and of crime prevention is no longer authorized to aid in the upholding of the Law. Now, as most of the liquor that gets into the United States from this country does so through New York State channels, why should the Government of this country put itself under an obligation to facilitate the success of the Volstead Law when the great State of New York refuses to do that? Instead of being a matter of Federal jurisdiction, the suppression of the liquor traffic both in this country and in the United States is largely one of Province or State jurisdiction. It is to be remembered, too, the United States has a habit of hoeing its own row in international politics.

Very different is the tone of the Ottawa *Journal*, which believes the existing situation

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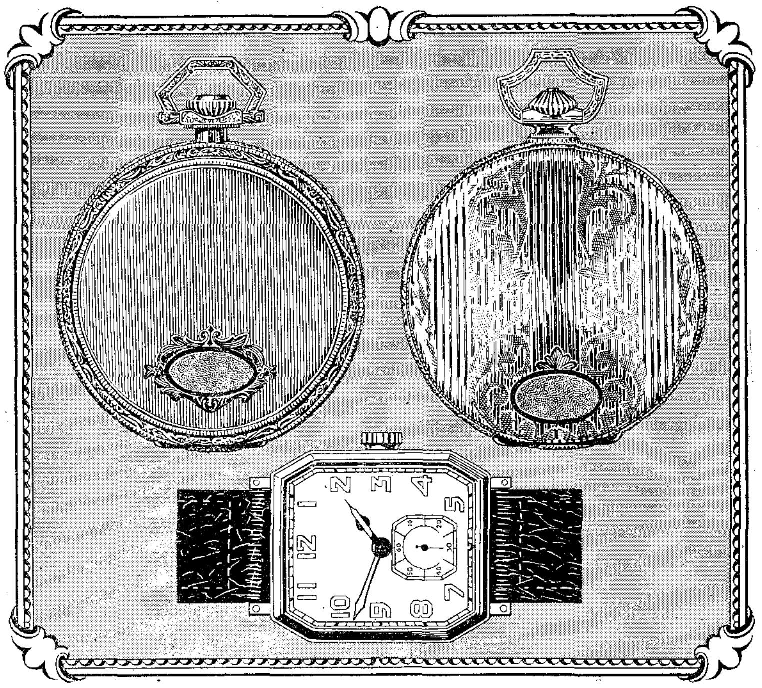

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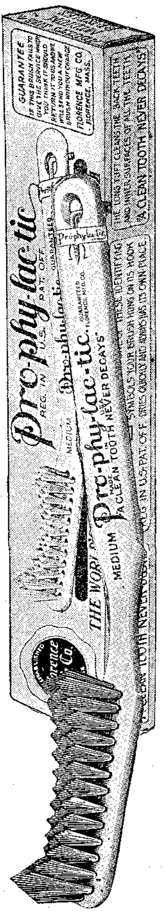


Always Sold in a Yellow Box

CANADIAN PRESS ON HALTING RUM-RUNNING FROM CANADA
Continued

"reflects no credit upon either Canada or the United States," and it adds:

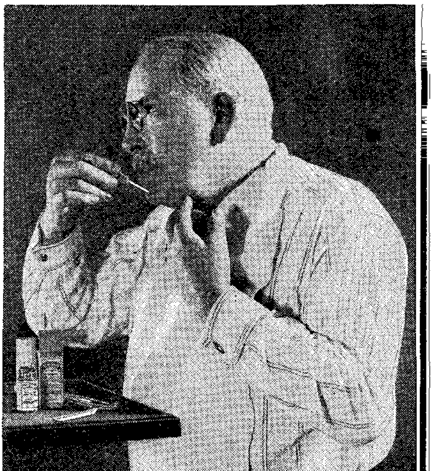
> Altho we have made it a crime for Canadian citizens to sell liquor to our neighbors, this would be immoral enough or hypocritical enough, were these neighbors or the majority of them anxious to buy our liquor; but when, as is clear, we permit our people to add to a dubious traffic the wrong of helping a lawless minority to break the laws of a friendly neighbor, our position becomes indubitably immoral. The late President Harding in his last and most memorable address spoke of Canada as a good neighbor, and we feelingly cheered his words. Well, a good neighbor does not permit, if he can help it, the black sheep in his family to help debauch or corrupt the members of the family of his friend. On the contrary, he does everything in his power to prevent such a wrong. Canada's obligation is simply the obligation of a good neighbor. Technically it is not our task to help enforce the laws of the United States. Morally, ethically, from the standpoint of being a good neighbor, from the standpoint of maintaining those friendly relations which stand as one of our greatest contributions toward world peace, it is our duty to help destroy such a reprehensible trade. To argue otherwise is to add folly to the sin of pharisaism and hypocrisy.

Similarly the Ottawa *Citizen* maintains that Canada should be prepared to co-operate whole-heartedly in "suppressing the lawless traffic in liquor." It is "operated by a criminal element and the law-abiding citizens of Canada are decidedly opposed to it" according to this daily, which adds:

> The Canadian people are very much averse to being regarded as bartenders for American topers, and they have reason to feel sensitive over the law-breaking activities of liquor-smuggling agencies who employ felons and gunmen. The business is largely financed by cosmopolitan money-lenders with no sense of patriotism or desire to maintain law and order between communities or nations. The burden of suppressing liquor-smuggling is upon the shoulders of the United States authorities, but Canada can help, and the more energetically the law is enforced in the United States the more it will inspire Canadian public opinion to insist upon the Dominion authorities doing everything possible to cooperate.

The Hamilton *Spectator* calls attention to the fact that recently the Dominion Government decreed that no more liquor should be withdrawn from bonded warehouses in Canada for export purposes. This order was received with great satisfaction by the Prohibition enforcement officials of the United States, we are told, and their exacting task was to some extent "alleviated thereby." But this is merely a try at stopping liquor-smuggling in the view of *The Spectator*, which proceeds:

> The problem of preventing liquor-smuggling, which is constantly going on, is one which can not be solved by any such



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simple expedient as this, however. It calls for concerted action on the part of both Governments and a sympathetic attitude on the part of the public. As to the latter, no decent citizen will be disposed to place impediments in the way of any measures which may be adopted for the suppression of this illegal business. That unscrupulous men should enrich themselves by deliberate violation of the law is an intolerable position. It puts a premium on criminality. However the laws of the United States, with regard to the prohibition of intoxicating liquors, may be regarded in outside countries, in the interest of good government generally, respect for those laws should be firmly enforced. Lawlessness can not prevail without serious moral damage to the community as a whole.

Altho another Hamilton daily, *The Herald*, believes that "as a matter of good neighborhood," cooperation to check rum-running might be justified, nevertheless it observes:

> If alcoholic liquor were in the same category as opium—a poison, the traffic in which should be subject to international regulation—the proposed cooperation would be proper and commendable. But our Government can not take such a view of alcoholic liquor, seeing that its retail sale as a beverage is legal in three Provinces, and its manufacture as a beverage for export is legal in all parts of the country. The cooperation which is proposed would mean that the Canadian Government would assist in the enforcement of United States law—would restrain Canadian citizens from violating the laws of a foreign country. That would be a novel function for a national government to assume—one which it could not reasonably be called upon to assume as a matter of duty. American commodities to the value of millions of dollars are smuggled over the border into Canada every year. Our Government officials do their best to keep them out, but it has never occurred to anybody that the Government at Washington should be requested to cooperate with our own Government to prevent smuggling into Canada.

Less skeptical is the London *Advertiser*, which believes that "two honorable neighbors" like Canada and the United States "should not have much trouble in leaning over the boundary-line fence and determining how best to put the hobbles on the international bootlegger," and such cooperation of "two great friendly nations" appeals strongly to the Kingston *Standard*, which says that, as they have been—

> Setting an example to all the world of enduring friendship for more than one hundred years, they should now come together governmentally to assure that in so far as it lies in the power of the Government, evasion and prostitution of the law of either nation shall be vigorously opposed. We are not, to be sure, our brother's keepers, but we are the keepers of civilization, and civilization could not long survive if Governments did not come together to uphold law and order and justice. That is why it is pleasing in the eyes of Canadians to see the beginning on this North American continent of a little League of Nations of our own to solve just such problems as this that has sprung up over Prohibition.

The Winnipeg *Evening Tribune* believes that the Canadian Government should

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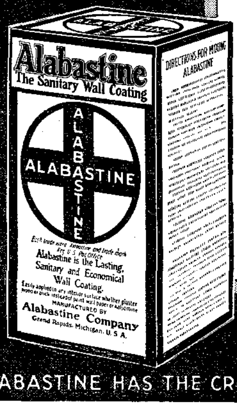
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CANADIAN PRESS ON HALTING RUM-RUNNING FROM CANADA

Continued

cooperate whole-heartedly with the American Government, and that—

> This should be done not only in th spirit of friendship toward a friendl neighbor, but in self-protection. The rum running industry has attracted to the Canadian border criminals of desperate type, an has led to a reign of lawlessness and criminality in the border districts. This is particularly noticeable in the Canadian Wes through the continued looting of banks, an in eastern Canada it is marked by man crimes of violence. It is only self-protection for Canada to join heartily in friendl cooperation with the American authoritie in stopping the smuggling traffic.

The Morning Leader of Regina (Sask) thinks that the least Canada can do a this time is to show its disapproval o liquor-running into the United States by adopting what measures it can to discourage it. Nevertheless this daily maintains

> The fact that it is an offense against th law of the United States to import liquo into that country for beverage purpose does not make the exportation of liquo from Canada to the United States a legal offense. Whether it is morally justifiable to ship liquor from this country to the United States is an entirely different matter.
>
> Among the greatest curses imposed upon western Canada in the early days of white settlement was the flood of whisky poured into it from the United States. We did not like that. The direction of the liquor traffic has since veered to the south Apparently the United States does not like the effects of this trade to-day, any more than Canada liked them fifty years ago.

The Vancouver *Sun* doubts whether any governmental measures can "have any far-reaching effect on the situation," because—

> Consumption of alcoholic liquors in any country does not depend upon the attitude of governments, but upon the attitude of the people. If total Prohibition were the will of the American people, rum-running from Canada would die out because it would be unprofitable. The market would be gone. But so long as American Bourbon whisky continues to pour into Canada for reshipment back into the United States, we can not believe the market is even weakening. The liquor legislation of the United States is based on the assumption of a morally perfect public. It is based on conditions as they should be, not on conditions as they are. Laws are only enforceable in so far as they reflect the will of the people. Lawlessness occurs when legal evolution gets too far ahead of moral evolution in the individual. Rum-running into the United States has been started because American liquor legislation is more advanced than the average morals of the American people.

Until the United States patrols every inch of the Pacific Coast with an army of dry agents, the Vancouver *Sun* goes on to say, rum-running will continue to mean easy money and "all the Canadian legislation in the world will not make that easy money less attractive to the adventurers, Canadian and American, that go after it." We read then:

The only way Canada could stop the mportations of illegal liquor into the United States would be to change the whole complexion of public opinion in Canada. That is to say, the average moral status of the Canadian people would have to be raised to such a pitch that not only would they be in favor of total Prohibition, but be able to resist the lure of easy money as well. But it is evolution, not governments, that effects these moral transformations. As it happens, Canadian public opinion is not even moving in that direction. On the contrary the liquor pendulum is swinging from extreme drouth back to moderation and temperance. In nearly every province, reduction of alcoholic content is being favored above complete Prohibition. Canada is beginning to realize that during the white heat of wartime fervor she legislated herself into a condition far above her moral capabilities. If the Canadian people can not make themselves dry, how can they be expected to help in drying up their cousins across the border?

The Victoria *Daily Times* believes that liquor is going from Canada into the United States "in quantities large enough to bring comparatively effective restriction within easy reach without elaborate or costly machinery," and it adds that—

> Our neighbors are obviously under no delusion about the situation, and the Washington Government will recognize that as long as there is liquor obtainable in this country the courageous illicit trader will devise some ways and means of getting it across the border. The case in point, however, is one that merits Canadian sympathy and consideration. The two peoples are mindful of one another's problems, and it is better that they think more in terms of friendly cooperation and less in retaliatory edicts.

The Toronto *Saturday Night* wants it "distinctly understood that the decent people of Canada do not countenance bootlegging, nor have they any sympathy for those who traffic in illicit booze and are caught and punished, as they are nearly every day in the Ontario courts." But it declares that—

> In such centers as Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Washington the law is being openly violated in hotels and restaurants, while liquor can be purchased by anybody who has the price. In Chicago, press dispatches inform us, the sale of liquor, much of which is real beer made in Chicago, approximates thirty million dollars per annum. And it might be mentioned in passing that these centers are by no means dependent upon Canada for their supplies, for to-day liquors of European manufacture that never saw Canada can be purchased, according to travelers, at prices considerably less than is paid for the same article in wet Quebec.
>
> The United States should mend its own fences, but the balance of public opinion in the wet States is such that this apparently is impossible, so they call upon us to mend them in their stead. In Canada to-day there is one reasonably dry Province, Ontario. Three are avowedly wet—Quebec, British Columbia and Manitoba; while there is good reason to believe that the remaining provinces that are theoretically dry will later on join the wet group, by establishing government liquor stores, and thereby receive the returns that are now going to the bootleggers.

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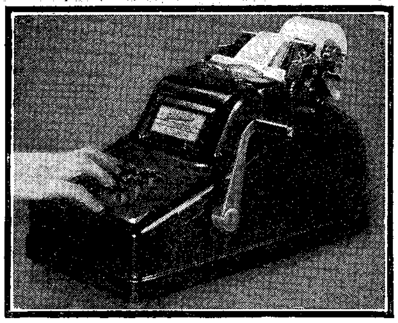

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DO HIGH-CLASS physicians charge too much for their work? The wealthy man apparently will pay almost anything with cheerfulness. The self-confessed poor man gets the best for nothing. It is the average citizen with a moderate income who feels the shoe pinch. This is a matter of difference of opinion among medical men themselves, as shown by the discussion and comments evoked by a recent paper on "Objections to Pay Clinics," read before a medical society by Dr. Louis I. Harris, director of the Bureau of Preventable Diseases of the New York City Health Department. Dr. Harris takes the position that the fees of many general practitioners and most specialists are too high, and that this is one reason why there is complaint in certain quarters about hard times. Says an editorial writer in *American Medicine* (New York):

> In a personal communication Dr. Harris says that only a few sentences were quoted from his paper, which seemed to show up the whole profession in a bad light. But this was not his intention. This question has come up time and again in and out of medical meetings, and yet no one has discovered a way by which it can be prevented.
>
> *The Medical Week*, under the caption, "They Must Live, Too," published an editorial taking Dr. Harris to task for lack of understanding of the conditions of private practise. This editorial states that a doctor starting out in a specialty faces an even harder struggle for existence than a physician entering a general medical practise. Further, that no matter what field the young specialist enters, he is forced into direct competition with men of experience and skill, and is, therefore, likely to fare badly. Now, we are not prepared to admit the latter statement as fact. As a matter of experience, a specialist may get even a quicker start than a general practitioner, because his practise does not come from the public but from medical friends. It should be obligatory that the would-be specialist practise general medicine for a period of from three to five years. He will then get enough general experience to make his judgment in special practise of some value, and will not view the whole world through the eye of a needle. As to competition with men of experience, the beginner must wait his turn in line with the rest. It is not strictly true, moreover, that only the "young man has the inability to obtain *any* but small fees." Many middle-aged specialists who are thoroughly competent have very few wealthy patients. A curious sentence in the argument against Dr. Harris speaks of "the established specialist who is so careful not to enter into financial competition with his younger colleagues." If his like exists in Gotham, he is as yet undiscovered by the most of mankind. The man higher up takes whatever comes, as is his right, usually at his own price, regardless of any colleague younger or older than himself. The practise of medicine, we take it, is a "free-for-all" game, and one need only be governed by

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common-sense principles of ethics to make his position quite proper and correct.

The reason for high fees is sometimes defended by talk about the "tremendous overhead," etc. To our mind this is a poor excuse for any overcharge, and is quite beside the mark. Nobody, for example, is absolutely compelled to pay $3,000 annual office rent, nor to retain a retinue of nurses, secretaries, door-openers, technicians, etc. We need more workers and fewer drones in the medical hive.

Much of the so-called "costly equipmen" is wholly unnecessary—at least in many kinds of practise.

It has been determined repeatedly in the courts and rather generally accepted, too, that $20 per hour is satisfactory remuneration for the average medical man; this means, of course, during the hours which he chooses to work, not for the entire twenty-four; $10 a fair examination fee, which ordinarily does not require over thirty minutes; and $5 for ordinary treatments which do not require over fifteen minutes. However, many specialists charge $25 for an examination and $10 to $15 for treatments. The whole question must, after all, be a matter of conscience. There is absolutely no doubt that many medical men are maintaining a scale of living that is entirely false and utterly beyond their means.

It seems that Dr. Harris was trying to make the "high class" physician realize his responsibilities to the middle and poorer class of patient who can and is perfectly willing to pay a moderate fee, but who is being driven to such substitutes as the Cornell Clinic and the Life Extension Institute because of private office fees which he can not meet.

Something is said also about the "organized profession." It is just because we are so dreadfully *un*organized that discussions of this sort are necessary. Why not try to do a little independent thinking? It is up to us all, high-class man and average man, to look upon the profession as a kind of priesthood in which there is great opportunity for doing good. Our duty to the public transcends all question of fee, and if we are willing to work hard, the volume of patients which we are capable of handling will usually take care of the much-lamented "overhead."

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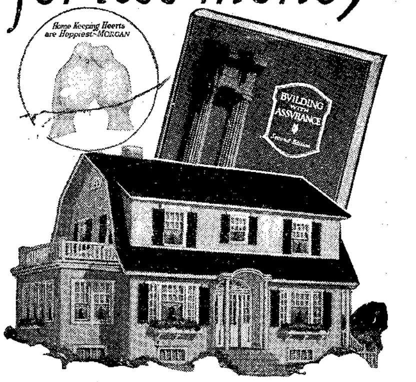
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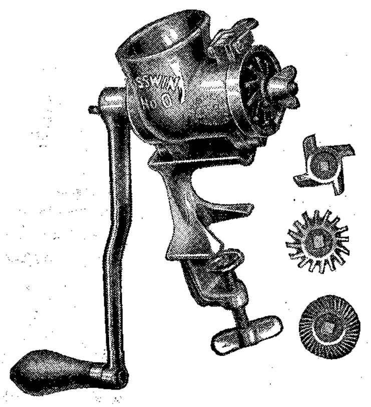

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OUR "TOP-HEAVY" BUSINESS FINANCING

AMERICAN business, so it seems to Glenn Griswold, writing in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, is becoming top-heavy with borrowed money; that is, it is acquiring too many creditors and too few partners. "It is financing itself in a troublesome degree by the sale of bonds and notes with but indifferent success at the sale of ownership participation in the form of stock." Mr. Griswold goes on to explain the seriousness of the situation, and to give his idea of how it has come about:

> In general, the average business should not be financed by a capital structure that consists of more than 50 per cent borrowed money. The percentage that has prevailed during the last ten years shows but a negligible amount of stock. In other words, this country is borrowing against the future to finance its present needs. Unless a decidedly different trend is achieved in the distant future, refinancing and collection day will become a very serious problem.
>
> In the early days of American participation in the war there was practically no financing except that essential to war success, and it was accomplished almost entirely by borrowing. Then came a period of high money rates in which no corporation wanted to commit itself to long-term borrowing and an amazing total of temporary financing was done. Gradually this has been refunded, for the most part, but almost entirely by the sale of long-term bonds. Ever since 1917 we have been talking about the time when stocks could again be sold and some progress made toward balancing our top-heavy balance sheets. From time to time we seem to be entering such a period, but it is always brief.
>
> The first quarter of 1923 should have been a time in which stocks would sell freely. Had public sentiment been what it was ten or fifteen years ago, bond financing would have been the exception rather than the rule in times of such prosperity and buoyancy as prevailed in the early part of 1923. Yet, in the first five months of the year, a new financing total of $1,774,000,000 showed but $491,000,000 of stock distributed to the public. In the eight months ended with August, our stock sales were $605,000,000 out of a total financing of $2,458,000,000 or about 25 per cent.
>
> The year 1922 made the best record in this regard since the beginning of the war period, but even then stock sales amounted to less than one-third of the total financing.
>
> That there is something fundamentally wrong with public philosophy to account for this situation is obvious from a brief survey of industrial history in recent years. The annual reports of 141 representative industrial companies showed combined working capital at the close of 1922 of nearly $4,442,000,000, as compared to about $1,936,000,000 at the end of 1914, a gain of about 150 per cent. Approximately 40 per cent of this tremendous total of working capital was cash and liquid securities.
>
> The securities of dozens of important industrial concerns are selling to-day in the open market for less than the actu cash in excess of dividends added to surpl since 1914. The stock of a long list companies is selling for less in the marke than the total of cash in banks and liqu securities owned by those companies.
>
> These figures have to do entirely wi so-called industrials. The position as railroads is far less favorable. In the fir eight months of this year, railroad financi totaled $328,862,500, of which stock sal amounted to the amazingly small total $1,200,000. In the year 1922, railroa financing amounted to more than $623,000 000, of which less than $28,000,000 w stock. In the previous year but little ov 3 per cent. of railroad financing was stock and in 1920 but slightly more than 2 p cent. was accounted for by stocks.
>
> The answer to all of this is that dem agogs in high places have so bedevil business that public confidence in corpor tion securities has been impaired and co poration partnership is being shunned b those who once financed our industries an made the country great.
>
> Burdensome and uneconomic taxatio is a factor, of course, but unimportant whe compared to the influence of a public sta of mind that is thoroughly inimical business initiative.

INCREASING RAILROAD PAY-ROLLS

WHILE the wages of several class of railroad workers were reduce July 1, 1922, as a matter of fact, conten the editor of *Railway Age*, "not only ha there been in 1923 a large increase in th number of employees, but surprizing as may seem, the average pay received pe employee has been larger than in 1922 The explanation is offered that:

> This is due to the facts that the reduc tions of wages awarded by the Railroa Labor Board in 1922 were small; that som advances have been made since then; tha in 1923 many employees are working fu time who last year were working only pa time, and that the overtime payment especially to men in train and engine se vice, have been larger this year than las because they have been working mor hours per day.

Since it has been reported that severa groups of railway employees intend to see wage advances before very long, *The Rail way Age* considers that certain wage sta tistics recently made public by the Inter state Commerce Commission are interestin and significant:

> The average number of employees an the total wages paid in the first six month of 1922 and 1923 were as follows:

	Average number of employees	*Total compensation*	*Average per employe*
First 6 months 1922....	1,593,164	$1,259,424,262	$790
First 6 months 1923. ..	1,842,225	1,500,597,260	815
Increase..........	249,061	$241,172,998	$25

June was the last month of 1922 befor

certain reductions of wages were made. The corresponding figures for June of the two years are as follows:

	Average number of employees	*Total compensation*	*Average per employee*
June, 1922....	1,685,414	$222,932,689	$132
June, 1923....	1,933,929	259,127,789	134
Increase..........	248,515	$36,195,100	$2

The changes in the monthly earnings of the approximately 90 per cent. of all employees that are paid on an hourly basis are indicated by the following figures:

AVERAGE EARNINGS OF EMPLOYEES

	June, 1922	*June, 1923*
Professional, clerical and general.... .	$124	$122
Maintenance-of-way and structures.. .	90	93
Maintenance of equipment and stores..	129	127
Transportation (other than train engine and yard)...	120	121
Yardmasters, switch-tenders and hostlers	141	145
Train and engine service.........	178	187

It will be noted that the monthly earnings of four of these six groups of employees show increases.

The increase of 248,515 in the total number of employees between June, 1922, and June, 1923, was very large and it is worth while to inquire in what classes of employees the principal increases occurred. The accompanying table showing the number of employees of different classes in the two months gives the answer:

Number of employees of different classes	*June 1922*	*June, 1923*	*Increase*
Executives, officers and staff assistants...............	15,199	16,342	1,143
Professional, clerical and general... .	266,108	287,270	21,162
Maintenance-of-way and structures..	397,626	445,765	48,139
Maintenance of equipment and stores	490,103	600,652	110,549
Transportation (other than train, engine and yard).......	200,290	217,208	16,918
Yardmasters, switch-tenders and hostlers.....	22,238	26,134	3,896
Train and engine service...........	292,850	340,548	47,668

The largest increase has been in the number of employees in the maintenance of equipment and stores division. The unusual amount of equipment to be repaired and the shop strike are the obvious explanations of this. The second largest increase has been in the number of maintenance-of-way employees. The deferring of maintenance during the years of depression and the increase in maintenance-of-way work required, owing to the larger traffic being handled, explain this. The third largest increase has been in the number of employees in train service, which is explained by the increase in the number of trains that have had to be run to handle the increased business.

While freight business was much larger than in the first half of 1920, the number of employees averaged 157,000 less in the first six months of 1923 than in 1920. But while the number of employees has not approached the record figure of 1920, the increase since last year has become so large as to be almost alarming. Owing almost entirely to the increase in the number of employees, the total wages paid in the first six months of the year were $241,172,998 more than in the same months of 1922. The total increase in earnings in the same months was $483,245,763. Therefore, the increase in wages paid alone took one-half of the increase in earnings. In the first six months of 1922 the employees received in wages 48.19 cents out of each dollar of railway earnings, while in the first six months of 1923 they received 48.45 cents out of each dollar of earnings. In other words, while there was a large increase in traffic the increase in the labor cost of handling it was relatively larger than the increase in the earnings derived from it. The explanation is to be found in the fact that while between June, 1922, and June, 1923, both wages and freight rates were reduced, the reduction of rates was relatively greater than the reduction of wages.

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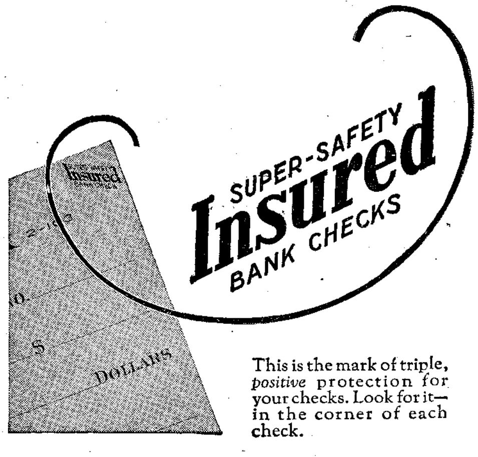

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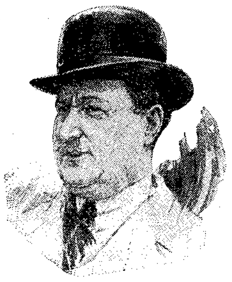

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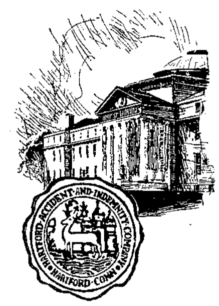

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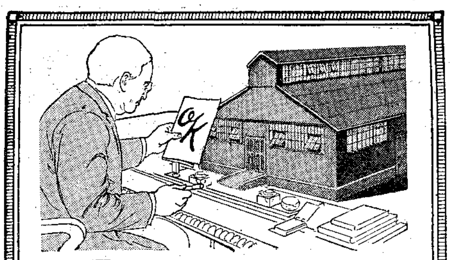

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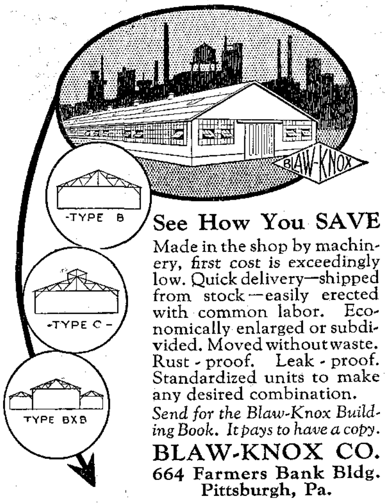

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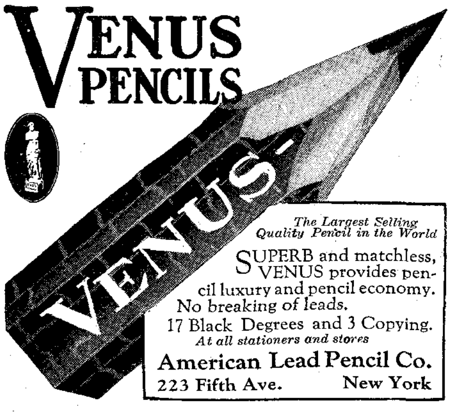

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

September 19.—Prime Minister Baldwin and Premier Poincaré meet in Paris and exchange views on the general political situation.

The committee on the reduction of armaments of the League of Nations adopt an article providing for the arrangement between two or any larger number of members of the League of treaties for mutual defense, which is intended to facilitate their disarmament. Another committee interprets Article X of the Covenant to mean that when the Council recommends application of military measures as a result of aggression, or menace of aggression, account will be taken of the geographical situation and special conditions of each State. It will be for the constitutional powers of each member to determine its obligations.

William T. Cosgrave is reelected President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State, and Michael Hayes, Speaker of the Dail. The Government refuses the request of the Farmers' party, representing the Opposition, to liberate imprisoned Republican members of the Chamber.

A Greek fleet discharges measures of apology for the murder of the Italian members of the Albanian Boundary Commission by firing a salute to an Italian, British and French squadron.

Earthquakes are reported in Persia; Hamilton, Bermuda, and in Eastern Russia.

An attempt to overthrow the Government is reported from northern Bulgaria.

September 20.—Six Communists are reported killed and six wounded in attacks on police in central Bulgaria.

September 21.—After both sides are reported to have suffered heavy losses, Communists are put to flight by police in villages of southern Bulgaria.

King Alfonso signs a decree abolishing the jury system in trials in Spain.

September 22.—The Kingdom of the Hedjaz, otherwise Arabia, applies for membership in the League of Nations.

September 23.—One Spanish and two Swiss balloonists are killed in the annual balloon race for the Gordon Bennett cup, starting at Brussels.

The Communist insurrection in Bulgaria is reported spreading, and an army of Communists is reported marching on Sofia.

Viscount Morley, former Lord President of the Council and Secretary of State for India, and a well-known writer, dies at his home in Wimbledon, England. He was eighty-five years old.

September 24.—Sofia is blockaded, and King Boris has offered to resign, according to a dispatch from Belgrade to London.

Lightning strikes their balloon over Holland, and Lieutenants Olmstead and Shoptow, U. S. A., who were participants in the Gordon Bennett cup race, are killed.

Several Persian villages are reported destroyed, with casualties of 123 dead and about 100 injured, in an earthquake on September 20.

September 25.—Advices received in Belgrade place the casualties to date in

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the Bulgarian revolution at 20,000. King Boris is reported to have signed a decree of martial law, ready for instant promulgation in case of necessity.

Belgium wins the international balloon race for the Gordon Bennett cup, with Demuyter landing in Sweden, 600 miles from the starting-point. The race cost five lives.

Forty-one miners are missing after a pit in a colliery near Falkirk, Scotland, is flooded.

DOMESTIC

eptember 19.—One seaman is killed and thirty others of the crew of the destroyer *McFarland* are injured when that vessel is rammed by the battle-ship *Arkansas* off the bay entrance of the Cape Cod Canal.

The new two-year wage contract agreed to by anthracite miners and operators is formally signed in the presence of Governor Pinchot.

eptember 20.—The Government has no power under the Merchant Marine Act to dispose of government-owned ships through corporations organized under State law, and to receive shares of stock in return for the ships, Attorney-General Daugherty advises President Coolidge.

An explosion of gas at the Bureau of Standards in Washington results in the death of four men and the injury of seven. An internal combustion engine was being tested when the explosion occurred.

Governor J. C. Walton says he will arm every man in Oklahoma opposed to the "Invisible Empire," if necessary.

More than 5,000 stills, 2,000,000 gallons of mash, and 50,000 gallons of whisky were seized by Prohibition agents during the last fiscal year, according to a report of Prohibition Commissioner Haynes.

eptember 21.—The Bureau of Internal Revenue estimates that the Federal Government will receive $500,000 in taxes from the Dempsey-Firpo fight on September 14.

The Publishers' Association of New York sign a contract with the International Pressmen's Union, establishing arbitration for settling disputes when conciliation fails, and carrying an increase of $3.00 a week in wages and a reduction in working hours. The local union's charter has been revoked because of its unauthorized or "outlaw" strike, and it is not recognized in the new contract.

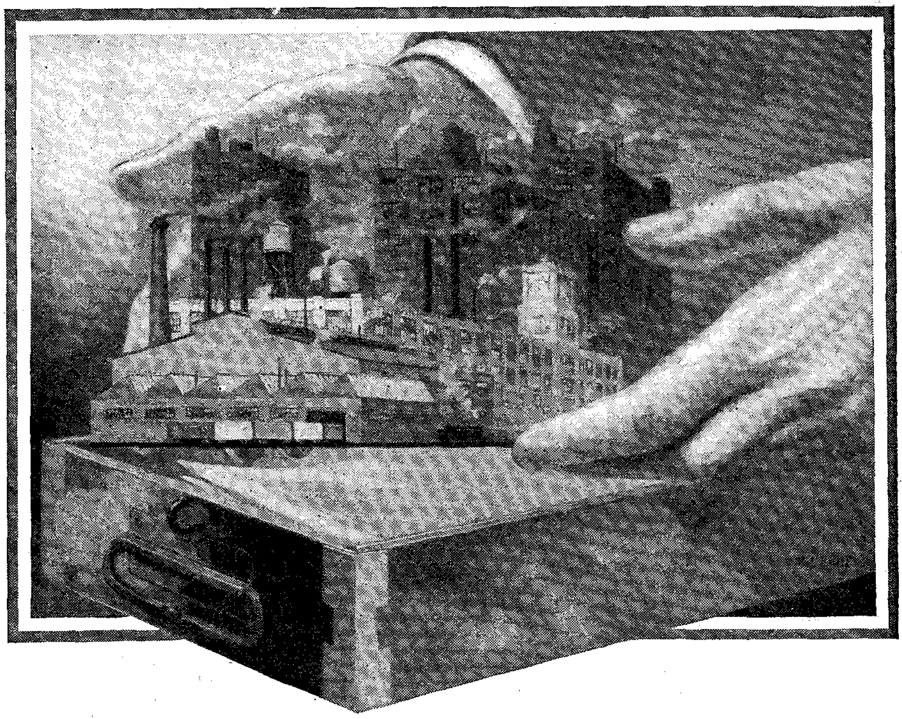
September 22.—Grand Dragon N. C. Jewett, the highest officer of the Ku Klux Klan in Oklahoma, is arrested on evidence adduced by a military court investigating floggings in Oklahoma. He is released on $1,000 bond.

September 23.—Supervision of the coal industry through a specially created division of the Interstate Commerce Commission is recommended to President Coolidge in the final report of the Federal Coal Commission.

September 24.—Adjutant B. H. Markham is ordered by Governor J. C. Walton to use all force of arms necessary to prevent the lower house of the Oklahoma Legislature from meeting on September 26. Impeachment of the Governor is planned by members of the Legislature because of his putting the State under martial law.

Declining to extend further its option on the Muscle Shoals power plant at Gorgas, the Alabama Power Company purchases the government property on its land at a cash price of $3,472,487.25

September 25.—Orders are served on members of the Oklahoma House of Representatives forbidding them to meet in legislative assembly.



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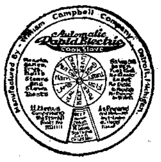

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"L. E. B.," Bessemer, Ala.—(1) Sir Matthew Hale may have uttered some such dictum as "Better that ten guilty men escape than that one innocent man be punished," but we can not trace this. The nearest we can come to your quotation is the following from St. Luke, chapter 15, verse 7: "I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." (2) *Laid* in tense-combinations is always to be followed by an object; *lain*, never: as, "He has *laid* (not *lain*) the book on the table"; "He has *lain* (not *laid*) long in the grave."

"A. H. C." Patchogue, N. Y.—The motto about which you inquire reads, "People say: What they say, let them say." It is the motto of the Keiths, Earl Marischal, one of whom founded Marischal College, in the University of Aberdeen. This motto is carved over the entrance of the college.

"W. P. T.," Norfolk, Va.—The term about which you inquire is probably *pancalism*, formed from the prefix *pan-*, meaning all, and *calism*, from the Greek *kalos*, beautiful, and if used by Professor Baldwin, it is somewhat curious that he failed to record it in his "Dictionary of Psychology." We interpret the term to mean "all beautiful" or "universal beauty."

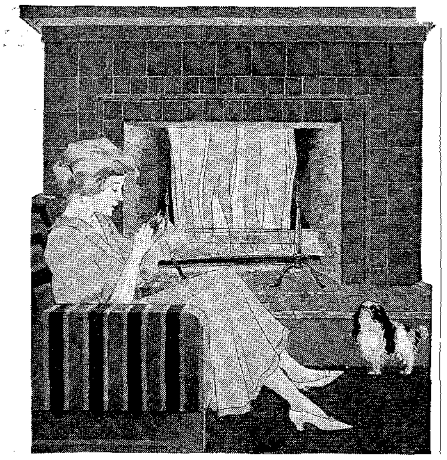
"G. W. P.," Iowa City, Iowa.—The term *activism* is defined as a term in philosophy. "A doctrine held by Christian Rudolph Eucken that life is action and human duty lies in a world of strife."

"F. M.," Rochester, N. Y.—The simplified forms to which you direct attention have been in use in English literature for centuries. For example, the form *addrest* has been in use more than 500 years, dating back to Wyntown, 1425, and it was employed through the centuries by Spenser (1596), Sylvester (1598), Hobbes (1676), Quarles (1678), Pope (1725), Southey (1810). The form *exprest* dates from 1554, and is, therefore, more than 360 years old. It was used down the centuries by Knox in 1554, Heywood in 1613, Whitaker in 1638, Ussher in 1658, the Earl of Roscommon in 1684, Dryden in 1697, and Tennyson in 1859. Many other writers have used it between Dryden and Tennyson; too many to enumerate them here. The form *enrolment* dates from 1552, where it is to be found in Huloet's "Abecedarium," and was used by Savile (1581), Davis (1607), Hamilton (1845), Stubbs (1875). The form *skillful* is a survival of an error which certain lexicographers have not yet seen fit to correct. The word should always be spelled *skilful*. The first record of *skilful* may be traced to the year 1300, and this form has been in use from that time for 600 years as follows: 1300; 1375; 1387; 1425; 1606; 1609; 1750; 1757; 1794; 1805; 1915. Among the authors who made use of this form are Trevisa, Shakespeare, Burns and Wilkie. The form is used in the Douai Bible.

"G. L. M.," Green Harbor, Mass.—*The Geneva Award* gave the United States more than $15,000,000 damages in settlement of the "Alabama Claims."

"D. U. S.," Bordentown, N. J.—*Agenda* is the plural form of the Latin word *agendum*, which is defined in FUNK & WAGNALL'S *New Standard Dictionary* as "A thing to be done, in distinction from a matter of belief; an item of business or a liturgical detail; (also plural), a record of such things; specifically, a program of business to be done, or papers to be read at a meeting."

"F. T. H.," Front Royal, Va.—The Hebrew word *almah* (Isaiah 7 : 14) means "mature," and is used simply to indicate a woman of marriageable age, without reference to whether she be married or not.



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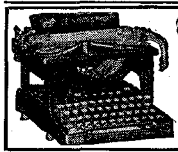

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Charles Dickens' Unpublished Life of Christ

HOW many people know that Dickens wrote a Life of Christ? The manuscript is still in existence and Hall Caine, in the October INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW, tells why it will never be published. He also discloses that he himself is at present engaged in writing his own Life of Christ.

In this issue, also, there is an extensive and comprehensive survey of the Fall Book-Avalanche. If there is any information you want on the latest publications, you will find it in this article.

Then there is a discussion by William Lyon Phelps of Edith Wharton's new book, "A Son at the Front."

Professor Phelps makes a diagnosis of Mrs. Wharton's literary method and brings his critical view-point to bear on some of her previous work.

Among the other important books reviewed in the October INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW are:

THE END OF THE HOUSE OF ALARD
By Sheila Kaye-Smith
Reviewed by Louise Maunsell Field

RAW MATERIAL
By Dorothy Canfield
Reviewed by Zona Gale

LUMMOX
By Fannie Hurst
Reviewed by Charles Hanson Towne

THE OUTLINE OF LITERATURE
Edited by John Drinkwater
Reviewed by John Erskine

There is an interesting character study of W. J. Locke by Coningsby Dawson. . . . A critical estimate of Gaboriau, the great French writer of detective stories, by Valentine Williams. . . . A review of "Les Defaitistes," an important novel dealing with certain phases of the war by the distinguished French-Swiss writer, Louis Dumur. The review is by Ernest Dimnet who represented France at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown last summer. The INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW will keep you informed on the significant literary occurrences all over the world. Use the coupon below for a year's subscription.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Slight Exception.—The automobile always beats the train to the crossing, barring accidents.—*Detroit News.*

A Sad Case.—I have got to have a job, am man 32 years old, intelligent but married. Phone Travis.—*Classified Adv. in the San Antonio Express.*

Suppress.—MRS. JHONES—"Yes, John, as I was saying, Miss Blank has no manners. Why, while I was talking to her this morning, she yawned eleven times."

OLD JHONES—"Perhaps, my dear, she wasn't yawning—she might have wanted to say something."—*The Sydney Bulletin.*

Axiom of an Autoist.—A detour is the longest distance between two driven points.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Their Forte.—The Welsh, as all the world knows, are wonderful singers, and especially excellent in vocal singing.—*The Shreveport Journal.*

Honest John.—"Position wanted," reads an advertisement in a Shanghai newspaper. "A young Chinese with four years' experience in English seeks place as a junior clerk. Salary no objection."—*The Continent (Chicago).*

The Logic of the Case.—FREE STATE PATROL—"Have ye yer permit on ye for dhriven' the cyar?"

MOTORIST—"I have that. Are ye wantin' to see ut?"

FREE STATE PATROL—"What for would I be wantin' to see ut if ye have ut? It's if ye had ut not that I'd want a look at ut."—*Punch (London).*

The Ruling Passion

Old Master tells it:

Poor Mammy Jane lay ill in her bed,
She must have good food, the doctor said.
There came by chance the friend in need,
Heard the prescription, said: "Yes, indeed,
Mammy must have a nice little chick,
Mammy's grandson must go for one quick,
There must not be the least delay—
And right here was the dollar to pay—"
No sooner the lady's good-bye was said
Than Mammy called feebly from her bed:
"Here, Boy, come gimme dat dollar, I say—
And go get dat chicken—in de natchal way!"

—*Martha Young in "Minute Dramas" (The Paragon Press, Montgomery, Ala.)*

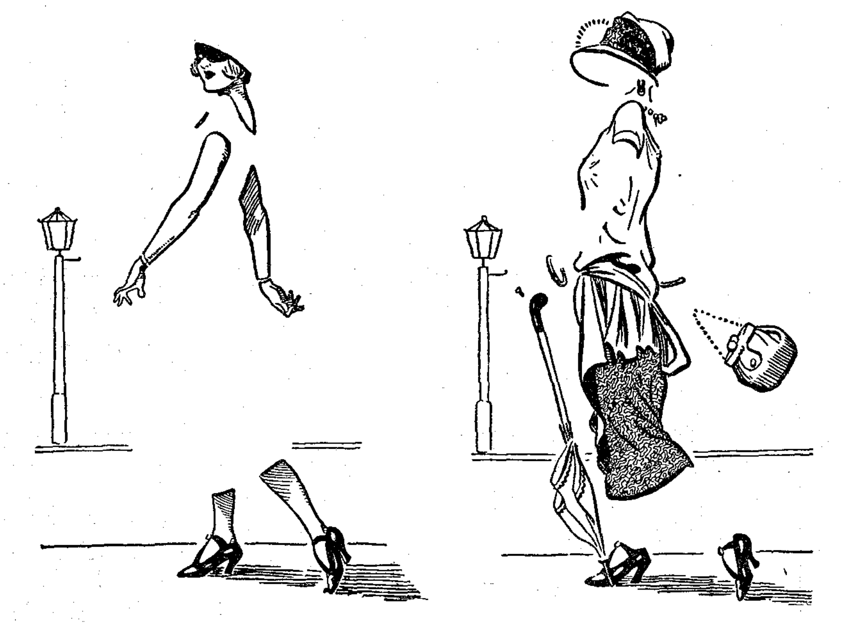
Where Ignorance Is Painful.—OLD LADY—"I believe in post-mortems. It is awful not to know what you have died of!"—*Simplicissimus (Munich).*

His Status.—HE—"Who's the sullen-looking chap who keeps following us about?"

SHE—"Oh! He's only the person who brought me down for the day!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

Dangerous Sense of Humor.—"Lost your job as a caddy?" said one boy.

"Yep," replied the other. "I could do the work all right, but I couldn't learn not to laugh."—*Washington Star.*



WOMAN: AS SEEN BY MAN; AND— —AS SEEN BY WOMAN

—*London Opinion.*

Good Reason.—TEACHER OF HYGIENE—"Why must we always be careful to keep our homes clean and neat?"

LITTLE GIRL—"Because company may walk in at any moment."—*Judge.*

Notice Corrected

I did not leave my husband's bed and board, as it belonged to me and I took it with me and worked and kept myself.

MRS. B. S.

—*Item in the Carlisle (Pa.) Evening Sentinel.*

Where Sympathy Ceases.—"You must make it clear that you sympathize with the working man."

"He has my profound respect," answered Senator Sorghum. "But when a plasterer gets a hundred dollars a week, how can I sympathize with him and seem sincere?"—*Washington Star.*

Definite Arrangement.—A tailor had called to collect his bill frequently, but without success. Finally in desperation he said vehemently:

"Mr. Jones, I must insist that you make some definite arrangement with me."

"Why, surely," replied Mr. Jones, agreeably. "Let's see. Well, suppose you call every Thursday morning."—*Detroit Free Press.*

One Trouble He Missed.—It was lucky for Columbus that he did it before the immigration compound at Ellis Island was thought of.—*Punch (London).*

When Dreams Come True.—"Have any of your childhood ambitions been realized?"

"Yes, when my mother used to cut my hair, I always wished I hadn't any."—*The Christian Register (Boston).*

Poor Company.—"Yes, Your Honor he neglected me shamefully. Why, he never was at home."

"And I suppose you had to spend your evenings all by yourself?"

"W-w-well, I had two goldfish."—*Ti Bits (London).*

Changing Places.—It has just about gotten so in this country that when a young man reaches his majority his parents become the minority.—*Dallas News.*

Well Instructed.—THE JUDGE—"Now are you sure you understand the nature of an oath?"

THE YOUTH (scared stiff): "Sure; ain't I yer caddy down at the links?"—*Melbourne Punch.*

Too Much.—"I say, y'know, all these bills are dated months before we were married."

"Yes, darling, I know they are."

"Well, it's a bit thick to expect me to pay for the bait I was caught with."—*The Passing Show (London).*

Hell in the Making.—The newly appointed pastor of a negro church faced a pack audience when he arose to deliver his sermon on this burning question: "Is There a Hell?"

"Bredern," he said, "de Lord made the world round like a ball."

"Amen!" agreed the congregation.

"And de Lord made two axles for de world to go round on, and He put one axle at the north pole and one axle at the souf pole."

"Amen!" cried the congregation.

"And the Lord put a lot of oil and grease in de center of de world so as to keep the axles well greased and oiled."

"Amen!" said the congregation.

"And then a lot of sinners dig wells in Pennsylvania and steal de Lord's oil and grease. And they dig wells in Kentucky, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas, and in Mexico and Russia, and steal the Lord's oil and grease.

"And some day dey will have all of de Lord's oil and grease, and dem axles is gonna git hot. And den, dat will be hell, bredren, dat will be hell!"—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*